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THE

German Theatre,

TRANSLATED BY

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, ESQ.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

Dedicated, by Permission, to

HER GRACE

The Duchess of Devonshire.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

LIFE OF KOTZEBUE,
STRANGER,
VIRGIN OF THE SUN,
PIZARRO.

London:
Printed by J. Wright, Denmark-Court,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,
No. 31, POULTRY.

1801.

PREFACE.

THE GERMAN THEATRE has now reached its twentieth number, and the proprietors have infinite reason to be satisfied with the reception the work has experienced: they, at the same time, flatter themselves, that nothing on their part has been wanting to render it, in all respects, worthy of the public encouragement. Particular care has been taken that the best artists should be employed both in designing and engraving the subjects of the several embellishments which have attracted such general notice; and, while no pains and expence have been spared in the *decorations*, the TRANSLATOR has been equally anxious to select the best plays of the most popular and ingenious writers in Germany, with many of whom he is in the habits of close correspondence, and by this means has been enabled to satisfy the curiosity of the subscribers to this undertaking, by publishing the earliest translation of their works.

Of the talents of Mr. THOMPSON, as a translator, it is now unnecessary to speak. The best critics, as well of this country as of Germany, where the work is in great estimation, have pronounced the highest eulogium on the accuracy, spirit, and elegance, which have distinguished all that gentleman's performances.

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The GERMAN THEATRE has already exceeded the limits within which the proprietors originally proposed to confine themselves. They were not, at first, aware of its being so extensively circulated, nor of the number of interesting and entertaining plays which have since put in their claim to a situation in this series. The work at present forms six neat VOLUMES, and it is designed to extend it still further: the plays, however, will not be published, as hitherto they have been, *monthly*, but at irregular periods, according as popular dramas may make their appearance in Germany, or as circumstances may occur in this country, to render the productions of Kotzebüe, and other eminent writers, objects of public interest and attraction.

N. B. Complete sets, in all manner of bindings, which subscribers may have, by paying the difference, for their copies in numbers.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

OF

Baron Augustus Von Kotzebüe,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A BRIEF STATEMENT

OF HIS

DRAMATIC WORKS.

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

Printed by J. Wright, Denmark Court,

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, Poultry.

1801.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

OF

BARON AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That Virtue must go through.

Shakspeare.

SEVERAL incorrect particulars of this extraordinary man having already appeared, the Proprietors of the German Theatre resolved to withhold the materials already in their possession, till thy had, by every exertion in their power, obtained the most authentic information.

The reader may, therefore, rest assured that the following narrative not only comprehends all the genuine particulars which have yet been published on the continent, and in our own country, but also many others, obtained from authority the most respectable, and confirmed by the Baron himself. Having stated thus much, I shall proceed, without further comment, taking for my motto—

" An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."

Augustus Von Kotzebüe was born at Weimar, in Saxony, on the 3d of May, 1761.——His father held several offices of considerable importance at that place, but died soon after the birth of our author. Such a loss must certainly have been a very great disadvantage to young Augustus; yet every compensation which was possible he enjoyed in the uncommon talents, and affectionate attentions, of his mother, who denied herself many of those pleasures which the polished society of Weimar afforded, that she might devote her whole time to her family. At an early age she instilled into her son's mind that love of knowledge which has accompanied him through life, and from her he declares he learnt far more than from the two or three tutors employed to instruct him before he was sent to the Gymnasium. Scarcely had he attained his fifth or sixth year, when the sight of a book would instantly make him throw away his toys.

It is worthy of observation how soon the romantic turn of his mind displayed itself. Among the books which first fell into his hands, were two of a very opposite character, to which he would alternately fly, as he was seriously or mirth-

fully disposed. These were The Histories of Romeo and Juliet, and of Don Quixote, which had no rivals in his estimation for some time, unless I mention Robinson Crusoe, with whose adventures he was highly delighted. It must not, however, be supposed that these favourites engrossed his whole attention; he devoted part of his earliest years to the perusal of Gellert, Hagedorn, &c. and to humble attempts at an imitation of them. He gives an entertaining account of these first efforts in the first part of his literary career.

He was still very young, when the professor Musæus, (who was afterwards destined to be his tutor) took him to a theatre, accidentally occupied by a strolling company. The piece represented was the Death of Adam. It is written by Klopstock, a man, whose sublime works have gained him reputation and applause throughout Europe.

The powerful impression made upon Kotzebüe by this drama, was soon increased by his attendance at a regular theatre established in Weimar, and allowed to be the best then in the empire. Here he was so forcibly struck with

Lessing's Emilia Galotti, which was often performed, that, in a short time, he could repeat the whole play, though he had never read it. This must be allowed by every one to be a mark of great discernment at so early an age; for the tragedy here spoken of is held in high and unanimous estimation by all the living dramatists of Germany, and is described by several authors as the best piece in the language. The principal character of that, and most other plays was, at the period and place now spoken of, performed by Erkhof, an actor of great celebrity, though not generally thought equal to Schroeder, or Brockmann.

Young Augustus was, however, not long allowed to enjoy the delightful sensations inspired by as constant an attendance at the theatre as his friends would allow, for the building was destroyed by fire, and the performers became, thereby, under the necessity of removing to Gotha.

About this time Kotzebüe was entered a scholar in the Gymnasium at Weimar, and became a pupil of Musæus, whom he never mentions but in terms of praise, bordering on

enthusiasm. His veneration, indeed, of the professor, can only be equalled by the contempt with which he speaks of his former tutors. Nor can it be said that his approbation is unjustly bestowed; for Musæus was universally respected and beloved as a most amiable man and pleasing author. He first established his reputation in the latter capacity by a satire on a translation of Sir Charles Grandison, but afterwards increased by his Physiognomic Travels and Popular Tales, as well as many other works of genius. It is recorded of him, that though he wrote the severest satires, he never had an enemy. Kotzebüe has given us a short sketch of his character, the conclusion of which deserves to be transcribed.

"Reader, if it appear to you that I have related any thing unworthy of your notice, ascribe the error to my feelings. Fancy that, in passing through a church-yard, you behold a son lamenting the loss of a father, and casting a flower upon his grave. Could you proceed without bestowing a sympathetic tear upon the wretched mourner?—No.—Oh then had you known Musæus—had you known that upright

man—that faithful husband—that affectionate father—that sincere friend — — had you observed him ever cheerful and satisfied with the little Heaven had bestowed—ever sharing that little with his poorer fellow creatures,— ever — —

"But hold! Why art thou displeased, shade of my much loved friend?—Did that diffidence, which was thy companion through life, attend thee even beyond the grave? Enough!—I will be silent—and weep."

While Kotzebüe remained at Weimar, he received many kind attentions, and much encouragement from Goethe and Klinger, who at that time resided there. The former of these writers is familiar to the British Public, as author of the Sorrows of Werter, Stella, and Clavigo. The latter is not so well known, nor does he deserve it: for though he has published six volumes of plays, scarcely one piece is to be found, which rises above mediocrity. Goethe wrote his "Sisters" at this time. It was performed at a private

theatre in Weimar, on which occasion Kotzebüe made his first attempt on the stage, as the postillion.

Our poet, being now in his sixteenth year, was removed from the Gymnasium, at his native place, to the college at Jena, where he closely applied himself to the study of the dead and living languages. It is scarcely necessary to tell those who know any thing of his works, that he is not only a good classic, but well versed in English, French, and Italian literature. Yet, though determined to prosecute his studies with all possible ardour, he could not, and, indeed, would not, attempt to suppress his strong inclination towards the drama. On his arrival at Jena, he found a private theatre established there, of which he soon became a member; and, as the youngest students were generally fixed upon to perform the female characters, it was his lot, for some time, to be the heroine. Scarcely had he been succeeded by some one still younger, when the marriage of his sister, with a gentleman resident at Duisburg, induced him to remove from Jena to that university, where he no sooner arrived, than he projected the establishment of a theatre for amateurs,

similar to the one of which he had just been a member. In this he with some difficulty succeeded; but, having now resolved to study the law, he found it expedient to settle again in Jena, where, during his leisure hours, he wrote a tragedy and comedy. He also founded a literary association, and, in his eighteenth year, was admitted to considerable honours in the university, soon after which he was called to the bar, as an advocate. His talents, however, in this profession, were not summoned into action, while he remained in his native country; but, by the interference of the Prussian Ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, he was invited to that city in 1781. This Ambassador was Count Goertz, an old and intimate acquaintance of Kotzebüe's deceased father. On his arrival in Russia, he was appointed Secretary to a General of Engineers, and, from his close attention to the duties of his office, as well as his total neglect of the Muses, it was not at all suspected he had distinguished himself as a literary character, before he left college. His employer, General Bawr, was the first who made the discovery, having, when on a visit at Riga, accidentally met with a volume to which our young author's

name was prefixed. On the General's return to Petersburg, a conversation took place between him and his secretary, which ended in a determination, on the part of the former, to use his influence at court, towards the improvement of the German theatre at Petersburg, which was at that time in a very abject state. He succeeded. The Empress included this among her own theatres, entrusting the sole direction of it to General Bawr; and Kotzebüe again found himself in his element.

For this stage he wrote another tragedy and comedy, which were performed with a considerable share of applause, but of which he seems now to have a mean opinion.

His patron, the General, did not live long enough to obtain any more honourable or lucrative employment for his secretary; but, so highly had he been satisfied with Kotzebüe's good conduct, and so much did he admire his talents, that, in his will, he particularly recommended the young advocate to the Empress.

It is well known that Catherine (whatever might be her other faults) was a great admirer of genius, and eager to encourage, as well as reward it. In this instance, she was certainly guided by another most laudable motive—respect for the memory of a man who had served her with zeal and fidelity. It could, however, scarcely be expected that she would at once have been so liberal; for, in his twenty-second year, Kotzebüe was appointed a Counsellor and Assessor of the Chief Court in the Duchy of Estonia.

Revel is the capital of this province, and he, therefore, became a resident of that place. Here his propensity to the stage again shewed itself; for he not only, at this time, wrote the first plays which he thought worthy of being committed to the press; but also again formed a resolution of establishing a theatre. As the place was small, and it was necessary that the performers should be in independent circumstances, the difficulties which he had to encounter were innumerable, and, to any but a determined enterprising mind, would have seemed insurmountable. It will also be allowed, by every candid person, that no institution of the kind was

ever founded on a plan more laudable; for it was determined that the money paid for admittance should, after deducting the expence of scenery, dresses, &c. be distributed among the poor. Prejudice, however, operated powerfully against the plan. Several families of rank refused to countenance it, till, by a declaration of the Imperial college, they were convinced that thirteen hundred rubles had already been delivered by the theatrical committee to the college, with a request that this sum might be distributed among the necessitous, in any way which seemed most proper. This had not only the effect of silencing those who had opposed the institution, but caused many of the principal inhabitants to become actors, who had hitherto only been spectators. The project was, therefore, crowned with complete success, and Kotzebüe enjoyed the virtuous triumph of having banished poverty from the town, by his arrival at it. To those who accuse him of immorality and impiety, I submit the following paragraph, extracted from an appeal made by him to the public, as secretary of the theatre, when it was opened for the second season, at which time several members of noble families in Revel enrolled their names as performers.

"Avaunt, prejudice! Thou shalt have no influence over us. Boldly we again pursue the path, which our better feelings pointed out to us, and strive to reach the goal, which philanthropy raised to invite us. Though our performances may not deserve the critic's praise, our intentions have certainly the approbation of God, whose all-seeing eye watches over the rich and poor, and whose rewarding hand doubtless records our deed in the eternal book of life."

The theatre now received the sanction of the united clergy, in the province of Estonia, as well as of the public, and was by its great success soon enabled to extend its charities.— Upon the tickets of admittance was the following couplet,

"Consacré a la bienfaisance
Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Two years after his arrival at Revel, Kotzebüe married the daughter of General von Essen, commander in chief of the forces at that place, and was about the same time created by the Empress Chief Justice and President of the Court

of Estonia. Arduous as was the task he had now undertaken, and unwearied as was his attention to the duties imposed upon him, he, nevertheless, found time to pursue his literary studies, and published several of his most esteemed plays. It was during his residence here that he was in the autumn of 1787 *seized with a most dangerous fever, in the very height of which he wrote his Stranger, and Indian Exiles. Both these pieces were begun and finished in about nine weeks. His disorder then became a settled melancholy, which preyed upon him for more than two years, during which period he devoted scarcely any part of his time to literature.*

Being told that the waters of Pyrmont were likely to be of service to him, he went thither, but was, in 1790, *summoned from that place, to be the melancholy witness of his wife's death at Weimar. His grief on this occasion had so violent an effect upon his frame, that his friends saw no prospect of his surviving the shock, unless he was removed from every object which reminded him of his unhappy loss. He was, therefore, conveyed from Weimar to Paris in a state bordering upon insanity. The account of this journey, and of his*

residence at the French metropolis, has been treated with much unmerited obloquy. No person of sensibility can agree with the marble-hearted wretch, who ridicules the agony of a man almost driven to distraction by domestic calamity.

Kotzebüe was persuaded, after a short time, to visit Mentz, where he wrote the account of his journey just spoken of, several dramatic pieces, &c. He soon, however, thought it proper that he should return, to execute the duties of the honourable station which he held. To these he chiefly attended, till the lenient hand of time had healed the wounds inflicted by unerring heaven. He then began to feel how much his infant children needed the fostering attentions and instruction of another parent, and, four years after the death of his former wife, married another Russian lady, Mademoiselle von Kruhenstern, who is still alive. In 1795, his weak state of health obliged him to resign the exalted offices he held, and retire to his country-house near Narva, which bears a name exactly promising what he was in search of, Friedenthal, or the vale of peace.

But Fate had resolved that a man with a mind so active

should be as actively employed. Two years had not elapsed before our author was summoned from his retirement by the Emperor of Germany. On his arrival at Vienna, he was created a Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and appointed Director of the Imperial Theatre. In this situation he again had an opportunity of devoting his mind to dramatic literature, and wrote several plays, which were performed, like his former productions, with unbounded applause. In 1799, unpleasant disputes having taken place between Baron Kotzebüe and the performers, he requested leave to retire from the direction of the theatre. The Emperor acceded to his petition, and settled a pension upon him, accompanied by several other marks of favour.

The Baron now returned to his native place, Weimar, purchased a house there, and had almost spent a year among the friends of his youth, when affection for his wife, who much wished to see her relations in Russia, induced him to accompany her thither. Their intention was to be absent only a few months; but no sooner had they reached the bor-

ders of Russia, than Kotzebüe found himself involved, by mistake, in circumstances of a most disagreeable and delicate nature, which were, however, settled highly to his honour and advantage. His innocence was, in every respect, so apparent to the Emperor Paul, that he made the Baron a counsellor of state, and gave him the direction of his imperial theatre, with an annual salary of four thousand rubles. At Saint Petersburg, therefore, he now resides, and, according to present appearances, is likely to remain there.

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
"Are to a wise man ports and happy havens."

Kotzebüe's various employments allow him at present scarcely any leisure to attend to literary pursuits. He has no wish but that he may at length be allowed to enjoy repose, for, though not yet forty years of age, the strange vicissitudes of his life, and his incessant application to various studies, have had a serious effect upon his health. He is, however, much happier than he, at one period of his life, ever expected to be, in this world; for, surrounded by an

amiable wife and six hopeful children, he again enjoys the domestic felicity which he then despaired of knowing. I shall finish this brief account of his life, by stating, that, since the commencement of this year, his Imperial patron, the late Paul, signified his complete satisfaction by a magnificent present.

To this biographical sketch it may not be amiss to add a brief account of Kotzebüe's dramatic efforts.

Mr. T. Dibdin very properly observes, in his dedication to Mr. Harris, which precedes the Birth-Day, that, as it was at first, "the rage to applaud, it is now become the fashion to decry, the introduction of the German drama to our theatres."

That Kotzebüe's plays, however, have considerable merit, cannot be better proved than by their favourable reception throughtut Europe. Many of them have been translated into the English, French, Dutch, Danish, Polish, Russian, and Italian languages. No fewer than eleven of them have appeared on our stages, several of which still continue to

attract crowded audiences. The titles of these, as well as the time and theatre at which they were produced, are as follows:

The Stranger, D. L. 24th March, 1798.

Lovers' Vows, C. G. 11th October, 1798.

Birth Day, C. G. 8th April, 1799.

Count of Burgundy, C. G. 12th April, 1799.

Horse and Widow, C. G. 4th May, 1799.

Pizarro, D. L. 24th May, 1799.

Family Distress, H. 12th June, 1799.

Sighs, H. 30th July, 1799.

Wise Man of the East, C. G. 30th November, 1799.

Joanna of Montfauçon, C. G. 16th January, 1800.

Of Age To-morrow, D. L. 1st February, 1800.

Twelve more have been translated into our language, though not performed, viz.

The Virgin of the Sun.

False Delicacy.

Count Benyowsky.

The Happy Family.

La Perouse.

Adelaide of Wulfingen.

The Indian Exiles.

The Negro Slaves.

The Force of Calumny.

The Noble Lie.

The Peevish Man.

The Corsicans.

In addition to these, fifteen have been published in Germany, which have not appeared in an English dress.—These are:

Brother Maurice the Original.

Forty Years Old.

The Village in the Mountains.

The Relations.

The Complaints.

The Parrot.

The Knight of the Mirror.

The Old Coachman.

The Revel Theatre tried by Parliament.

The Hermit of Formentera.

Myself.

Modern Education.

The Sultan Wampum.

The Female Jacobin Club.

The Prisoner.

During last year, Kotzebüe wrote the four following plays. These he has not yet published on the Continent, but has sent manuscript copies of the three first to the writer of this article.

Octavia.

Gustavus Vasa.

The Visit.

Bayard.

When, in addition to this statement, it is mentioned that he has suppressed many of his early dramatic productions, and has published above a dozen volumes in other departments of literature, the fertility of his genius must appear to every one astonishing.—The attacks which have been made on Kotzebüe cannot be more concisely answered than by again quoting Mr. T. Dibdin's words, which apply as properly to many other of the Baron's pieces as to the Birth-Day.

"On this point I dare not presume to give any other opinion than that a play which recommends peace, amity, and benevolence will be grateful to the feelings of an Englishman, whether the offspring of his own, or of any other country."

Oberon

Act. 5. Scene. last.

Published Jan. 1. 1800. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

THE STRANGER.

A

DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS,

As Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Tranſlated from the German of

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

Printed by T. Maiden, Sherbourn:-Lane,

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1800.

THE

GERMAN THEATRE

IS, BY PERMISSION,

AND WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT,

INSCRIBED TO

Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire,

BY

Her Grace's much obliged

And most obedient Servant,

BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

Nottingham,
December 26th, 1799,

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY W. LINLEY, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR BARRYMORE.

WHEN first the Comic Muse with forceful art
Essayed to triumph o'er the yielding heart,
With trembling zeal at Fancy's awful shrine
Graceful she bent, and claim'd the wreath divine.
"To me" (she cries) "the mingled powers belong
Of wit, of humour, dance, and social song;
Mine the glad task to check the rising sigh,
And wipe the glistening drop from Beauty's eye;
On me the blooming loves and graces smile,
And crown with eager praise my cheerful toil.
The Tragic Muse, too oft thy favourite care,
May sanction, still, th' unobtruding tear;
May wake to passion, or to pity move,
Rouse to despair, or melt the soul to love:
But oh! how sweetly beaming thro' the maze
Of fiction'd grief, Thalia darts her rays!
With double zest she feeds the listening ear,
And rapture dawns thro' Pity's transient tear."

"Equal in power" (the impartial goddess cried)
"Ye both are suitors, both to be denied:
Nor can the wreath on either head be wove,
When both have equal claim to grace and love:—
But go; collect your powers; that path explore
Which leads to Albion's still united shore!

There, if near Drury's walls you chance to stray,
And meet a timid *Stranger* on his way,
Give to my fearful charge your equal aid,
Protect and guide him thro' the scenic shade;
And as my favourite Shakespeare struck the lyre,
Warm'd by an equal portion of your fire,
Still with impartial zeal your force employ,
And ope to him the source of grief and joy."

Thus Fancy spoke—each Muse reclin'd her head,
A hesitating blush their cheeks o'erspread.
Have they then deign'd to prop our Author's cause?—
What's to decide the question?—Your applause.

ADVERTISEMENT.

VARIOUS reports were circulated respecting this piece when it was first performed. Another Translator, in an address to the Public, asserted, that he had been "ungenerously treated" by the Proprietors of the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, and laid to their charge "the undisguised appropriation of the whole of *his* play," which they had previously refused, and returned to him. I should have thought this accusation too contemptible for notice, had it not in some degree influenced the opinions of several respectable periodical critics, who finding it impossible to credit so preposterous a charge, ascribed to superior interest the preference which had been given to my translation. This conjecture is, however, erroneous; for at the time I transmitted The Stranger to Drury-Lane Theatre, I was totally unknown to any of the Proprietors, and had no introduction to them, but through the play itself. Mr. Grubb, to whom I sent it with a few lines, put it into the hands of Mr. Sheridan, who was so kind as to improve its effect by several alterations and additions. To both these gentlemen I acknowledge my grateful obligations; and also return sincere thanks to the several performers for their exertions.

B. T.

Nottingham, Dec. 26,
1799.

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

The STRANGER	Mr. Kemble.
Count WINTERSEN	Mr. Barrymore.
Baron STEINFORT	Mr. Palmer.
Mr. SOLOMON	Mr. Wewitzer.
PETER	Mr. Suett.
TOBIAS	Mr. Aickin.
FRANCIS	Mr. R. Palmer.
GEORGE	Mr. Webb.
Count's Son, 5 years old	Master Wells.
Stranger's Son, 5 years old	Master Stokeley.

Women.

Mrs. HALLER	Mrs. Siddons.
Countess WINTERSEN	Mrs. Goodall.
CHARLOTTE	Miss Stuart.
ANNETTE	Mrs. Bland.
SAVOYARD	Miss Leake.
MAID	Mrs. Jones.
Stranger's Daughter, 4 years old	Miss Beton.

Tenants, Servants, Dancers, &c.

THE STRANGER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The skirts of Count WINTERSENS's *park. The park gates in the centre. On one side a low lodge among the trees. On the other, in the back ground, a Peasant's hut.*

Enter PETER.

Pet. POOH! pooh!—never tell me.—I'm a clever lad, for all father's crying out every minute, "Peter;" and "Stupid Peter!" But I say, Peter is not stupid, though father will always be so wise. First, I talk too much; then I talk too little; and if I talk a bit to myself, he calls me a driveller. Now, I like best to talk to myself; for I never contradict myself; and I don't laugh at myself, as other folks do. That laughing is often a plaguy teazing custom. To be sure, when Mrs. Haller laughs, one can bear it well enough; there is a sweetness even in her reproof, that somehow—But, lud! I had near forgot what I was sent about.—Yes, then they would have laugh'd at me indeed.—*(Draws a green purse from his pocket.)*—I am to carry this money to old Tobias; and Mrs. Haller said I must be sure not to blab, or say that she had sent it. Well, well, she may be easy for that

matter; not a word shall drop from my lips. Mrs. Haller is charming, but silly, if father is right: for father says, "He that spends his money is not wise:" but "he that "gives it away, is stark mad."

Enter STRANGER, *from the lodge, with his arms folded, his head hanging down, followed by* FRANCIS.—*At sight of* PETER, STRANGER *stops, and looks suspiciously at him.* PETER *stands opposite to him with his mouth wide open. At length he takes off his hat, scrapes a bow, and goes into the hut.*

Stra. Who is that?

Fra. The steward's son.

Stra. Of the castle?

Fra. Yes.

Stra.—*(After a pause.)*—You were speaking last night—

Fra. Of the old countryman?

Stra. Ay.

Fra. You would not hear me out.

Stra. Proceed.

Fra. He is poor.

Stra. Who told you so?

Fra. He himself.

Stra. *(—With acrimony.)*—Ay, ay; he knows how to tell his story, no doubt.

Fra. And to impose, you think?

Stra. Right!

Fra. This man does not.

Stra. Fool!

Fra. A feeling fool is better than a cold Sceptic.

Stra. False!

Fra. Charity begets gratitude.

Stra. False!

Fra. And blesses the giver more than the receiver.

Stra. True.

Fra. Well, Sir. This countryman—

Stra. Has he complained to you?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. He who is really unhappy never complains.—*(Pauses.)*—Francis, you have had means of education beyond your lot in life, and hence you are encouraged to attempt imposing on me:—But go on.

Fra. His only son has been taken from him.

Stra. Taken from him?

Fra. By the exigency of the times, for a soldier.

Stra. Ay!

Fra. The old man is poor.—

Stra. 'Tis likely.

Fra. Sick and forsaken.

Stra. I cannot help him.

Fra. Yes.

Stra. How?

Fra. By money. He may buy his son's release.

Stra. I'll see him myself.

Fra. Do so.

Stra. But if he prove an imposter!

Fra. He is not.

Stra. In that hut?

Fra. In that hut.—(Stranger *goes into the hut.*)—A good master, tho' one almost loses the use of speech by living with him. A man kind and clear—tho' I cannot understand him. He rails against the whole world, and yet no beggar leaves his door unsatisfied. I have now lived three years with him, and yet I know not who he is. A hater of society, no doubt; but not by Providence intended to be so. Misanthropy in his *head*, not in his *heart*.

Enter STRANGER *and* PETER *from the hut.*

Pet. Pray walk on.

Stra.—(*To* Francis.)—Fool!

Fra. So soon returned!

Stra. What should I do there?

Fra. Did you not find it as I said?

Stra. This lad I found.

Fra. What has he to do with your charity!

Stra. The old man and he understand each other perfectly well.

Fra. How?

Stra. What were this boy and the countryman doing?

Fra.—(*Smiling, and shaking his head.*)—Well, you shall hear.—(*To* Peter.)—Young man, what were you doing in that hut?

Pet. Doing!—Nothing.

Fra. Well, but you couldn't go there for nothing?

Pet. And why not pray?—But I did go there for nothing though.—Do you think one must be paid for every thing?—If Mrs. Haller were to give me but a smiling look, I'd jump up to my neck in the great pond for nothing.

Fra. It seems then Mrs. Haller sent you?

Pet. Why, yes—But I'm not to talk about it.

Fra. Why so?

Pet. How should I know? "Look you," says Mrs. Haller, "Master Peter, be so good as not to mention it "to any body."—(*With much consequence.*)—"Master "Peter, be so good"—Hi! hi! hi!—"Master Peter, "be so"—Hi! hi! hi!—

Fra. Oh! that is quite a different thing. Of course you must be silent then.

Pet. I know that; and so I am too. For I told old

Tobias—says I, "Now, you're not to think as how Mrs. "Haller sent the money; for I shall not say a word about "that as long as I live," says I.

Fra. There you were very right. Did you carry him much money?

Pet. I don't know; I didn't count it. It was in a bit of a green purse. Mayhap it may be some little matter that she has scraped together in the last fortnight.

Fra. And why just in the last fortnight?

Pet. Because, about a fortnight since, I carried him some money before.

Fra. From Mrs. Haller?

Pet. Ay, sure; who else, think you? Father's not such a fool. He says it is our bounden duty, as Christians, to take care of our money, and not give any thing away, especially in summer; for then, says he, there's herbs and roots enough in conscience to satisfy all the reasonable hungry poor. But I say father's wrong, and Mrs. Haller's right.

Fra. Yes, yes.—But this Mrs. Haller seems a strange woman, Peter.

Pet. Ay, at times she is plaguy odd. Why, she'll sit, and cry you a whole day through, without any one's knowing why.—Ay, and yet, somehow or other, whenever she cries, I always cry too—without knowing why.

Fra.—(*To* Stranger.)—Are you satisfied?

Stra. Rid me of that babbler.

Fra. Good day, Master Peter.

Pet. You're not going yet, are you?

Fra. Mrs. Haller will be waiting for an answer.

Pet. So she will. And I have another place or two to call at.—(*Takes off his hat to* Stranger.)—Servant, Sir!—(Stranger *nods.*—Peter *turns to* Francis *in a half whisper.*) He's angry, I suppose, because he can get nothing out of me.

Fra. It almost seems so.

Pet. Ay, I'd have him to know I'm no blab. [*Exit.*

Fra. Now, Sir?

Stra. What do you want?

Fra. Were you not wrong, Sir?

Stra. Hem!

Fra. Can you still doubt?

Stra. I'll hear no more! Who is this Mrs. Haller? Why do I always follow her path? Go where I will, whenever I try to do good, she has always been before me.

Fra. You should rejoice at that.

Stra. Rejoice!

Fra. Surely! That there are other good and charitable people in the world beside yourself.

Stra. Oh, yes!

Fra. Why not seek to be acquainted with her? I saw her yesterday in the garden up at the castle. Mr. Solomon, the steward, says she has been unwell, and confined to her room almost ever since we have been here. But one would not think it to look at her; for a more beautiful creature I never saw.

Stra. So much the worse. Beauty is a mask.

Fra. In her it seems a mirror of the soul. Her charities—

Stra. Pshaw! talk not to me of her charities. All women wish to be conspicuous:—In town by their wit: in the country by their heart.

Fra. 'Tis immaterial in what way good is done.

Stra. No; 'tis not immaterial.

Fra. To this poor old man at least.

Stra. He needs no assistance of mine.

Fra. His most urgent wants Mrs. Haller indeed relieved; but whether she has or could have given as

much as would purchase liberty for the son, the prop of his age—

Stra. Silence! I will not give him a doit!—*(In a peevish tone.)*—You interest yourself very warmly in his behalf. Perhaps you are to be a sharer in the gift.

Fra. Sir, Sir, that did not come from your heart.

Stra.—*(Recollecting himself.)*—Forgive me!

Fra. Poor master! How must the world have used you, before it could have instill'd this hatred of mankind, this constant doubt of honesty and virtue!

Stra. Leave me to myself!—*(Throws himself on a seat; takes from his pocket "Zimmerman on Solitude," and reads.)*

Fra.—*(Aside, surveying him.)*—Again reading! Thus it is from morn to night. To him, nature has no beauty; life, no charm. For three years I have never seen him smile. What will be his fate at last? Nothing diverts him. Oh, if he would but attach himself to any living thing! Were it an animal—for something man must love.

Enter TOBIAS *from the hut.*

Tob. Oh! how refreshing, after seven long weeks, to feel these warm sun-beams once again! Thanks! Thanks! bounteous heaven, for the joy I taste.—*(Presses his cap between his hands, looks up and prays.*—Stranger *lets his book drop, and observes him attentively.)*

Fra.—*(To* Stranger.)—This old man's share of earthly happiness can be but little; yet mark how grateful he is for his portion of it.

Stra. Because tho' old, he is but a child in the leading-strings of Hope.

Fra. Hope is the nurse of life.

Stra. And her cradle is the grave.—(Tobias *replaces his cap, and approaches.)*—

Fra. I wish you joy. I am glad to see you are so much recover'd.

Tob. Thank you. Heaven, and the assistance of a kind lady, have saved me for another year or two.

Fra. How old are you, pray?

Tob. Seventy-six. To be sure I can expect but little joy before I die. Yet, there is another, and a better world.

Fra. To the unfortunate, then, death is scarce an evil?

Tob. Am I so unfortunate? Do I not enjoy this glorious morning? Am I not in health again? Believe me, Sir, he, who, leaving the bed of sickness, for the first time breathes the fresh pure air, is at that moment the happiest of his Maker's creatures.

Fra. Yet 'tis a happiness that fails upon enjoyment.

Tob. True; but less so in old age. Some fifty years ago my father left me this cottage. I was a strong lad; and took an honest wife. Heaven blessed my farm with rich crops, and my marriage with five children. This lasted nine or ten years. Two of my children died. I felt it sorely. The land was afflicted with a famine. My wife assisted me in supporting our family: but four years after, she left our dwelling for a better place. And of my five children only one son remained. This was blow upon blow. It was long before I regained my fortitude. At length resignation and religion had their effect. I again attached myself to life. My son grew, and helped me in my work. Now the state has called him away to bear a musket. This is to me a loss, indeed. I can work no more. I am old and weak; and true it is, but for Mrs. Haller, I must have perished.

Fra. Still then life has its charms for you?

Tob. Why not, while the world holds any thing that's dear to me? Have not I a son?

Fra. Who knows that you will ever see him more? He may be dead.

Tob. Alas! he may. But as long as I am not sure of it, he lives to me: And if he falls, 'tis in his country's cause. Nay, should I lose him, still I should not wish to die. Here is the hut in which I was born. Here is the tree that grew with me; and, I am almost ashamed to confess it—I have a dog I love.

Fra. A dog!

Tob. Yes!—Smile if you please: but hear. My benefactress once came to my hut herself, some time before you fixed here. The poor animal, unused to see the form of elegance and beauty enter the door of penury, growled at her.—"I wonder you keep that surly, ugly "animal, Mr. Tobias," said she; "you, who have "hardly food enough for yourself."—"Ah, Madam," I replied, "if I now part with him, are you sure "what else will love me?"—She was pleased with my answer.

Fra.—(*To* Stranger.)—Excuse me, Sir; but I wish you had listened.

Stra. I have listened.

Fra. Then, Sir, I wish you would follow this poor old man's example.

Stra.—(*Pauses.*)—Here; take this book, and lay it on my desk.—(Francis *goes into the lodge with the book.*)—How much has Mrs. Haller given you?

Tob. Oh, Sir, she has given me so much, that I can look towards winter without fear.

Stra. No more?

Tob. What could I do with more?—Ah! true; I might—

Stra. I know it.—You might buy your son's release.—There!—(*Presses a heavy purse into his hand, and exit.*)

Tob. What is all this?—(*Opens the purse, and finds it full of gold.*)—Merciful heaven!

Enter FRANCIS. TOBIAS *runs to meet him.*

Now look, Sir: is confidence in Heaven unrewarded?

Fra. I wish you joy! My master gave you this!

Tob. Yes, your noble master. Heaven reward him!

Fra. Just like him. He sent me with his book, that no one might be witness to his bounty.

Tob. He would not even take my thanks. He was gone before I could speak.

Fra. Just his way.

Tob. Now, Sir, I'll go as quick as these old legs will bear me. What a delightful errand! I go to release my Robert! How the lad will rejoice! There is a girl too, in the village, that will rejoice with him. Oh! Providence, how good art thou! Years of distress never can efface the recollection of former happiness; but one joyful moment drives from the memory an age of misery. [*Exit.*

Fra.—(*Looks after him.*)—Why am I not wealthy? 'Sdeath! why am I not a prince! I never thought myself envious; but I feel I am. Yes, I must envy those who, with the will, have the power to do good. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An antichamber in Wintersen castle. Enter a Maid, meeting Footmen with table and chairs.

Maid. Why, George! Harry! where have you been loitering? Put down these things. Mrs. Haller has been calling for you this half hour.

Geo. Well, here I am then. What does she want with me?

Maid. That she will tell you herself. Here she comes.

Enter Mrs. HALLER, *(with a letter,) a Maid following.*

Mrs. H. Very well; if those things are done, let the drawing-room be made ready immediately.—(*Ex. Maids.*) And, George, run immediately into the park, and tell Mr. Solomon I wish to speak with him.—(*Ex. Footman.*) I cannot understand this. I do not learn whether their coming to this place be but the whim of a moment, or a plan for a longer stay: If the latter, farewell, solitude! farewell, study!—farewell!—Yes, I must make room for gaiety, and mere frivolity. Yet could I willingly submit to all; but, should the Countess give me new proofs of her attachment, perhaps of her respect, Oh! how will my conscience upbraid me! Or—I shudder at the thought! if this seat be visited by company, and chance should conduct hither any of my former acquaintance—Alas! alas! how wretched is the being who fears the sight of any one fellow-creature! But, oh! superior misery! to dread still more the presence of a former friend!—Who's there?

Enter PETER.

Pet. Nobody. It's only me.

Mrs. H. So soon returned?

Pet. Sharp lad, a'n't I? On the road I've had a bit of talk too, and—

Mrs. H. But you have observed my directions!

Pet. Oh, yes, yes:—I told old Tobias as how he wou'd never know as long as he lived that the money came from you.

Mrs. H. You found him quite recover'd, I hope?

Pet. Ay, sure did I. He's coming out to-day for the first time.

Mrs. H. I rejoice to here it.

Pet. He said that he was obliged to you for all; and before dinner would crawl up to thank you.

Mrs. H. Good Peter, do me another service.

Pet. Ay, a hundred, if you'll only let me have a good long stare at you.

Mrs. H. With all my heart! Observe when old Tobias comes, and send him away. Tell him I am busy, or asleep, or unwell, or what you please.

Pet. I will, I will.

Solomon.—(*Without.*)—There, there, go to the post-office.

Mrs. H. Oh! here comes Mr. Solomon.

Pet. What! Father!—Ay, so there is. Father's a main clever man: He knows what's going on all over the world.

Mrs. H. No wonder; for you know he receives as many letters as a prime minister and all his secretaries.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Good morning, good morning to you, Mrs. Haller. It gives me infinite pleasure to see you look so charmingly well. You have had the goodness to send for your humble servant. Any news from the Great City? There are very weighty matters in agitation. I have my letters too.

Mrs. H.—(*Smiling.*)—I think, Mr. Solomon, you must correspond with the four quarters of the globe.

Sol. Beg pardon, not with the whole world, Mrs. Haller. But—(*consequentially.*)—to be sure I have correspondents, on whom I can rely, in the chief cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Mrs. H. And yet I have my doubts whether you know what is to happen this very day at this very place

Sol. At this very place! Nothing material. We meant to have sown a little barley to-day; but the ground is too dry: And the sheep-shearing is not to be till to-morrow.

Pet. No, nor the bull-baiting till—

Sol. Hold your tongue, blockhead! Get about your business.

Pet. Blockhead! There again! I suppose I'm not to open my mouth.—(*To Mrs.* Haller.)—Good bye! [*Exit.*

Mrs. H. The Count will be here to-day.

Sol. How! What!

Mrs. H. With his lady; and his brother-in-law, Baron Steinfort.

Sol. My letters say nothing of this. You are laughing at your humble servant.

Mrs. H. You know, Sir, I'm not much given to jesting.

Sol. Peter!—Good lack-a-day!—His Right Honourable Excellency Count Wintersen, and her Right Honourable Excellency the Countess Wintersen, and his Honourable Lordship Baron Steinfort—And, Lord have mercy! nothing in proper order!—Here, Peter! Peter!

Enter PETER.

Pet. Well, now; what's the matter again?

Sol. Call all the house together directly! Send to the game-keeper: tell him to bring some venison. Tell Rebecca to uncase the furniture, and take the covering from the Venetian looking-glasses; that her Right Honourable Ladyship, the Countess, may look at her gracious countenance. And tell the cook to let me see him without loss of time. And tell John to catch a brace or two of carp. And tell—and tell—and tell—tell Frederick to friz my Sunday wig.—Mercy on us!—Tell—There—Go!—(*Exit.* Peter.)—Heavens and earth! so little of the new furnishing of this old castle is compleated! —Where are we to put his Honourable Lordship the Baron?

Mrs. H. Let him have the little chamber at the head of the stairs: it is a neat room, and commands a beautiful prospect.

Sol. Very right, very right. But that room has always been occupied by the Count's private secretary. Suppose!—Hold, I have it. You know the little lodge at the end of the park: we can thrust the secretary into that.

Mrs. H. You forget, Mr. Solomon, you told me that the Stranger lived there.

Sol. Pshaw! What have we to do with the Stranger?—Who told him to live there?—He must turn out.

Mrs. H. That would be unjust: for you said that you let the dwelling to him, and by your own account he pays well for it.

Sol. He does; he does. But nobody knows who he is. The devil himself can't make him out. To be sure, I lately received a letter from Spain, which informed me that a spy had taken up his abode in this country, and from the description—

Mrs. H. A spy! Ridiculous! Every thing I have heard bespeaks him to be a man who may be allowed to dwell any where. His life is solitude and silence.

Sol. So it is.

Mrs. H. You tell me too, he does much good, and in private.

Sol. That he does.

Mrs. H. He hurts nothing; not the worm in his way.

Sol. That he does not.

Mrs. H. He troubles no one.

Sol. True! true!

Mrs. H. Well, what do you want more?

Sol. I want to know who he is. If the man would only converse a little, one might have an opportunity of *pumping*; but if one meets him in the lime walk, or by the river, it is nothing but—"Good morrow:"—and off he marches. Once or twice I have contrived to edge in a word—"Fine day."—"Yes."——"Taking a "little exercise, I perceive."—"Yes."—And off again like a shot. The devil take such close fellows, say I. And, like master, like man: not a syllable do I know of that mumps, his servant, except that his name is Francis.

Mrs. H. You are putting yourself into a passion, and quite forget who are expected.

Sol. So I do—Mercy on us!—There now, you see what misfortunes arise from not knowing people.

Mrs. H.—(*Looking at her watch.*)—Twelve o'clock already! If his Lordship has stolen an hour from his usual sleep, the family must soon be here. I go to my duty; you will attend to yours, Mr. Solomon. [*Exit.*

Sol. Yes, I'll look after my duty, never fear. There goes another of the same class. Nobody knows who she is again. However, thus much I do know of her, that her Right Honourable Ladyship, the Countess, all at once popp'd her into the house, like a blot of ink upon a sheet of paper: But why, wherefore, or for what reason, not a soul can tell. "She is to manage "the family within doors." She to manage! Fire and faggots! Haven't I managed every thing within and without, most reputably, these twenty years? I must own I grow a little old, and she does take a deal of pains: But all this she learned of me. When she first came here—Mercy on us! she didn't know that linen was made of flax. But what was to be expected from one who has no foreign correspondence?

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A drawing-room in the castle, with a piano-forte, harp, music, book-stand, sophas, chairs, tables, &c.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Well, for once I think I have the advantage of Madam Haller. Such a dance have I provided to welcome their Excellencies, and she quite out of the secret! And such a horn-pipe by the little Brunette! I'll have a rehearsal first, tho'; and then surprise their Honors after dinner.—*(Flourish of rural music without.)*

Pet.—(Without.)—Stop, not yet; not yet: but make way there, make way, my good friends, tenants, and villagers.—John! George! Frederick! Good friends, make way.

Sol. It is not the Count: It's only Baron Steinfort. Stand back, I say; and stop the music!

Enter BARON STEINFORT, *ushered in by* PETER *and Footmen.* PETER *mimics and apes his father.*

Sol. I have the honour to introduce to your Lordship myself, Mr. Solomon; who blesses the hour in which fortune allows him to become acquainted with the Honourable Baron Steinfort, brother-in-law of his Right Honourable Excellency, Count Wintersen, my noble master.

Pet. Bless our noble master!

Bar. Old and young, I see they'll allow me no peace. *(Aside.)*—Enough, enough, good Mr. Solomon. I am a

soldier. I pay but few compliments, and require as few from others.

Sol. I beg, my Lord—We do live in the country, to be sure; but we are acquainted with the reverence due to exalted personages.

Pet. Yes—We are acquainted with exalted personages.

Bar. What is to become of me?—Well, Well; I hope we shall be better acquainted. You must know, Mr. Solomon, I intend to assist, for a couple of months, at least, in attacking the well-stocked cellars of Wintersen.

Sol. Why not whole years, my Lord? Inexpressible would be the satisfaction of your humble servant. And, though I say it, well-stocked, indeed, are our cellars. I have, in every respect, here, managed matters in so frugal and provident a way, that his Right Honourable Excellency, the Count, will be astonished.—(Baron *sits on the sopha, not listening.*)—Extremely sorry it is not in my power to entertain your Lordship.

Pet. Extremely sorry.

Sol. Where can Mrs. Haller have hid herself?

Bar. Mrs. Haller! who is she?

Sol. Why, who she is, I can't exactly tell your Lordship.

Pet. No, nor I.

Sol. None of my correspondents give any account of her. She is here in the capacity of a kind of a superior house-keeper. Methinks I hear her silver voice upon the stairs. I will have the honour of sending her to your Lordship in an instant.

Bar. Oh! don't trouble yourself.

Sol. No trouble, whatever! I remain, at all times, your honourable Lordship's most obedient, humble, and devoted servant. [*Exit, bowing.*

Pet. Devoted servant. [*Exit, bowing.*

Bar. Now for a fresh plague. Now am I to be tormented by some chattering old ugly hag, till I am stunned with her noise and officious hospitality. O, patience! what a virtue art thou!

Enter Mrs. HALLER, *with a becoming curtsy.* BARON *rises, and returns a bow, in confusion.*

(Aside.)—No, old she is not.—*(Casts another glace at her.)*—No, by Jove, nor ugly.

Mrs. H. I rejoice, my Lord, in thus becoming acquainted with the brother of my benefactress.

Bar. Madam, that title shall be doubly valuable to me, since it gives me an introduction equally to be rejoiced at.

Mrs. H.—*(Without attending to the compliment.)*—This lovely weather, then, has inticed the Count from the city?

Bar. Not exactly that. You know him. Sunshine or clouds are to him alike, as long as eternal summer reigns in his own heart and family.

Mrs. H. The Count possesses a most cheerful and amiable philosophy. Ever in the same happy humour; ever enjoying each minute of his life. But you must confess, my Lord, that he is a favourite child of fortune, and has much to be grateful to her for. Not merely because she has given him birth and riches, but for a native sweetness of temper, never to be acquired; and a graceful suavity of manners, whose school must be the mind. And, need I enumerate among fortune's favours, the hand and affections of your accomplished sister?

Bar.—*(More and more struck, as her understanding opens upon him.)*—True, Madam. My good easy brother too seems fully sensible of his happiness, and is resolved to retain it. He has quitted the service to live here.

am yet afraid he may soon grow weary of Wintersen and retirement.

Mrs. H. I should trust not. They who bear a cheerful and unreproaching conscience into solitude, surely must encrease the measure of their own enjoyments: They quit the poor, precarious, the dependant pleasures, which they borrowed from the world, to draw a real bliss from that exhaustless source of true delight, the fountain of a pure unsullied heart.

Bar. Has retirement long possessed so lovely an advocate?

Mrs. H. I have lived here three years.

Bar. And never felt a secret wish for the society you left, and must have adorned.

Mrs. H. Never.

Bar. To feel thus belongs either to a very rough or a very polished soul. The first sight convinced me in which class I am to place you.

Mrs. H.—(With a sigh.)—There may, perhaps, be a third case.

Bar. Indeed, Madam, I wish not to be thought forward; but women always seemed to me less calculated for retirement than men. We have a thousand employments, a thousand amusements, which you have not.

Mrs. H. Dare I ask what they are?

Bar. We ride—we hunt—we play—read—write.—

Mrs. H. The noble employments of the chase, and the still more noble employment of play, I grant you.

Bar. Nay, but dare I ask what are your employments for a day?

Mrs. H. Oh, my Lord! you cannot imagine how quickly time passes, when a certain uniformity guides the minutes of our life. How often do I ask, "Is Sa-"turday come again so soon?" On a bright cheerful morning my books and breakfast are carried out upon the

grass-plot. Then is the sweet picture of reviving industry and eager innocence always new to me. The birds' notes so often heard, still waken new ideas: The herds are led into the fields: The peasant bends his eye upon his plough. Every thing lives and moves; and, in every creature's mind, it seems as it were morning. Towards evening, I begin to roam abroad: From the park into the meadows. And sometimes returning, I pause to look at the village boys and girls as they play. Then do I bless their innocence, and pray to Heav'n those laughing, thoughtless hours could be their lot for ever.

Bar. This is excellent!—But these are summer amusements.—The winter! the winter!

Mrs. H. Why for ever picture winter like old age, torpid, tedious, and uncheerful? Winter has its own delights: This is the time to instruct and mend the mind, by reading and reflection. At this season, too, I often take my harp, and amuse myself by playing or singing the little favourite airs, that remind me of the past, or, solicit hope for the future.

Bar. Happy indeed are they who can thus create and vary their own pleasures and employments.

Enter PETER

Peter. Well—well—Pray now—I was ordered—I can keep him back no longer.—He will come in.

Mrs. H. Who is it you mean?

Pet. Why, old Tobias.

Enter TOBIAS, *(forcing his way.)*

Tob. I must, good Heaven, I must!

Mrs. H.—*(Confused.)*—I have no time, at present—I—I—You see I am not alone.

Tob. Oh! this good gentleman will forgive me.

Bar. What do you want?

Tob. To return thanks. Even charity is a burthen if one may not be grateful for it.

Mrs. H. To-morrow, good Tobias; to-morrow.

Bar. Nay, no false delicacy, Madam. Allow him to vent the feelings of his heart; and permit me to witness a scene, which convinces me, even more powerfully than your conversation, how nobly you employ your time. Speak, old man.

Tob. Oh, Lady, that each word which drops from my lips, might call down a blessing on your head! I lay forsaken and dying in my hut: Not even bread nor hope remained. Oh! then you came in the form of an angel, brought medicines to me; and your sweet consoling voice did more than those. I am recovered. To-day, for the first time, I have returned thanks in presence of the Sun: And now I come to you, noble Lady. Let me drop my tears upon your charitable hand. For your sake Heaven has blessed my latter days. The Stranger too, who lives near me, has given me a purse of gold to buy my son's release. I am on my way to the city: I shall purchase my Robert's release. Then I shall have an honest daughter-in-law. And you, if ever after that you pass our happy cottage, oh! what must you feel, when you say to yourself, "This is my work!"

Mrs. H.—(In a tone of intreaty.)—Enough, Tobias, enough!

Tob. I beg pardon! I cannot utter what is breathing in my breast. There is one who knows it. May his blessing and your own heart reward you.—*(Exit.* Peter *following.* Mrs. Haller *casts her eyes upon the ground, and contends against the confusion of an exalted soul when surprised in a good action.* Baron *stands opposite to her,*

and from time to time casts a glance at her, in which his heart is swimming.)

Mrs. H.—*(Endeavouring to bring about a conversation.)*—I suppose, my Lord, we may expect the Count and Countess every moment now?

Bar. Not just yet, Madam. He travels at his leisure. I am selfish, perhaps, in not being anxious for his speed: The delay has procured me a delight which I never shall forget.

Mrs. H.—*(Smiling)*—You satirize mankind, my Lord.

Bar. How so?

Mrs. H. In supposing such scenes to be uncommon.

Bar. I confess I was little prepared for such an acquaintance as yourself: I am extremely surprised. When Solomon told me your name and situation, how could I suppose that—

Mrs. H. My name?—Yes—I don't wish to make it of greater consequence than it is.

Bar. Pardon my curiosity: You have been, or are married?

Mrs. H.—*(Suddenly sinking from her cheerful raillery into mournful gloom.)*—I have been married, my Lord.

Bar.—*(Whose enquires evince his curiosity, yet are restrained within the bounds of the nicest respect.)*—A widow, then?

Mrs. H. I beseech you—There are strings in the human heart, which touched, will sometimes utter dreadful discord—I beseech you—

Bar. I understand you. I see you know how to conceal every thing, except your perfections.

Mrs. H. My perfections, alas!—*(Rural music without.)*—But I hear the happy tenantry announce the Count's arrival. Your pardon, my Lord: I must attend them.

[*Exit.*

Bar. Excellent creature!—What is she, and what can be her history? I must seek my sister instantly. How strong and how sudden is the interest I feel for her! But it is a feeling I ought to check. And yet, why so? Whatever are the emotions she has inspired, I am sure they arise from the perfections of her mind; and never shall they be met with unworthiness in mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Lawn.

Solomon *and* Peter *are discover'd arranging the tenantry. Rural Music.*

Enter COUNT *and* COUNTESS WINTERSEN, (*the latter leading her* Child,) *the* BARON, Mrs. HALLER, CHARLOTTE, *and Servants following.*

Sol. Welcome, ten thousand welcomes, your Excellencies. Some little preparation made for welcome too. But that will be seen anon.

Count. Well! here we are! Heaven bless our advance and retreat! Mrs. Haller, I bring you an invalid, who, in future, will swear to no flag but your's

Mrs. H. Mine flies for retreat and rural happiness.

Count. But not without retreating graces and retiring Cupids too.

Countess.—(Who has in the mean time kindly embraced Mrs. Haller, *and by her been welcomed to* Wintersen.)—My dear Count, you forget that I am present.

Count. Why, in the name of chivalry, how can I do less than your gallant brother, the Baron, who has been

so kind as nearly to kill my four greys, in order to be here five minutes before me?

Bar. Had I known all the charms of this place, you should have said so with justice.

Countess. Don't you think William much grown?

Mrs. H. The sweet boy!—(*Stoops to kiss him, and deep melancholy overshadows her countenance.*)

Count. Well, Solomon, you've provided a good dinner?

Sol. As good as haste would allow, please your Right Honourable Excellency!

Pet. Yes, as good as— [Count *goes aside with* Sol.

Bar. Tell me, I conjure you, sister, what jewel you have thus buried in the country.

Countess. Ha! ha! ha! What, brother, you caught at last!

Bar. Answer me.

Countess. Well, her name is Mrs. Haller.

Bar. That I know; but—

Countess. But!—but I know no more myself.

Bar. Jesting apart, I wish to know.

Countess. And, jesting apart, I wish you would not plague me. I have at least a hundred thousand important things to do. Heavens! the vicar may come to pay his respects to me before I have been at my toilet: of course I must consult my looking-glass on the occasion. Come, William, will you help to dress me, or stay with your father?

Will. I had rather stay here.

Count. We'll take care of him.

Countess. Come, Mrs. Haller.

[*Exit. with Mrs.* Haller, Charlotte *following.*

Bar.—(*Aside, and going.*)—I am in a very singular humour.

Count. Whither so fast, good brother?

Bar. To my apartment: I have letters to—I—

Count. Pshaw! stay. Let us take a turn in the park together.

Bar. Excuse me. I am not perfectly well. I should be but bad company. I— [*Exit. The Tenantry retire.*

Count. Well, Solomon, you're as great a fool as ever, I see.

Sol. Ha! ha! At your Right Honourable Excellency's service.

Count.—(*Points to* Peter.)—Who is that ape in the corner?

Sol. Ape!—Oh! that is—with respect to your Excellency be it spoken—the son of my body; by name, Peter.—(Peter *bows.*)

Count. So, so! Well! how goes all on?

Sol. Well and good; well and good. Your Excellency will see how I've improved the park: You'll not know it again. A hermitage here; serpentine walks there; an obelisk; a ruin; and all so sparingly, all done with the most economical economy.

Count. Well, I'll have a peep at your obelisk and ruins while they prepare for dinner.

Sol. I have already ordered it, and will have the honour of attending your Right Honourable Excellency.

Count. Come, lead the way. Peter, attend your young master to the house; we must not tire him.

[*Exit, conducted by* Solomon.

Pet. This way, your little Excellency, and we shall see the bridge as we go by; and the new boat, with all the fine ribbands and streamers. This way, your little Excellency, [*Exit, leading the* Child.

SCENE III.

The Antichamber. Enter Mrs. HALLER.

Mrs. H. What has thus alarmed and subdued me? My tears flow; my heart bleeds. Already had I apparently overcome my chagrin; already had I at least assumed that easy gaiety once so natural to me, when the sight of this child in an instant overpowered me. When the Countess called him William—Oh! she knew not that she plunged a poniard in my heart. I have a William too, who must be as tall as this, if he be still alive. Ah! yes, if he be still alive. His little sister too. Why, Fancy, dost thou rack me thus? Why dost thou image my poor children, fainting in sickness, and crying to their mother? To the mother who has abandoned them? —*(Weeps.)*—What a wretched outcast am I! And that just to-day I should be doomed to feel these horrible emotions! just to day, when disguise was so necessary.

Enter CHARLOTTE, *bellowing at the door.*

Cha. Your servant, Mrs. Haller. I beg, Madam, I may have a room fit for a respectable person.

Mrs. H. The chamber into which you have been shewn is, I think, a very neat one.

Cha. A very neat one, is it? Up the back stairs, and over the laundry! I should never be able to close my eyes.

Mrs. H.—*(Very mildly.)*—I slept there a whole year.

Cha. Did you? Then I advise you to remove into it again, and the sooner the better. I'd have you to know, Madam, there is a material difference between certain persons and certain persons. Much depends upon the

manner in which one has been educated. I think, Madam, it would only be proper if you resigned your room to me.

Mrs. H. If the Countess desires it, certainly.

Cha. The Countess! Very pretty, indeed! Would you have me think of plaguing her Ladyship with such trifles? I shall order my trunk to be carried wherever I please.

Mrs. H. Certainly; only not into my chamber.

Cha. Provoking creature! But how could I expect to find breeding among creatures born of they know not whom, and coming they know not whence?

Mrs. H. The remark is very just.

Enter PETER, *in haste.*

Pet. Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs. H. What's the matter?

Pet. The child has fallen into the river! His little Excellency is drowned!

Mrs. H. Who? What?

Pet. His honor, my young master!

Mrs. H. Drowned?

Pet. Yes.

Mrs. H. Dead?

Pet. No; he's not dead.

Mrs. H. Well, well, then softly;—you will alarm the Countess.

Enter the BARON.

Bar. What is the matter? Why all this noise?

Pet. Noise? Why—

Mrs. H. Be not alarmed, my Lord. Whatever may have happened, the dear child is now at least safe. You said so, I think, master Peter.

Pet. Why, to be sure, his little Excellency is not hurt; but he's very wet though: and the Count is taking him by the garden door to the house.

Bar. Right, that the Countess may not be alarmed. But tell us, young man, how could it happen?

Pet. From beginning to end?

Mrs. H. Never mind particulars. You attended the dear child.

Pet. True; and he would see the boat and streamers. I turned round only for a moment, and then, oh, how I was scared, to see him borne down the river!

Bar. And you drew him out again directly?

Pet. No, I didn't: 'twas the deepest part; and I never could swim in my life. But I called and bawled as loud as I could; I believe you might have heard me down to the village.

Mrs. H. Ay—and so the people came immediately to his assistance.

Pet. No, they didn't: But the Stranger came, that lives yonder, close to old Toby, and never speaks a syllable. Odsbodlikins! What a devil of a fellow it is! With a single spring bounces he slap into the torrent; sails and dives about and about like a duck; gets me hold of the little angel's hair, and, heav'n bless him! pulls him safe to dry land.—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar. I think I hear them.

Mrs. H. Is the Stranger with them?

Pet. Oh lud! no. He ran away. His Excellency wanted to thank him, and all that: but he was off: vanished like a ghost.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Oh! thou careless varlet! I disown you! What an accident might have happened! and how you have

terrified his Excellency? But I beg pardon—*(bows)*—His Right Honourable Excellency, the Count, requests your—

Bar. We come. [*Exit with Mrs.* Haller.

Cha. Ha! ha! ha! Why, Mr. Solomon, you seem to have a hopeful pupil.

Sol. Ah! sirrah!

Cha. But, Mr. Solomon, why were you not nimble enough to have saved his young Lordship?

Sol. Not in time, my sweet Miss. Besides, mercy on us! I should have sunk like a lump of lead: and I happened to have a letter of consequence in my pocket, which would have been made totally illegible: a letter from Constantinople, written by Chevalier—What's his name?—*(Draws a letter from his pocket, and putting it up again directly, drops it.* Peter *takes it up slyly, and unobserved.)*—It contains momentous matter, I assure you. The world will be astonished when it comes to light; and not a soul will suppose that old Solomon had a finger in the pie

Cha. No, that I believe.

Sol. But I must go and see to the cellar. Miss, your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

Cha.—*(With pride.)*—Your servant, Mr. Solomon.

Pet. Here's the letter from Constantinople. I wonder what it can be about. Now for it!—*(opens it.)*

Cha. Ay, let us have it.

Pet.—*(Reads.)*—"If so be you say so, I'll never work "for you, never no more. Considering as how your "Sunday waistcoat has been turned three times, it dosen't "look amiss, and I've charged as little as any tailor of "'em all. You say I must pay for the buckram; but I "say, I'll be damn'd if I do. So no more from your "loving nephew, Timothy Twist."—From Constantinople! Why cousin Tim writ it.

Cha. Cousin Tim! Who is he?

Pet. Good lack! Don't you know cousin Tim? Why, he's one of the best tailors in all—

Cha. A tailor! No, Sir, I do not know him. My father was state-coachman, and wore his Highness's livery. [*Exit.*

Pet.—(*Mimicking.*)—"My father was state-coachman, "and wore his Highness's livery."—Well, and cousin Tim could have made his Highness's livery, if you go to that. [*Going.*

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Peter, you ninny, stay where you are. Is that chattering girl gone? Didn't I tell you we would have a practice of our dance? and they are all ready on the lawn. Mark me; I represent the Count, and you the Baron.

[*Exit with affected dignity.* Peter *follows, mimicking*

SCENE IV.

The Lawn. Seats placed.

Rustic Music.

Dancers are discovered as ready to perform.

SOLOMON *and* PETER *enter, and seat themselves.*

A Dance.

In which the dancers pay their reverence to Solomon *and* Peter *as they pass. At the end* Solomon *and* Peter *strut off before the dancers.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Skirts of the Park and Lodge, &c. as before. The STRANGER *is discover'd on a Seat reading.*

Enter FRANCIS.

Fra. Dinner is ready.

Stra. I want no dinner.

Fra. I've got something good.

Stra. Eat it yourself.

Fra. You are not hungry?

Stra. No.

Fra. Nor I. The heat takes away all appetite.

Stra. Yes.

Fra. I'll put it by; perhaps at night—

Stra. Perhaps.

Fra.—*(After a pause.)*—Dear Sir, dare I speak?

Stra. Speak.

Fra. You have done a noble action.

Stra. What?

Fra. You have saved a fellow-creature's life.

Stra. Peace.

Fra. Do you know who he was?

Stra. No.

Fra. The only son of Count Wintersen.

Stra. Immaterial.

Fra. A gentleman, by report, worthy and benevolent as yourself.

Stra.—*(Angry.)*—Silence! Dare you flatter me?

Fra. As I look to heav'n for mercy, I speak from my heart. When I observe how you are doing good around you, how you are making every individual's wants your own, and are yet yourself unhappy, alas! my heart bleeds for you.

Stra. I thank you, Francis. I can only thank you. Yet share this consolation with me:—my sufferings are unmerited.

Fra. My poor master!

Stra. Have you forgotten what the old man said this morning? "There is another and a better world!" Oh, 'twas true. Then let us hope with fervency, and yet endure with patience!—What's here?

Enter CHARLOTTE, *from the Park Gate.*

Char. I presume, Sir, you are the strange gentleman that drew my young master out of the water?—(Stranger *stares at her.*)—Or—(*To* Francis)—Are you he?—(Francis *makes a wry face.*)—Are the creatures both dumb?—(*Looks at them by turns: they stare at her.*)—Surely old Solomon has fixed two statues here, by way of ornament; for of any use there is no sign.—(*Approaches* Francis.)—No, this is alive, and breathes; yes, and moves its eyes.—(*Bawls in his ear.*)—Good friend!

Fra. I'm not deaf.

Char. Nor dumb, I perceive at last.—Is yon lifeless thing your master?

Fra. That honest silent gentleman is my master.

Char. The same that saved the young Count's life?

Fra. The same.

Char.—(*To* Stranger.)—Sir, my master and mistress, the Count and Countess, present their respectful compliments, and request the honour of your company at a family supper this evening.

Stra. I shall not come.

Char. But you'll scarce send such an uncivil answer as this. The Count is overpowered with gratitude. You have saved his son's life.

Stra. I did it willingly.

Char. And won't accept of, "I thank you," in return?

Stra. No.

Char. You really are cruel, Sir, I must tell you. There are three of us ladies at the castle, and we are all dying with curiosity to know who you are.—(*Exit* Stranger.)—The master is crabbed enough, however. Let me try what I can make of the man. Pray, Sir,—(Francis *turns his back to her.*)—The beginning promises little enough. Friend, why won't you look at me?

Fra. I like to look at green trees better than green eyes?

Char. Green eyes, you monster! Who told you that my eyes were green? Let me tell you there have been sonnets made on my eyes before now.

Fra. Glad to hear it.

Char. To the point then at once. What is your master?

Fra. A man.

Char. I surmised as much. But what's his name?

Fra. The same as his father's.

Char. Not unlikely;—and his father was—

Fra. Married.

Char. To whom?

Fra. To a woman.

Char.—(*Enraged.*)—I'll tell you what: who your master is, I see I shall not learn, and I don't care: but I know what you are.

Fra. Well, what am I?

Char. A bear! (*Exit.*

Fra. Thank you! Now to see how habit and example corrupt one's manners. I am naturally the civilest-spoken follow in the world to the pretty prattling rogues: yet, following my master's humour, I've rudely driven this wench away.

Enter STRANGER.

Stra. Is that woman gone?

Fra. yes.

Stra. Francis!

Fra. Sir.

Stra. We must be gone too.

Fra. But whither?

Stra. I don't care.

Fra. I'll attend you.

Stra. To any place?

Fra. To death.

Stra. Heav'n grant it—to me at least! There is peace.

Fra. Peace is every where. Let the storm rage without, if the heart be but at rest. Yet I think we are very well where we are: the situation is inviting; and nature lavish of her beauties, and of her bounties too.

Stra. But I am not a wild beast, to be stared at, and sent for as a shew. Is it fit I should be?

Fra. Another of your interpretations! That a man, the life of whose only son you have saved, should invite you to his house, seems to me not very unnatural.

Stra. I will not be invited to any house.

Fra. For once methinks you might submit. You'll not be asked a second time.

Stra. Proud wretches! They believe the most essential service is requited, if one may but have the honour of sitting at their table. Let us be gone

Fra. Yet hold, Sir! This bustle will soon be over. Used to the town, the Count and his party will soon be tired of simple nature, and you will again be freed from observation.

Stra. Not from your's.

Fra. This is too much. Do I deserve your doubts?

Stra. Am I in the wrong?

Fra. You are indeed!

Stra. Francis, my servant, you are my only friend. *(Giving his hand.)*

Fra. That title makes amends for all.—*(Kisses it.)*

Stra. But look, Francis; there are uniforms and gay dresses in the walk again. No, I must be gone. Here I'll stay no longer.

Fra. Well then, I'll tie up my bundle.

Stra. The sooner the better! They come this way. Now must I shut myself in my hovel, and lose this fine breeze. Nay, if they be your high-bred class of all, they may have impudence enough to walk into my chamber. Francis, I shall lock the door.—*(Goes into the lodge, locks the door, and fastens the shutters.)*

Fra. And I'll be your centinel. Should these people be as inquisitive as their maid, I must summon my whole stock of impertinence. But their questions and my answers need little study. They can learn nothing of the Stranger from me; for the best of all possible reasons—I know nothing myself.

Enter BARON *and* COUNTESS.

Countess. There is a strange face. The servant probably.

Bar. Friend, can we speak to your master?

Fra. No.

Bar. Only for a few minutes.

Fra. He has locked himself in his room.

Countess. Tell him a lady waits for him.

Fra. Then he's sure not to come.

Countess. Does he hate our sex?

Fra. He hates the whole human race, but woman particularly.

Countess. And why?

Fra. He may perhaps have been deceived.

Countess. This is not very courteous.

Fra. My master is not over courteous: but when he sees a chance of saving a fellow-creature's life, he'll attempt it at the hazard of his own.

Bar. You are right. Now hear the reason of our visit. The wife and brother-in-law of the man, whose child your master has saved, wish to acknowledge their obligations to him.

Fra. That he dislikes. He only wishes to live unnoticed.

Countess. He appears to be unfortunate.

Fra. Appears!

Countess. An affair of honour, perhaps, or some unhappy attachment may have—

Fra. They may.

Countess. Be this as it may, I wish to know who he is.

Fra. So do I.

Countess. What! don't you know him yourself?

Fra. Oh! I know him well enough. I mean his real self—His heart—his soul—his worth—his honor!—Perhaps you think one knows a man, when one is acquainted with his name and person?

Countess. 'Tis well said, friend; you please me much. And now I should like to know you. Who are you?

Fra. Your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Countess. Nay, now, this is affectation! A desire to appear singular! Every one wishes to make himself distinguished. One sails round the world; another creeps into a hovel.

Bar. And the man apes his master!

Countess. Come, brother, let us seek the Count. He and Mrs. Haller turned into the lawn.—(*Going.*)

Bar. Stay. First a word or two, sister: I am in love.

Countess. For the hundredth time.

Bar. For the first time in my life.

Countess. I wish you joy.

Bar. 'Till now you have evaded my enquiries. Who is she? I beseech you, sister, be serious. There is a time for all things.

Countess. Bless us! Why, you look as if you were going to raise a spirit. Don't fix your eyes so earnestly. Well, if I am to be serious, I obey. I do not know who Mrs. Haller is, as I have already told you; but what I do know of her, shall not be concealed from you. It may now be three years ago, when, one evening, about twilight, a lady was announced, who wished to speak to me in private. Mrs. Haller appeared, with all that grace and modesty which have enchanted you. Her features, at that moment, bore keener marks of the sorrow and confusion, which have since settled into gentle melancholy. She threw herself at my feet; and besought me to save a wretch, who was on the brink of despair. She told me she had heard much of my benevolence, and offered herself as a servant to attend me. I endeavoured to dive into the cause of her sufferings, but in vain. She concealed her secret, yet opened to me more and more each day, a heart, chosen by virtue as her temple, and an understanding improved by the most refined attainments. She no longer remained my servant, but became my friend; and, by her own desire, has ever since resided here.—*(Curtsying.)*—Brother, I have done.

Bar. Too little to satisfy my curiosity; yet enough to make me realize my project. Sister, lend me your aid—I would marry her.

Countess. You!

Bar. I.

Countess. Baron Steinfort!

Bar. For shame! If I understand you!

Countess. Not so harsh, and not so hasty! Those great sentiments of contempt of inequality in rank are very fine in

a romance: but we happen not to be inhabitants of an ideal world. How could you introduce her to the circle we live in? You surely would not attempt to present her to—

Bar. Object as you will—my answer is—*I love.* Sister, you see a man before you, who—

Countess. Who wants a wife.

Bar. No; who has deliberately poised advantage against disadvantage; domestic ease and comfort against the false gaieties of fashion. I can withdraw into the country. I need no honours to make my tenants happy, and my heart will teach me to make their happiness my own. With such a wife as this, children who resemble her, and fortune enough to spread comfort around me, what would the soul of man have more?

Countess. This is all vastly fine. I admire your plan; only you seem to have forgotten one trifling circumstance.

Bar. And that is?—

Countess. Whether Mrs. Haller will have you or not.

Bar. There, sister, I just want your assistance—(*Seizing her hand.*)—Good Henrietta!

Countess. Well, here's my hand. I'll do all I can for you. St!—We had near been overheard. They are coming. Be patient and obedient.

Enter COUNT *and* Mrs. HALLER, *leaning on his arm.*

Count. Upon my word, Mrs. Haller, you are a nimble walker: I should be sorry to run a race with you.

Mrs. H. Custom, my Lord. You need only take the same walk every day for a month.

Count. Yes, if I wanted to resemble my greyhounds.—But what said the Stranger?

Countess. He gave Charlotte a flat refusal; and you see his door, and even his shutters, are closed against us.

Count. What an unaccountable being! But it won't do, I must shew my gratitude one way or other. Steinfort, we will take the ladies home, and then you shall try once again to see him. You can talk to these oddities better than I can.

Bar. If you wish it, with all my heart.

Count. Thank you; thank you. Come, ladies; come Mrs. Haller. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A close Walk in the Garden.

Enter COUNTESS *and* Mrs. HALLER.

Countess. Well, Mrs. Haller, how do you like the man that just now left us?

Mrs. H. Who?

Countess. My brother.

Mrs. H. He deserves to be your brother.

Countess.—(*Curtsying.*)—Your most obedient! That shall be written in my pocket-book.

Mrs. H. Without flattery then, Madam, he appears to be most amiable.

Countess. Good!—And a handsome man?

Mrs. H.—(*With indifference.*)—Oh, yes!

Countess. "Oh, yes!" It sounded almost like, "Oh, no!" But I must tell you, that he looks upon you to be a handsome woman.—(Mrs. Haller *smiles.*)—You make no reply to this?

Mrs. H. What shall I reply? Derision never fell from your lips; and I am little calculated to support it.

Countess. As little as you are calculated to be the cause of it. No, I was in earnest.—Now?

Mrs. H. You confuse me!—But why should I play the prude? I will own there was a time when I thought myself handsome. 'Tis past. Alas! the enchanting beauties of a female countenance arise from peace of mind—The look which captivates an honourable man must be reflected from a noble soul.

Countess. Then heav'n grant my bosom may ever hold as pure a heart, as now those eyes bear witness lives in your's!

Mrs. H.—*(With sudden wildness.)*—Oh! Heav'n forbid!

Countess.—*(Astonished.)*—How!

Mrs. H.—*(Checking her tears.)*—Spare me! I am a wretch: The sufferings of three years can give me no claim to your friendship—No, not even to your compassion. Oh! spare me!—*(Going.)*

Countess. Stay, Mrs. Haller. For the first time, I beg your confidence.—My brother loves you.

Mrs. H.—*(Starting, and gazing full in the face of the Countess.)*—For mirth, too much—for earnest, too mournful!

Countess. I revere that modest blush. Discover to me who you are. You risk nothing. Pour all your griefs into a sister's bosom. Am I not kind? and can I not be silent?

Mrs. H. Alas! But a frank reliance on a generous mind is the greatest sacrifice to be offer'd by true repentance. This sacrifice I will offer.—*(Hesitating.)*—Did you never hear—Pardon me—Did you never hear—Oh! how shocking is it to unmask a deception, which alone has recommended me to your regard! But it must be so.—Madam—Fie, Adelaide! does pride become you? Did you never hear of the Countess Waldbourg?

Countess. I think I did hear at the neighbouring court of such a creature. She plunged an honourable husband into misery. She ran away with a villain.

Mrs. H She did indeed.—(*Falls at the feet of the* Countess.)—Do not cast me from you.

Countess. For Heaven's sake! You are—

Mrs. H. I am that wretch.

Countess.—(*Turning from her with horror.*)—Ha!—Begone!—(*Going. Her heart draws her back.*)—Yet, she is unfortunate: she is unfriended! Her image is repentance—Her life the proof—She has wept her fault in three years agony. Be still awhile, remorseless prejudice, and let the genuine feelings of my soul avow—they do not truly honour virtue, who can insult the erring heart that would return to her sanctuary.—(*Looking with sorrow on her.*) Rise, I beseech you, rise! My husband and my brother may surprize us. I promise to be silent.—(*Raising her.*)

Mrs. H. Yes, you will be silent—But, Oh! Conscience! Conscience! thou never wilt be silent.—(*Clasping her hand.*)—Do not cast me from you.

Countess. Never! Your lonely life, your silent anguish and contrition, may at length atone your crime. And never shall you want an asylum, where your penitence may lament your loss.

Mrs. H. Yes, I have lost him. But—I had children too.

Countess. Enough! Enough!

Mrs. H. Oh! Madam—I would only know whether they are alive or dead! That, for a mother, is not much.

Countess. Compose yourself.

Mrs. H. Oh! had you known my husband, when I first beheld him! I was then scarcely sixteen years of age.

Countess. And your marriage?

Mrs. H. A few months after.

Countess. and your flight?

Mrs. H. I lived three years with him.

Countess. Oh! my friend! your crime was youth and inexperience: your heart never was, never could be concerned in it.

Mrs. H. Oh! spare me! My conscience never martyrs me so horribly, as when I catch my base thoughts in search of an excuse! No, nothing can palliate my guilt; and the only just consolation left me, is, to acquit the man I wronged, and own I erred without a cause of fair complaint.

Countess. And this is the mark of true repentance. Alas! my friend, when superior sense, recommended too by superior charms of person, assail a young, though wedded—

Mrs. H. Ah! not even that mean excuse is left me. In all that merits admiration, respect, and love, he was far, far beneath my husband. But to attempt to account for my infatuation—I cannot bear it. 'Tis true, I thought my husband's manner grew colder to me—I knew that his expences, and his confidence in deceitful friends, had embarrassed his means, and clouded his spirits; yet I thought he denied me pleasures and amusements still within our reach. My vanity was mortified! My confidence not courted. The serpent tongue of my seducer promised every thing. But never could such arguments avail, till, assisted by forged letters, and the treachery of a servant, whom I most confided in, he fixed my belief that my Lord was false, and that all the coldness I complain of was disgust to me, and love for another; all his home retrenchments but the means of satisfying a rival's luxury. Madden'd with this conviction, (conviction it was, for artifice was most ingenious in its proof,) I left my children—father—husband—to follow—a villain.

Countess. But with such a heart, my friend could not remain long in her delusion?

Mrs. H. Long enough to make sufficient penitence impossible. 'Tis true, that in a few weeks the delirium was at an end. Oh! what were my sensations when the mist dispersed before my eyes! I called for my husband, but in vain!—I listened for the prattle of my children, but in vain!

Countess. Check the recollection! I guess the end—You left your seducer?

Mrs. H. I did: and fled to you: To you, who have given me a spot where I might weep; and who will give me a spot where I may die.

Countess.—(*Embracing her.*)—Here, here, on this bosom only shall your future tears be shed: and may I, dear sufferer, make you again familiar with hope!

Mrs. H. Oh! impossible!

Countess. Have you never heard of your children?

Mrs. H. Never!

Countess. We must endeavour to gain some account of them. We must—Hold! my husband and my brother! Oh, my poor brother! I had quite forgotten him. Quick, dear Mrs. Haller, wipe your eyes. Let us meet them.

Mrs. H. Madam, I'll follow. Allow me a moment to compose myself.—(*Exit* Countess.)—I pause! Oh! yes—to compose myself!—(*Ironically.*)—She little thinks it is but to gain one solitary moment to vent my soul's remorse. Once the purpose of my unsettled mind was self-destruction; heaven knows how I have sued for hope and resignation. I did trust my prayers were heard—Oh! spare me further trial! I feel, I feel, my heart and brain can bear no more. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c. as before. A Table spread with Fruits, &c.

FRANCIS *discover'd placing the Supper.*

Fra. I know he loves to have his early supper in the fresh air: and, while he sups, not that I believe any thing can amuse him, yet I will try my little Savoyards' pretty voices. I have heard him speak as if he had loved music.—(*Music without.*)—Oh, here they are.

Enter ANNETTE *and* SAVOYARD, *playing.*

1.

* *To welcome mirth and harmless glee,*
We rambling minstrels, blythe and free,
With song the laughing hours beguile,
And wear a never-fading smile:
Where'er we roam
We find a home,
And greeting, to reward our toil.

2.

We sing of love, its hopes and fears;
Of perjur'd swains, and damsels' tears;
Of eyes that speak the heart's warm glow;
Of sighs that tell the bosom's woe.
O'er hills and plains
We breath our strains,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow.

* For the Words of this Duet, the Translator is obliged to *John Grubb, Esq.* and for the Music, to *Mr. Shaw.*

3.

No anxious griefs disturb our rest,
Nor busy cares annoy our breast;
Fearless we sink in soft repose,
While night her sable mantle throws.
With grateful lay,
Hail rising day,
That rosy health and peace bestows.

During the duet, STRANGER *looks from the lodge-window, and at the conclusion he comes out.*

Stra. What mummery is this?

Fra. I hoped it might amuse you, Sir.

Stra. Amuse *me*—fool!

Fra. Well then, I wished to amuse myself a little. I don't think my recreations are so very numerous.

Stra. That's true, my poor fellow; indeed they are not. Let them go on.—*(Sits.)*—I'll listen.

Fra. But to please you, poor master, I fear it must be a sadder strain. Annette, have you none but these chearful songs?

Ann. O plenty. If you are dolefully given, we can be as sad as night. I'll sing you an air Mrs. Haller taught me the first year she came to the castle.

1.

* *I have a silent sorrow here,*
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart!

* For the Words of this Song, the Tranſlator is indebted to *R. B. Sheridan, Eſq.* M. P. and for the Muſic, to Her Grace the *Ducheſs of Devonſhire.*

This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be;
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee!

2.

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek;
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak;
I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

Stra.—(Surprized and moved.)—Oh! I have heard that air before, but 'twas with other words. Francis, share our supper with your friends—I need none.—*(Enters the Lodge.)*

Fra. So I feared. Well, my pretty favourites, here are refreshments. So, disturbed again. Now will this gentleman call for more music, and make my master mad. Return when you observe this man is gone.

[*Exeunt Savoyards.*

(Francis sits and eats.)—I was in hopes that I might at least eat my supper peaceably in the open air; but they follow at our heels like blood-hounds.

Enter BARON.

Bar. My good friend, I must speak to your master.

Fra. Can't serve you.

Bar. Why not?

Fra. Its forbidden.

Bar.—*(Offers money.)*—There! announce me.

Fra. Want no money.

Bar. Well, only announce me then.

Fra. I will announce you, Sir; but it won't avail! I shall be abused, and you rejected. However, we can but try.—*(Going.)*

Bar. I only ask half a minute.—(Francis *goes into the Lodge.)*—But when he comes, how am I to treat him? I never encountered a misanthrope before. I have heard of instructions as to conduct in society; but how I am to behave towards a being who lothes the whole world, and his own existence, I have never learned.

Enter STRANGER.

Stra. Now; what's your will?

Bar. I beg pardon, Sir, for—*(suddenly recognizing him)*—Charles!

Stra. Steinfort!—*(They embrace.)*

Bar. Is it really you, my dear friend?

Stra. It is.

Bar. Merciful heavens! How you are alter'd!

Stra. The hand of misery lies heavy on me.—But how came you here? What want you?

Bar. Strange! Here was I ruminating how to address this mysterious recluse: he appears, and proves to be my old and dearest friend.

Stra. Then you were not sent in search of me, nor knew that I lived here?

Bar. As little as I know who lives on the summit of Caucasus. You this morning saved the life of my brother-in-law's son: a grateful family wishes to behold you in its circle. You refused my sister's messenger; therefore, to give more weight to the invitation, I was deputed to be the bearer of it. And thus has fortune restored to me a friend, whom my heart has so long missed, and whom my heart just now so much requires.

Stra. Yes, I am your friend; your sincere friend. You are a true man; an uncommon man. Towards you my heart is still the same. But, if this assurance be of any value to you—go—leave me—and return no more.

Bar. Stay! All that I see and hear of you is inexplicable. 'Tis you; but these, alas! are not the features which once enchanted every female bosom, beam'd gaiety through all society, and won you friends before your lips were opened! Why do you avert your face? Is the sight of a friend become hateful? Or, do you fear that I should read in your eye what passes in your soul? Where is that open look of fire, which at once penetrated into every heart, and reveal'd your own?

Stra.—(*With asperity.*)—My look penetrate into every heart!—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar. Oh, heavens! Rather may I never hear you laugh, than in such a tone!—Charles! what has happened to you?

Stra. Things that happen every day; occurrences heard of in every street. Steinfort, if I am not to hate you, ask me not another question. If I am to love you, leave me.

Bar. Oh, Charles! awake the faded ideas of past joys. Feel that a friend is near. Recollect the days we pass'd in Hungary, when we wandered arm-in-arm upon the banks of the Danube, while nature opened our hearts, and made us enamoured of benevolence and friendship. In those blessed moments, you gave me this seal as a pledge of your regard. Do you remember it?

Stra. Yes!

Bar. Am I since that time become less worthy of your confidence?

Stra. No!

Bar. Charles! it grieves me that I am thus compelled to enforce my rights upon you. Do you know this scar?

Stra. Comrade! Friend! It received and resisted the stroke aimed at my life. I have not forgotten it. Alas! you knew not what a wretched present you then made me.

Bar. Speak then, I beseech you.

Stra. You cannot help me.

Bar. Then I can mourn with you.

Stra. That I hate. Besides, I cannot weep.

Bar. Then give me words instead of tears. Both relieve the heart.

Stra. My heart is like a close-shut sepulchre. Let what is within it moulder and decay—Why open the wretched charnel-house to spread a pestilence around?

Bar. How horrid are your looks! For shame! A man like you thus to crouch beneath the chance of fortune!

Stra. Steinfort! I did think the opinion of all mankind was alike indifferent to me; but I feel that it is not so. My friend, you shall not quit me without learning how I have been robbed of every joy which life afforded. Listen: much misery may be contained in a few words. Attracted by my native country, I quitted you and the service. What pleasing pictures did I draw of a life employed in improving society, and diffusing happiness! I fixed on Cassel to be my abode. All went on admirably. I found friends. At length, too, I found a wife; a lovely, innocent creature, scarce sixteen years of age. Oh! how I loved her! She bore me a son and a daughter. Both were endowed by nature with the beauty of their mother. Ask me not how I loved my wife and children! Yes, then I was really happy.—(*Wiping his eyes.*)—Ha! a tear! I could not have believed it. Welcome, my friends! 'Tis long since we have known each other. Well, my story is nearly ended. One of my friends, for whom I became engaged, treacherously lost me more than half my fortune. This hurt me. I was obliged to retrench my expences. Contentment needs but little.

I forgave him. Another friend—a villain! to whom I was attached heart and soul; whom I had assisted with my means, and promoted by my interest; this *fiend!* seduced my wife, and bore her from me. Tell me, Sir, is this enough to justify my hatred of mankind, and palliate my seclusion from the world?—Kings—laws—tyranny—or guilt—can but imprison me, or kill me. But, O God! O God! Oh! what are chains or death, compared to the tortures of a deceived yet doting husband!

Bar. To lament the loss of a faithless wife is madness.

Stra. Call it what you please—say what you please—I love her still.

Bar. And where is she?

Stra. I know not, nor do I wish to know.

Bar. And your children?

Stra. I left them at a small town hard-by.

Bar. But why did you not keep your children with you? They would have amused you in many a dreary hour.

Stra. Amused! Oh, yes! while their likeness to their mother would every hour remind me of my past happiness! No. For three years I have never seen them. I hate that any human creature should be near me, young or old! Had not ridiculous habits made a servant necessary, I should long since have discharged him; though he is not the worst among the bad.

Bar. Such too often is the consequences of great alliances. Therefore, Charles, I have resolved to take a wife from a lower rank of life.

Stra. You marry!—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar. You shall see her. She is in the house where you are expected. Come with me.

Stra. What! I mix again with the world!

Bar. To do a generous action, without requiring thanks, is noble and praise-worthy. But, so obstinately to avoid those thanks, as to make the kindness a burthen, is affectation.

Stra. Leave me! leave me! Every one tries to form a circle, of which he may be the centre. As long as there remains a bird in these woods to greet the rising sun with its melody, I shall court no other society.

Bar. Do as you please to-morrow; but give me your company this evening.

Stra.—*(Resolutely.)*—No!

Bar. Not though it were in your power, by this single visit, to secure the happiness of your friend for life?

Stra.—*(Starting.)*—Ha! then I must—But how?—

Bar. You shall sue in my behalf to Mrs. Haller—You have the talent of persuasion.

Stra. I! my dear Steinfort!

Bar. The happiness or misery of your friend depends upon it. I'll contrive that you shall speak to her alone. Will you?

Stra. These are pretences. But I'll come, however, on one condition.

Bar. Name it.

Stra. That you allow me to be gone to-morrow, without endeavouring to detain me.

Bar. Go! Whither?

Stra. No matter! Promise this, or I will not come.

Bar. Well, I do promise.

Stra. I have directions to give my servant.

Bar. In half an hour then we shall expect you. Remember, you have given your word.

Stra. I have. [*Exit* Baron.

(Walks up and down thoughtful and melancholy.)—Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fra. Sir!

Stra. I shall leave this place to-morrow.

Fra. With all my heart.

Stra. Perhaps to go into another land.

Fra. With all my heart again!

Stra. Perhaps into another quarter of the globe.

Fra. With all my heart still. Into which quarter?

Stra. Wherever heaven directs! Away! away! from Europe! From this cultivated moral lazaret! Do you hear, Francis? To-morrow early.

Fra. Very well.

Stra. But first I have an errand for you. Hire that carriage in the village; drive to the town hard-by; you may be back by sun-set. I shall give you a letter to a widow who lives there. With her you will find two children. They are mine.

Fra.—*(Astonished.)*—Your children, Sir!

Stra. Take them, and bring them hither.

Fra. Your children, Sir!

Stra. Yes, mine! Is it so very inconceivable?

Fra. That I should have been three years in your service, and never have heard them mentioned, is somewhat strange.

Stra. Pshaw!

Fra. You have been married then?

Stra. Go, and prepare for our journey.

Fra. That I can do in five minutes. [*Exit.*

Stra. I shall come and write the letter directly. Yes, I'll take them with me. I'll accustom myself to the sight of them. The innocents! they shall not be poisoned by the refinements of society. Rather let them hunt their daily sustenance upon some desert island with their bow and arrow; or creep like torpid Hottentots into a corner, and stare at each other. Better to do nothing than to do evil. Fool that I was, to be prevailed

upon once more to exhibit myself among these apes! What a ridiculous figure shall I be, and in the capacity of a suitor too! Pshaw! he cannot be serious! 'Tis but a friendly artifice to draw me from my solitude. Why did I promise him? Well, my sufferings have been many, and, to oblige a friend, why should I not add another painful hour to the wretched calendar of my life? I'll go. I'll go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Antichamber. Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. No, indeed, my lady! If you chuse to bury yourself in the country, I shall take my leave. I am not calculated for a country life. And, to sum up all, when I think of this Mrs. Haller——

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol.—*(Overbearing her last words.)*—What of Mrs. Haller, my sweet Miss?

Char. Why, Mr. Solomon, who is Mrs. Haller? You know every thing; you hear every thing.

Sol. I have received no letters from any part of Europe on the subject, Miss.

Char. But who is to blame? The Count and Countess. She dines with them, and, at this very moment, is drinking tea with them. Is this proper?

Sol. By no means.

Char. Shouldn't a Count, in all his actions, shew a certain degree of pride and pomposity?

Sol. To be sure! To be sure he should!

Char. No, I won't submit to it. I'll tell her ladyship, when I dress her to-morrow, that either Mrs. Haller, or I, must quit the house.

Sol.—*(Seeing the* Baron.)—St!

Enter BARON.

Bar. Didn't I hear Mrs. Haller's name here?

Sol.—*(Confused.)*—Why—yes—we—we——

Bar. Charlotte, tell my sister I wish to see her as soon as the tea-table is removed.

Char.—*(Aside to* Sol.)—Either she or I go, that I'm determined. [*Exit.*

Bar. May I ask what it was you were saying?

Sol. Why, please your honourable Lordship, we were talking here and there—this and that—

Bar. I almost begin to suspect some secret.

Sol. Secret! Heaven forbid! Mercy on us! No! I should have had letters on the subject, if there had been a secret.

Bar. Well then, since it was no secret, I presume I may know your conversation.

Sol. You do us great honour, my lord. Why then, at first, we were making a few common-place observations. Miss Charlotte remarked that we all had our faults. I said, "Yes." Soon after I remarked that the best persons in the world were not without their weaknesses. She said, "Yes."

Bar. If you referred to Mrs. Haller's faults and weaknesses, I am desirous to hear more.

Sol. Sure enough, Sir, Mrs. Haller is an excellent woman; but she's not an angel, for all that. I am an old faithful servant to his Excellency the Count, and therefore it is my duty to speak, when any thing is done disadvantageous to his interest.

Bar. Well!

Sol. For instance, now; his Excellency may think he has, at least, some score of dozens of the old six-and-twenty hock. Mercy on us! there are not ten dozen bottles left; and not a drop has gone down my throat, I'll swear.

Bar.—*(Smiling.)*—Mrs. Haller has not drank it, I suppose?

Sol. Not she herself, for she never drinks wine. But if any body be ill in the village, any poor woman lying-in, that might think herself well off with common Rhenish, away goes a bottle of the six-and-twenty! Innumerable are the times that I've reproved her; but she always answers me snappishly, that she will be responsible for it.

Bar. So will I, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Oh! with all my heart, your honourable Lordship. It makes no difference to me. I had the care of the cellar twenty years, and can safely take my oath, that I never gave the poor a single drop in the whole course of my trust.

Bar. How extraordinary is this woman!

Sol. Extraordinary! One can make nothing of her. To-day, the vicar's wife is not good enough for her. To-morrow, you may see her sitting with all the women of the village. To be sure she and I agree pretty well; for, between me and your honourable Lordship, she has cast an eye upon my son Peter.

Bar. Has she?

Sol. Yes—Peter's no fool, I assure you. The schoolmaster is teaching him to write. Would your honourable Lordship please to see a specimen? I'll go for his copy-book. He makes his pot-hooks capitally

Bar. Another time, another time. Good bye, for the present, Mr. Solomon.—(Solomon *bows without attempting to go.)*—Good day, Mr. Solomon.

Sol.—*(Not understanding the hint.)*—Your honourable Lordship's most obedient servant.

Bar. This is too bad. Mr. Solomon, I wish to be alone.

Sol. As your Lordship commands. If the time should seem long in my absence, and your Lordship wishes to hear the newest news from the seat of war, you need only send for old Solomon. I have letters from Leghorn,

Cape Horn, and every known part of the habitable globe.

[*Exit.*

Bar. Tedious old fool! Yet hold. Did he not speak in praise of Mrs. Haller? Pardoned be his rage for news and politics.

Enter COUNTESS.

Well, sister, have you spoken to her?

Countess. I have: and if you do not steer for another haven, you will be doomed to drive upon the ocean for ever.

Bar. Is she married?

Countess. I don't know.

Bar. Is she of a good family?

Countess. I can't tell.

Bar. Does she dislike me?

Countess. Excuse my making a reply.

Bar. I thank you for your sisterly affection, and the explicitness of your communications. Luckily I placed little reliance on either; and have found a friend who will save your Ladyship all further trouble.

Countess. A friend!

Bar. Yes. The Stranger who saved your son's life this morning, proves to be my intimate friend.

Countess. What's his name?

Bar. I don't know.

Countess. Is he of a good family?

Bar. I can't tell.

Countess. Will he come hither?

Bar. Excuse my making a reply.

Countess. Well, the retort is fair—but insufferable.

Bar. You can't object to the *Da Capo* of your own composition.

Enter COUNT *and* Mrs. HALLER.

Count. Zounds! do you think I am Xenocrates; or like the poor Sultan with marble legs? There you leave me *tête-a-tête* with Mrs. Haller, as if my heart were a

mere flint. So, you prevailed, brother. The Stranger will come then it seems.

Bar. I expect him every minute.

Countess. I'm glad to hear it. One companion more, however. In the country we never can have too many.

Bar. This gentleman will not exactly be an addition to your circle, for he leaves this place to-morrow.

Count. But he won't, I think. Now, Lady Wintersen, summon all your charms. There is no art in conquering us poor devils; but this strange man, who does not care a doit for you all together, is worth your efforts. Try your skill. I sha'n't be jealous.

Countess. I allow the conquest to be worth the trouble. But, what Mrs. Haller has not been able to effect in three months, ought not to be attempted by me.

Mrs. H.—(*Jocosely.*)—O yes, Madam. He has given me no opportunity of trying the force of my charms, for I have never once happened to see him.

Count. Then he's a blockhead; and you, an idler.

Solomon.—(*Without.*)—This way, Sir! This way!

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. The Stranger begs leave to have the honour—

Count. Welcome! Welcome! Shew him the way.

[*Exit* Solomon.

[*Turns to meet the* Stranger, *whom he conducts in by the hand.*]

My dear Sir—Lady Wintersen—Mrs. Haller—

[Mrs. Haller, *as soon as she sees the* Stranger, *shrieks, and swoons in the arms of the* Baron *and* Countess. *The* Stranger *casts a look at her, and, struck with astonishment and horror, rushes out of the room. The* Baron *and* Countess *bear* Mrs. Haller *off.* Count *following in great surprise.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Antichamber. Enter BARON.

Bar. Oh! deceitful hope! Thou phantom of future happiness! To thee have I stretched out my arms, and thou hast vanished into air! Wretched Steinfort! The mystery is solved. She is the wife of my friend! Enough! Not by idle disputation, but by deeds, will I contradict what Wintersen just now asserted. I cannot myself be happy; but, I may, perhaps, be able to re-unite two lovely souls, whom cruel fate has severed. Ha! they are here. I must propose it instantly.

Enter COUNTESS *and* MRS. HALLER.

Countess. Into the garden, my dear friend! Into the air!

Mrs. H. I am quite well. Do not alarm yourselves on my account.

Bar. Madam, pardon my intrusion; but to lose a moment may be fatal. He means to quit the country to-morrow. We must devise means to reconcile you to—the Stranger.

Mrs. H. How, my Lord! You seem acquainted with my history?

Bar. I am. Walbourg has been my friend ever since we were boys. We served together from the rank of cadet. We have been separated seven years. Chance brought us this day together, and his heart was open to me.

Mrs. H. Now do I feel what it is to be in the presence of an honest man, when I dare not meet his eye.—(*Hides her face.*)

Bar. If sincere repentance, if years without reproach, do not give us a title to man's forgiveness, what must we expect hereafter? No, lovely penitent! your contrition is complete. Error, for a moment, wrested from slumbering virtue the dominion of your heart; but she awoke, and, with a look, banished her enemy for ever. I know my friend. He has the firmness of a man; but, with it, the gentlest feelings of your sex. I hasten to him. With the fire of pure disinterested friendship will I enter on this work; that, when I look back upon my past life, I may derive from this good action, consolation in disappointment, and even resignation in despair.—*(Going.)*

Mrs. H. Oh, stay! What would you do? No! never! My husband's honour is sacred to me. I love him unutterably: but never, never can I be his wife again; even if he were generous enough to pardon me.

Bar. Madam! Can you, Countess, be serious?

Mrs. H. Not that title, I beseech you! I am not a child, who wishes to avoid deserved punishment. What were my penitence, if I hoped advantage from it, beyond the consciousness of atonement for past offence!

Countess. But if your husband himself—?

Mrs. H. Oh! he will not! he cannot! And let him rest assured I never would replace my honour at the expence of his.

Bar. He still loves you.

Mrs. H. Loves me! Then he must not—No—he must purify his heart from a weakness which would degrade him!

Bar. Incomparable woman! I go to my friend—perhaps, for the last time. Have you not one word to send him?

Mrs. H. Yes, I have two requests to make. Often, when, in excess of grief, I have despaired of every consolation, I have thought I should be easier, if I might

behold my husband once again, acknowledge my injustice to him, and take a gentle leave of him for ever. This, therefore, is my first request—a conversation for a few short minutes, if he does not quite abhor the sight of me. My second request is—O—not to see, but to hear, some account of my poor children.

Bar. If humanity and friendship can avail, he will not for a moment delay your wishes.

Countess. Heav'n be with you.

Mrs. H. And my prayers. [*Exit* Baron.

Countess. Come, my friend, come into the air; till he returns with hope and consolation.

Mrs. H. O my heart! How art thou afflicted! My husband! My little ones! Past joys and future fears—Oh, dearest Madam! there are moments in which we live years! Moments, which steal the roses from the cheek of health, and plough deep furrows in the brow of youth.

Countess. Banish these sad reflections. Come; let us walk. The sun will set soon; let nature's beauties dissipate anxiety.

Mrs. H. Alas! Yes, the setting sun is a proper scene for me.

Countess. Never forget a morning will succeed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c. as before.
Enter BARON.

Bar. On earth there is but one such pair. They shall not be parted. Yet what I have undertaken is not so easy as I at first hoped. What can I answer, when he

asks me, whether I would persuade him to renounce his character, and become the derision of society? For he is right. A faithless wife is a dishonour; and to forgive her, is to share her shame. What though Adelaide may be an exception; a young deluded girl, who has so long, and so sincerely repented: yet what cares an unfeeling world for this? The world! he has quitted it. 'Tis evident he loves her still; and upon this assurance builds my sanguine heart the hope of a happy termination to an honest enterprize.

Enter FRANCIS, *with two Children*, WILLIAM *and* AMELIA.

Fra. Come along, my pretty ones—come

Will. Is it far to home?

Fra. No, we shall be there directly, now.

Bar. Hold! Whose children are these?

Fra. My master's.

Will. Is that my father?

Bar. It darts like light'ning through my brain! A word with you. I know you love your master. Strange things have happened here. Your master has found his wife again.

Fra. Indeed! Glad to hear it.

Bar. Mrs. Haller—

Fra. Is she his wife? Still more glad to hear it.

Bar. But he is determined to go from her.

Fra. Oh!

Bar. We must try to prevent it.

Fra. Surely.

Bar. The unexpected appearance of the children may perhaps assist us.

Fra. How so?

Bar. Hide yourself with them in that hut. Before a quarter of an hour is past you shall know more.

Fra. But—

Bar. No more questions, I entreat you. Time is precious.

Fra. Well, well; questions are not much in my way. Come, children.

Will. Why, I thought you told me I should see my father.

Fra. So you shall, my dear. Come, moppets.

[*Goes into the hut with the children.*

Bar. Excellent! I promise myself much from this little artifice. If the mild look of the mother fails, the innocent smiles of these his own children, will surely find the way to his heart.—(*Taps at the lodge door.* Stranger *comes out.*)—Charles, I wish you joy.

Stra. Of what?

Bar. You have found her again.

Stra. Shew a bankrupt the treasure which he once possessed, and then congratulate him on the amount!

Bar. Why not, if it be in your power to retrieve the whole?

Stra. I understand you: you are a negociator from my wife. It won't avail.

Bar. Learn to know your wife better. Yes, I am a messenger from her; but without power to treat. She, who loves you unutterably, who, without you, never can be happy, renounces your forgiveness, because, as she thinks, your honour is incompatible with such a weakness.

Stra. Pshaw! I am not to be caught.

Bar. Charles! consider well—

Stra. Steinfort, let me explain all this. I have lived here four months. Adelaide knew it.

Bar. Knew it! She never saw you 'till to-day.

Stra. That she may make fools believe. Hear further: she knows too that I am not a common sort of man; that my heart is not to be attacked in the usual way. She, therefore, framed a nice, deep-concerted plan. She played a charitable part; but in such a way that it always reached my ears. She played a pious, modest, reserved part, in order to excite my curiosity. And at last to-day she plays the prude. She refuses my forgiveness, in order, by this generous device, to extort it from my compassion.

Bar. Charles! I have listened to you with astonishment. This is weakness only to be pardoned in a man who has so often been deceived by the world. Your wife has expressly and stedfastly declared, that she will not accept your forgiveness, even if you yourself were weak enough to offer it.

Stra. What then has brought you hither?

Bar. More than one reason. First, I am come in my own name, as your friend and comrade, to conjure you solemnly, not to spurn this creature from you; for, by my soul, you will not find her equal.

Stra. Give yourself no further trouble.

Bar. Be candid, Charles. You love her still.

Stra. Alas! yes.

Bar. Her sincere repentance has long since obliterated her crime.

Stra. Sir! a wife, once induced to forfeit her honour, must be capable of a second crime.

Bar. Not so, Charles. Ask your own heart, what portion of the blame may be your own.

Stra. Mine!

Bar. Your's. Who told you to marry a thoughtless, inexperienced girl? One scarce expects established principles at five-and-twenty in a man, yet you require them in a girl of sixteen! But of this no more. She has erred;

she has repented; and, during three years, her conduct has been so far above reproach, that even the piercing eye of Calumny has not discover'd a speck upon this radiant orb.

Stra. Now, were I to believe all this—for I confess I would willingly believe it—yet can she never again be mine.—(*With extreme asperity.*)—Oh! what a feast would it be for the painted dolls, when I appeared among them, with my runaway wife upon my arm! What mocking, whispering, and pointing!—Never! Never! Never!

Bar. Enough! As a friend I have done my duty. I now appear as Adelaide's ambassador. She requests one moment's conversation: she wishes once again to see you, and never more! You cannot deny her this only, this last request.

Stra. Oh! I understand this too. She thinks my firmness will be melted by her tears. She is mistaken. She may come.

Bar. She will come to make you feel how much you mistake her. I go for her.

Stra. Another word. Give her this paper, and these jewels. They belong to her.—(*Presenting them.*)

Bar. That you may do yourself. [*Exit.*

Stra. The last anxious moment of my life draws near. I shall see her once again; see her on whom my soul doats. Is this the language of an injured husband? Alas! alas! what is the principle which we call honour? Is it a feeling of the heart, or a mere quibble in the brain? I must be resolute: It cannot now be otherwise. Let me speak solemnly, yet mildly; and beware that nothing of reproach escape my lips. Yes, her penitence is real. She shall not be obliged to live in mean dependance: she shall be mistress of herself, and have enough to—(*Looks round, and shudders.*)—Ha! they come. Awake, insulted pride! Protect me, injured honour!

Enter Mrs. HALLER, COUNTESS, *and* BARON.

Mrs. H.—*(Advances slowly, and in a tremor.* Countess *attempts to support her.)*—Leave me now, I beseech you. *(Approaches* Stranger, *who, with averted countenance, and in extreme agitation, awaits her address.)*—My Lord!

Stra.—*(With gentle tremulous utterance, and face still turned away.)*—What would you with me, Adelaide?

Mrs. H.—*(Much agitated.)*—No—for heaven's sake! I was not prepared for this. Oh! that tone cuts to my heart. Adelaide! No. For heaven's sake. Harsh tones alone are suited to a culprit's ear.

Stra.—*(Endeavouring to give his voice firmness.)*—Well, Madam!

Mrs. H. Oh! if you will ease my heart, if you will spare and pity me, use reproaches.

Stra. Reproaches! Here they are upon my sallow cheek—here in my hollow eye—here in my faded form. These reproaches I could not spare you.

Mrs. H. Were I a hardened sinner, this forbearance would be charity: but I am a suffering penitent, and it overpowers me. Alas! then I must be the herald of my own shame. For, where shall I find peace, till I have eased my soul by my confession?

Stra. No confession, Madam. I release you from every humiliation. I perceive you feel that we must part for ever.

Mrs. H. I know it. Nor come I here to supplicate your pardon; nor has my heart contained a ray of hope that you would grant it. All I dare ask, is, that you will not curse my memory.

Stra.—(*Moved.*)—No, Adelaide, I do not curse you. No, I shall never curse you.

Mrs. H.—(*Agitated.*)—From the inward conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during three years, abandoned it. But this is not enough; you must have that redress which will enable you to chuse another—another wife, in whose untainted arms may heav'n protect your hours in bliss! This paper will be necessary for the purpose: it contains a written acknowledgment of my guilt.—(*Offers it trembling.*)

Stra.—(*Tearing it.*)—Perish the record for ever. No, Adelaide, you only have possessed my heart; and, without shame, I confess it, you alone will reign there for ever. Your own sensations of virtue, your resolute honour, forbid you to profit by my weakness; and even if—Now, by heaven, this is beneath a man! But—never—never will another fill Adelaide's place here.

Mrs. H.—(*Trembling.*)—Then nothing now remains but that one sad, hard, just word—farewell.

Stra. A moment stay. For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you. You have a heart open to the wants of your fellow creatures. I am happy that it is so. You shall not be without the power of gratifying your benevolence. I know you have a spirit that must shrink from a state of obligation. This paper, to which the whole remnant of my fortune is pledged, secures you independence, Adelaide: and let the only recommendation of the gift be, that it will administer to you the means of indulging in charity, the divine propensity of your nature.

Mrs. H. Never! By the labour of my hands must I earn my sustenance. A morsel of bread moistened with the tear of penitence, will suffice my wishes, and exceed my merits. It would be an additional reproach, to think

that I served myself, or even others, from the bounty of him whom I had so basely injured.

Stra. Take it, Madam: take it.

Mrs. H. I have deserved this. But, I throw myself upon your generosity. Have compassion on me!

Stra.—(*Aside.*)—Villain! of what a woman hast thou robbed me!—(*Puts up the paper.*)—Well, Madam, I respect your sentiments, and withdraw my request; but on this one condition, that if you ever should be in want of any thing, I shall be the first and only person in the world to whom you will make application.

Mrs. H. I promise it, my Lord.

Stra. And now I may at least desire you to take back what is your own—your jewels.—(*Gives her the casket.*)

Mrs. H.—(*Opens it in violent agitation, and her tears burst upon it.*)—How well do I recollect the sweet evening when you gave me these! That evening, my father joined our hands; and joyfully I pronounced the oath of eternal fidelity.—It is broken. This locket you gave me on my birth-day—'tis five years since. That was a happy day! We had a country feast—How cheerful we all were! This bracelet I received after my William was born! No! I cannot keep these, unless you wish that the sight of them should be an incessant reproach to my almost broken heart.—(*Gives them back.*)

Stra.—(*Aside.*)—I must go. My soul and pride will hold no longer.—(*Turning towards her.*)—Farewell!

Mrs. H. Oh! but one minute more! An answer to but one more question.—Feel for a mother's heart! Are my children still alive?

Stra. They are alive.

Mrs. H. And well?

Stra. They are well.

Mrs. H. God be praised! William must be much grown?

Stra. I believe so.

Mrs. H. What! have you not seen them!—And little Amelia, is she still your favourite?—*(The Stranger, who is in violent agitation throughout this scene, remains in silent contention between honour and affection.)*—Oh! if you knew how my heart has hung upon them for these three long dreadful years—how I have sat at evening twilight, first fancying William, then Amelia, on my lap!—Oh! allow me to behold them once again—let me once more kiss the features of their father in his babes, and I will kneel to you, and part with them for ever.

Stra. Willingly, Adelaide! This very night. I expect the children every minute. They have been brought up near this spot. I have already sent my servant for them. He might before this time have returned. I pledge my word to send them to the castle as soon as they arrive. There, if you please, they may remain 'till day-break to-morrow. Then they must go with me.—*(A pause.)*

[*The* Countess *and* Baron, *who at a little distance have listened to the whole conversation with the warmest sympathy, exchange signals.* Baron *goes into the hut, and soon returns with* Francis *and the* Children. *He gives the* Boy *to the* Countess, *who placed herself behind* Mrs. Haller. *He himself walks with the* Girl *behind the* Stranger.]

Mrs. H. In this world, then—We have no more to say. *(Summoning all her resolution.)*—Farewell!—*(Seizing his hand.)*—Forget a wretch, who never will forget you.—*(Kneels.)*—Let me press this hand once more to my lips—this hand, which once was mine.

Stra.—*(Raising her.)*—No humiliation, Adelaide!—*(Shakes her hand.)*—Farewell!

Mrs. H. A last farewell!

Stra. The last.

Mrs. H. And when my penance shall have broken my heart, when we again meet, in a better world—

Stra. There, Adelaide, you may be mine again.

[*Their hands lie in each other: their eyes mournfully meet each other: they stammer another* "Farewell!" *and part; but as they are going, she encounters the* Boy, *and he the* Girl.]

Children. Dear father! Dear mother!

[*They press the children in their arms with speechless affection; then tear themselves away—gaze at each other—spread their arms, and rush into an embrace. The children run, and cling round their parents. The curtain falls.*]

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

SPOKEN BY MR. SUETT, AS A GIPSEY.

IN Norwood's spell-fraught shades and haunted bow'rs,
From public eye remote I pass my hours;
There gives this magic crutch imperial sway,
And shirtless tribes their tag-rag queen obey.
Silence!—I wave my wand!—With rev'rence view it,
And hear the oracles of Goody Suett.

Hark! hark! How may female tongues I hear
Lisp!—"Oh! my stars! The Gipsey-queen, my dear!
"A person of great fashion, I'll assure ye:
"But what the devil brings her now to Drury?"
Peace, and I'll tell you. Yet, without a shilling,
To speak the gipsey tribe is seldom willing.
Nor holds the Sybill o'er old Nick command,
Unless with silver first you cross her hand.
A different mode, I own, suits best with me:
'Till answer'd your demands, I'll ask no fee;
But hope to find you, when my art is shown,
Instead of crossing my hand, clap your own.

Know, in my secret grot retir'd, of late
A spell I cast to learn this Drama's fate,
When, lo! the cave was fill'd with sulph'rous smoke,
And distant hisses midnight's slumber broke!
I mark'd the omens dire with doubt and fear,
Saddled my broom-stick, and strait hurried here,
Dame Haller's cause to plead in accents humble;
For I, like her, have known what 'tis to stumble.

When youth my cheeks with roses lov'd to deck,
And auburn ringlets grac'd my iv'ry neck,
Then did my artless bosom dare to harbour
Too fond a flame for a too faithless barber!
Great were his charms, too great for words to state 'em:
Sweeter his manners were than rose pomatum:
But ah! though seeming candour grac'd his looks,
His heart was falser than his own peruques!
Oft at my feet in am'rous grief he knelt,
Oft painted pangs and flames he never felt:
I strove to fly, but vain was each endeavour;
I listen'd, lov'd, and was undone for ever!

Excuse these tears! and let my pray'rs prevailing,
Induce you to forgive dame Haller's failing;
The malice of her foes with plaudits stem;
Nor when her spouse absolves, do you condemn.
Should you refuse me, dread my vengeance; dread
My imps at midnight shrieking round your bed!
Dread too—But Hecate calls! I must away,
Though I've a thousand things still left to say:
But as my stay cannot be now protracted,
I'll tell you more next time this play is acted.

THE END.

Printed by T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane, Lombard-Street.

J. Thurston del.t

C. Warren, sculp.t

Virgin of the Sun.

Act 2nd

Published Dec.r 1st 1800, by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

ROLLA;

OR, THE

VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE;

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

Printed by J. Wright, Denmark-Court,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,
No. 31, POULTRY.

1801.

Dramatis Personæ.

ATALIBA, *King of Quito.*
HIGH PRIEST *of the Sun.*
XAIRA, *priest of the Sun.*
TELASKO, *an old man, descended from the Yncas.*
ZORAI, *his son.*
ROLLA, *formerly chief of the troops.*
DON ALONZO MOLINA.
DON JUAN VELASQUEZ, *his friend.*
DIEGO, ALONZO's *squire.*
CHAMBERLAIN.

HIGH PRIESTESS *of the Sun.*
CORA, *daughter of* TELASKO, *and a virgin of the Sun.*
IDALI, AMAZILI, } *Virgins of the Sun.*

Priests. Virgins of the Sun. Courtiers. Soldiers. Populace.

THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

ACT I.

The whole stage is covered with thick trees and bushes. In the back ground appear a few ruins of an old wall, and still further, the roof of the temple. In front is, towards the right side, a cave, and towards the left a hill, whose summit towers above the thickets. The time is evening twilight.

ROLLA *and the* HIGH PRIEST *are discovered winding through the thickets.*

High Priest. THIS then is the way to Rolla's habitation?—Alas! It is as wild and inaccessible as the way to Rolla's heart.

Rolla. Have compassion on me, uncle. I beseech you have compassion on me, and leave me.—Did you but understand me—did you but comprehend—

High Priest. And do I not? To understand you is to worship your idol—to comprehend you is to add fuel to your flame.

Rolla. Wretch that I am!—I am a forsaken reptile—a drop, which may not flow in unison with any other drop—a voice which through all animated nature cannot find its echo.—The caterpillar, which creeps upon this leaf—comes not another caterpillar forth to meet it?—But I!—But I!—Oh ye Gods, if it be your stern decree, that, amidst the bustle of creation, I only should be doomed to solitude.—*(Casting an impatient glance towards the* High Priest) let *man* leave me in solitude.

High Priest. Rolla! Rolla! I am old; but if affection only be wanting to your heart, you find it in this faithful bosom.—Young man! I feel an affection for you, tender as fathers feel.

Rolla. 'Tis well. Then be the peace of your son dear to you. Let him live according to his will.—In this cavern I am happier than thousands, who inhabit splendid palaces. Be it my grave.—Then, uncle, then promise me this one request. On some dark, dreary day, lead Cora to the entrance of this cavern—let her look at the remains of Rolla—let her see how he breathed forth his love-sick soul; how the name of his beloved murderer still quivered on his lip; how his last smile evinced that he forsook the world with a blessing on his Cora. Then, perhaps, affected by the spectacle, Cora will lean over me, and drop a flower—or—oh enchanting thought—a tear upon me—and that tear—Ha! 'Twill raise me from the dead.

High Priest. Enthusiast!

Rolla. As you please—such is my way. This heart was formed for mighty passions. The common bustle of the world was loathsome to me, even as a boy. When my playfellows were merry and happy all around me, I played with them, yet it was irksome, and I knew not what I wanted. But when the gathering clouds thickened in the horizon; when, at midnight, our volcanos vomited their fiery entrails, or subterraneous grounds announced an earthquake—oh

then my heart was light and free—my sinking spirits were refreshed—the drooping plant felt nourishment, and raised its head. As my years increased, no heaving bosom could attract my eye. Eager and resolute I gazed at honour—my heart, my beating heart panted for battle and renown—Each victory was scarce a cooling momentary drop, which drove the hissing blaze higher towards Heaven.—But oh, then I beheld Cora!

High Priest. And extinguished was the blaze which had promised to endure for ever—extinguished like a lamp, when blown at by a child.

Rolla. Not so. It was but nourished from another source. It was a wild devouring fire converted into a gentle cheering flame. Honour yielded to affection.

High Priest. A gentle cheering flame! And to whom does this flame afford life and warmth?

Rolla. (*With indifference*) I feel what you mean to say.

High Priest. And feel it without a blush? A youth, endowed with active valour, perhaps for the welfare of half our world, fixes the limits of exertion—in a *cave*. An Ynca, sprung from the children of the Sun, entitled to prop the first steps of the throne, reposes—in a *cave*. A chief, summoned by his country to command her armies, and, by this honourable confidence, bound to perform mighty deeds, buries himself—in a *cave*.

Rolla. Will you then force me to become a boaster? As Ynca and as chief, I have fulfilled my duty by victories and wounds. All my debts are paid—I paid them on that fatal day, when our great monarch's throne, assaulted by the power of Huscar, tottered beneath him, and Rolla's sword manured with hostile blood the plains of Tumibamba. (*With exalted warmth.*) Do you know the history of that day? An arrow pierced my left arm—another my breast—a faulchion opened my cheek, and a mace stunned my brain—see

—here are the wounds—and here—and here—and I kept my post——Have I then not paid my debts?

High Priest. (*Much affected.*) Brave young man!—But the blessings of your country, the friendship of your king, the affection of your troops—were these no recompence?

Rolla. (*With a sigh.*) They were.

High Priest. And are no longer?

Rolla. They are not.

High Priest. Then curse, Oh ye Gods, this worthless passion, which choaks each seed of honour in the heart of man,

Rolla. Be not so hasty in your decision. 'Tis possible that this passion might incite to noble deeds as well as honour—but I—for whom should I fight?—Who will rejoice if I still force my way upon the path of glory?—Cora loves me not—(*Agitated*) and I have no father, no mother,—I have no brother, no sister,—I am alone in the world.

High Priest. (*Clasping him in his arms.*) My son! my son!

Rolla. Leave me, uncle, leave me. I cannot return it. You, with your hoary locks and reverend robes can never be acquainted with my heart. I cannot separate the priest from the man.—Oh that I had a mother! God formed woman to participate our joys and cares. If I could not pour my sorrows into the bosom of a wife, I might at least share them with my mother—But I have no wife—I have no mother.

High Priest. Confide, then, in the Gods.

Rolla. The Gods abhor me, because I love a girl, devoted to their service; because I love that girl more than the Gods themselves. When the Sun rises, or when Cora appears—to my senses both are alike, and to my heart—alas! Cora is far more.

High Priest. May the Gods pardon thy enthusiasm!—Rolla—it is the way of all mankind to burn with eagerness for that treasure, which is guarded by the dragon Impossi-

bility. Cora, when only Cora, did but please you; Cora, the virgin of the Sun, you love.

Rolla. (*Incensed.*) What!—(*He checks himself, and casts a look of disdain at the* High Priest.) Good night, uncle. (*Going into the cave.*)

High Priest. Hold, young man! Has your friend then lost all power over you.—Live as you like. Seclude yourself, if you please, from all mankind—only quit this desert, where every idea of the soul is lost in perplexity, as the senses are confused by gazing at the wilderness around.—Come to my dwelling. You know the wing, which stretches to the shore. There you may live in privacy amid the bustle of the world, and no unwelcome visits shall interrupt your favourite dreams. Your door shall be shut, even to myself—not mine to you.

Rolla. I thank you, uncle. I feel your good intention, and know your habitation well. It possesses many charms of retirement; but in this cavern will Rolla live and die. There, where the temple's roof towers above the trees—there dwells Cora—and in this cavern will Rolla live and die—Good night.

High Priest. Headstrong mortal! Remember then, at least, your duties on the morrow. The great festival of the Sun demands your presence at the palace and the temple.

Rolla. Excuse me. Tell the King—what you please—tell him—I am dead. To the world I never will return.—But, tomorrow I will sacrifice to heaven—whether in a temple or a cavern is to the Gods alike. (*Exit into the cave.*)

High Priest. Young man! young man! Little dost thou think how dear to me thou art.———As yet the setting sun-beams glitter on our temple's golden roof, and in this wilderness it is already night. Scarcely shall I find the crooked path, which leads me through the wood. (*He turns round, but as he is going, encounters* Diego, *who is groping*

through the thickets, and is very much alarmed at sight of the High Priest.) Whence come you, and whither go you?

Diego. Wherever chance may lead me.

High Priest. Are you traversing a desert for amusement?

Diego. (*With clownish effrontery.*) Yes.

High Priest. You have probably lost your way?

Diego. So it seems: for I find you in it.

High Priest. Are you not Alonzo's squire?

Diego. Not far wrong.

High Priest. If you be unacquainted with this wood, you will wander still further into it. Follow me, and in a few moments, you will be in the right road.

Diego. (*With assumed anger.*) And who told you I was in the wrong road, Mr. High Priest?—Know Sir, that throughout Castile and Arragon, Grenada and Murcia, as well as all the other lands belonging to our king, honest Diego allows no one to know more than himself.

High Priest. Well then, solve this mystery. Why do I find you at night in these wild thickets, and yet in the right road? Are you alone, or is your master nor far off? What are you doing here? For you shall not convince me that you are merely come to take a walk.

Diego. (*Stammering.*) Well,—as you are so very inquisitive I—I must confess to you—I—I am in love.

High Priest. (*Smiling.*) You in love!

Diego. (*With affected dignity.*) Yes,—in love—and with such fearful jealousy, and such despair! First my affection seems to carry me to the summits of the highest mountains; then into the deepest abysses of the sea, till I, at length, have lost myself among these tender bushes, to join the turtle doves in cooing solitude.

High Priest. (*Aside.*) It almost seems as if this spot were fixed on by the Gods for the retreat of lovers.

Diego. (*As above.*) Here to the silent trees I'll utter my

complaint, and waft my sighs aloft to the chaste Goddess of the night.

High Priest. You are a blockhead. (*Goes.*)

Diego. A blockhead!—Thank you.—A blockhead has proved himself wiser than a High Priest for once, however. Long live such brains as mine! They are as useful in the new world as the old, I find.—Is he really gone?——— I hear nothing. (*Turning to the opposite side.*) St!—St!——

Enter Alonzo and Juan, *wrapped in large cloaks.*

Juan. Are we safe, Diego?

Diego. A pretty question. Why yes, as safe as men well can be, who are sallying at night, thro' a wood, on a rascally expedition. By Saint Barnabas, I believe us to be about as safe as a drunkard, crossing the river Amazon upon a thread.

Juan. Hast thou seen any thing?

Diego. I am not apt to see much in the dark, but I have heard something.

Alonzo. What hast thou heard?

Diego. The identical voice of the High Priest.

Alonzo. The High Priest! What did he want here?

Diego. To put me into the right road—nothing more. Thus it is all over the world; the priests are sure to know the right road.—

Alonzo. But what could bring him to this wilderness?—— Velasquez, speak.

Juan. Why speak? Draw the sword, shut the eyes, and rush into the throng. These are my maxims in every danger. Courage is washed away by prattle, as a morsel of good earth is swept by a torrent from the naked rock: No more can deeds of danger then take root. But, were I inclined to speak, there is enough to say.

Alonzo. What may it be?

Diego. Oh, pray talk, Sir. Of all things in the world I like to hear people talk in the dark.—

Juan. Be it so—if it serve but to pass away the time, Alonzo, till your planet rises.—When two lovers are to meet, they find it tedious to wait. Therefore, I'll talk till you bid me cease. And the text shall be—Friend, this adventure will terminate unhappily; believe me, it cannot be otherwise.

Diego. He is right.

Alonzo. A strange language in your mouth! When did Don Juan Velasquez turn his back upon a dangerous adventure?—

Juan. Hark ye, man! If you were capable of doubting my courage, I would prove it by wrestling with the first rattle-snake we meet. You know my principles. I set no higher value on my life than a single happy moment, and happy is every moment, which I dedicate to friendship. If therefore you have any regard for me, no more of this! My arm and sword belong to you. I follow your footsteps blindly through the dark; but let me at least be allowed, while I follow you, to reflect. Surely it is ridiculous to be groping here, when we might be so much better employed.—

Alonzo. So much better! Let me hear how.

Juan. He who is doing wrong, may always be better employed, and by all the knights whose blood flows in my veins—or flows not—we are in a woful way. I say nothing of the sword, which hangs suspended by a hair, above our heads. You love Cora, I love you, and Diego loves us both. Love precedes life, as the proverb says.

Diego. Yes, yes, but—don't take it amiss—with me, life precedes love.

Juan. Granting, then, that it may cost us three a few uneasy years—well, he that has lived happily, has lived long.

Diego. What damnable principles!

Juan. But Alonzo—this happiness—(at least what I call happiness)—this salutary balsam of the soul is inseparable

from honesty and virtue. Lay your hand upon your heart. What are your ideas in your intervals of reflection? Don Alonzo Molina forsook the savage followers of Pizarro, because he abhorred their cruelties; because in every Indian he beheld a brother. This was noble. "I'll go to these mild people," said he, "and be their instructor. I'll form their genius, teach them the useful arts, and be their benefactor."—This was truly noble. You went. The king of this country received you with open arms and heart. The people loved you, the family of Yncas honoured you. In you, the nobles of the land beheld their monarch's favourite, without envy. You shared his sorrows; but you likewise shared his joys and treasures. You ceased to be a stranger, and the priests, without a murmur, saw you at the service of their Gods.——What is the consequence? At one of the festivals, Alonzo spies in the temple a priestess of the Sun, presenting to the king the bread for sacrifice. She is young and handsome. Alonzo is on fire, and suddenly sink all his mighty projects in the ocean of oblivion. The vindicator of the rights of man is lost.—The fair device upon his shield—two hands clasped and exalted towards a holy cross, must give way to a burning heart, transfixed by one of Cupid's arrows.—If I want Alonzo, where am I to seek him? Among the council of the king? Among the judges of the people? Among the tutors of the youth?—Yes, there I was wont to find him; but now—aided by night, he sculks around these walls, buries his face beneath his cloak, hides himself from his own conscience, and executes his great intentions, like a wanton boy, who breaks the eggs which are ready to be hatched.

Alonzo. (*Displeased.*) Velasquez!

Juan. Away! Away with that threatening mien! It ill becomes you. No one has a right to be displeased, whose conscience is not pure. You are wondering how your jovial friend should so suddenly become the preacher of morality.

Mark this. Velasquez is always jovial—always happy—because he always is an honest man.—But as I have begun, let me finish. You, by whom every little superstition of the people was considered sacred, (because the peace of some weak mortal must depend upon it,) you rashly trample on a law the most holy of a nation, which has hospitably received you in its bosom. You seduce a chaste girl, devoted to the service of her Gods. Even rebellious nature must assist you; these huge insurmountable walls must be shattered by an earthquake, to make way for a rash libertine to Cora's arms, and amidst this dread contention of the elements, you dare to be the murderer of innocence.

Alonzo. Juan, you are unmerciful. Believe me, my conscience is not asleep.

Juan. Then it is deaf, and I must bellow to it. Ataliba has been your benefactor. This good nation has received you like a brother, and in return—you have plunged a dagger in its back.

Alonzo. Hold, Velasquez!—I acknowledge the voice of a friend, and thank you. But how do you wish that I should act? What do you require of me?

Juan. Well, Heaven be praised! At last you begin to awake. I require you to renounce these dangerous criminal proceedings.

Alonzo. I'll speak to Cora.

Juan. Excellent! Cora, to be sure, is a very proper judge in such a case! (*Scornfully.*) Yes, I see how far you were in earnest.

Alonzo. No, by my soul, I'll tell her all; I'll paint in glowing colours all that my afflicted heart suggests—the anger of the king—the fury of the people,—my danger.——

Juan. Your danger? Forgive me friend. You are but little concerned. Your danger, when compared to hers, is but a feather to an ingot. You only risk your life——

Diego. Damnation! Is that not enough?

Juan. She, on the contrary, risks her honour, her peace, the blessings of her father, the affection of her family, her prospects of future happiness. And, finally, what a dreadful death awaits her, if you give life to a being, who would betray your love!

Alonzo. Oh no, no! That is not the case.

Juan. Well! Heaven be praised if it be not yet the case! But who can answer that it never will be? And then——to what unbounded misery have you doomed yourself and her? She must die—oh that were little, but *how* must she die? Pent in a subterraneous vault, whose entrance is to her for ever closed,—there can I see her with a crust of bread, sitting by the light of a pale dim lamp, and gasping for a single breath of air.—Oh! my flesh creeps at the idea. In many a shape have I braved death,—but this appals me quite.———

Alonzo. (Embracing him.) I'll never see Cora more.

Juan. Right—let us begone. *(Endeavours to lead him away.)*

Alonzo. Only let me take leave of her.

Juan. Write a line or two, and we can throw it over the wall. You hesitate?—Oh! I see the force of your resolution.—Wretched Cora! Already do I see her in the dreadful chasm. I see her, martyred by the pangs of soul and body, gnawing the flesh from her arms, uttering blasphemies, and discharging from its agonized tenement the soul, which you have poisoned.————Oh think, Alonzo, when she stands before that Judge, who will alike condemn the Spaniard and Peruvian—when she charges you with having made her the murderer of her infant———

Alonzo. (Drawing him away.) Come, come, let us fly!

Juan. With all my heart!

Just as they are going, a clapping of hands is heard behind the wall.

Alonzo. (Suddenly turns round.) Oh Velasquez! That is

the signal. My Cora! My Cora! (*Tears himself from his friend, and hastily climbs the wall.* Juan *looks after him with wonder and displeasure.*)

Diego. (*After a pause.*) There he goes like an arrow. Thus it is in this headstrong world. Here has the right reverend Don Juan Velasquez been preaching such a sermon as is not to be heard every day from the pulpits of Salamancha, and scarcely do a little pair of heathen hands cry: "*Pat! Pat!*" when the Arch-fiend drives all the good effects of it into the air.

Juan. (*Somewhat harshly.*) Do as you please. Hot-headed being! When others leisurely pursue their way, he flies. Well!—If all end according to my wish, I, as a friend, have done my duty; if not, I can but suffer with my friend.——————'Till then, be of good cheer, Diego. How art thou?

Diego. Like a fish on land.

Juan. That cannot be. When engaged in a foolish enterprize, every fool is in his element, and by the holy knight St. George, our present enterprize is foolish enough.

Diego. But mark the difference. I *must* do what you *like*, and you don't *like* to do what Heaven and Honesty say you *must*.

Juan. Indeed! Let us hear an explanation of thy logic.

Diego. Well: Were I in the place of that valiant knight Don Juan Velasquez, I should, in the first place, have preached a sermon almost like his, and if that had no effect, I should say: "My dear friend Alonzo, you will not require that I should be roasted alive for your sake. Farewell! I am going home, and shall take our dear Diego with me. We'll offer up a rosary for you."

Juan. That we may do here too.

Diego. Here? On heathen ground? Before a heathen temple?

Juan. Blockhead! Our God is every where. But he is

better served by sacred and fraternal friendship; I shall therefore offer up no rosaries. I stay here as the guardian of my friend.

Diego. And why should I stay?

Juan. It becomes thee to be obedient——Begone, sirrah. Take this whistle; walk carefully to the left, round the walls of the temple. I shall do the same to the right. On the other side we shall meet again.—If thou descriest any thing suspicious, blow the whistle. Here, take it.

Diego. (*Takes the whistle, trembling.*) To the left, did you say?

Juan. To the left.

Diego. Quite alone?

Juan. Quite alone.

Diego. I shall lose myself among the bushes.

Juan. Fool, canst thou not see the walls, and the roof of the temple?

Diego. Am I an owl?

Juan. Does not the moon shine bright enough?

Diego. No.

Juan. No!—Ha! Ha!—I perceive Signor Diego is afraid.

Diego. Why, Don Juan, to confess the truth—the night was appointed for rest, and though I may not be asleep, yet my inward faculties may. My courage always goes to bed at sun-set.

Juan. (*Walking seriously to him.*) Friend Diego, this fist shall rouse it.

Diego. (*Shrinking.*) Oh it was only napping—I am ready.

Juan. Begone then, blockhead! (*Pushes* Diego *to the left, and exit on the other side.*)

(Alonzo *springs over the broken wall, and gives his hand to* Cora, *who follows him.*)

Alonzo. Only a little leap, dear Cora! Throw yourself

boldly into my arms. *(Leading her forward.)* Here you will find a silent, secret spot, formed for our loves, and guarded by our friends. It is not so spacious and gloomy as your garden, where the treacherous moon penetrates on every side, and doubles every form. *(Clasping her in his arms.)* At last I again possess you.

Cora. *(Returning his embrace.)* At last I again possess you.

Alonzo. Oh! These have been three long, long weeks.

Cora. Only three weeks?

Alonzo. Months to love.

Cora. Years to my heart.

Alonzo. Each evening with the twilight was Alonzo here, waiting for the signal, and listening whether you would call him to the secret raptures of one blissful night.

Cora. Each evening I have cried, because I durst not come.

Alonzo. But you have not been ill?

Cora. Oh! I am always ill, when not with you.

Alonzo. Tell me what has detained you. You promised to be here much sooner.

Cora. I did promise—that was wrong; I could but hope. Love is ever lending Hope its wishes, and is too apt to make them certainties. It seldom is my lot to do the nightly service of the temple; but I relied upon the illness of another, whose place I offered to supply. She recovered, and thanked me for my good intention. How sorrowful was poor Cora! How long appeared the sleepless nights!

Alonzo. I have not been more easy. The morning dew has fallen on me beneath these trees, while my clothes were still moistened with the dew of evening—while my body still shivered with the midnight cold.——See,—beneath this palm have I stood, night after night, gazing at your temple.——Sometimes I have discovered a shadow where yonder lamp is glimmering,—I always thought that it was you.

Cora. Oh! no shadow could deceive me; yet every where I saw Alonzo. I was restless, and ran from one place to another.—Oh tell me, are we always so impatient, when the image of man is planted in our hearts?—I was once mild and gentle—I could bear the disappointment of any little wish. I could be quite composed, when a shower of rain had robbed me of a walk, or the wind had broken a flower planted by myself;—But now it is quite different. When I am sitting at my work, if a thread but break, I can be so angry, that I sometimes am frightened at myself. *(Creeping close to him.)* Alonzo, does love make us worse or better?

Alonzo. True love must make us better.

Cora. Oh no, no! In my heart dwells true love, and yet I am worse than I was.

Alonzo. Not so, dear Cora—perhaps your blood runs rather quicker.

Cora. Or am I ill? Yes, Alonzo,——I am now often ill.

Alonzo. Indeed!

Cora. Indeed I am very often ill. But it must be so, for soon I shall not love you alone.

Alonzo. (Starting.) Not me alone!

Cora. (Smiling.) Not you alone.

Alonzo. Your words are an enigma, or a crime.———— Cora—Not me alone!—*(Gazes at her.)*—No! impossible! You look so calmly at me!—

Cora. Why should I not? What I feel is sweet: Can it then be wrong?—An unknown melancholy has possessed my soul,—a struggle never felt before.—At our late festival, as I was decorating the temple with flowers, I saw a young woman sleeping on the steps——upon her bosom lay a little smiling cherub.—My heart felt soft and warm, and, without knowing it, I stretched my arms to take the infant gently from its mother.—But what so gentle as the slumber

of a tender parent? Scarcely had I touched the child, when she anxiously started, and pressing her jewel closer to her bosom, looked mistrustfully at me.—Oh Alonzo, what a venerable being is a mother!

Alonzo. (*Alarmed.*) What makes you mention this?

Cora. Have you no suspicion? (*With the purest and most innocent delight.*) Yes, I shall be a mother.

Alonzo. (*Petrified with horror.*) Great God of Heaven!

Cora. What can be the matter? Oh never fear; I love you just as much as ever—nay more. I once thought it impossible to love more ardently, and probably was right, for in you, Alonzo, I beheld the loveliest of men. But, like an enchanter, you have to day stolen my affections in another shape, for in you I now behold the father of my child.

Alonzo. Cora! Cora! My hair bristles towards Heaven. And are you so calm?

Cora. Of what are you afraid? Is it a crime to be a mother? Surely no. My old father always told me, that whoever commits a crime cannot feel happy——and I am happy.

Alonzo. How! Have you forgotten the duties of your station? To what laws did you swear, when this image of the Sun was affixed to your garments?

Cora. To the laws of our temple.

Alonzo. And what do they enjoin?

Cora. That I do not know. My father says: "Whoever considers virtue to be sacred, can have no need of laws, but, without knowing them, will fulfil them all."——I consider virtue to be sacred.

Alonzo. And do you know what virtue is? Alas! You are as yet ignorant of the mournful difference between that virtue which is founded on the eternal laws of nature, and that which some fanatic has fixed according to his will.—(*Clasps her in his arms.*) Cora, what have we done?—In every station, love and happiness are recompences for the pangs of travail—in your's alone—death.—

Cora. (With fearful alarm.) Death!

Alonzo. (In despair.) And I—I am your murderer.

Cora. (Again quite tranquil.) How you torment yourself without a cause! Unaccountable man! Who will kill me—and why?

Alonzo. You have—(at least so say your priests)—you have offended the Gods.

Cora. Oh no! I love the Gods.

Alonzo. Even if you do, still you will fall a sacrifice to their unfeeling bigotry. We have no resource but flight.—And flight———Oh Heavens! Whither can we fly in this strange country?

Cora. You dear enthusiast, I know how to release you from your fears.

Alonzo. Then God has revealed to you the means.

Cora. To-morrow shall decide whether my inward feelings be deceitful, and the Gods enraged at me. Till this moment, the moon and stars have been the only witnesses of our stolen loves.—Enough! Let us make the greatest of the Gods—let us make the Sun himself a witness of them.—As yet it is night, and I dare stay no longer; I must away to the service of our sacred lamp. You, my Alonzo, must repose beneath these trees. Soon as the morning dawn has tipped with gold the Eastern sky, I shall again be with you, and we will again climb this hill.—Then, turning our faces to the East, locking arm in arm, glueing lip to lip, let us boldly await the rising of the Sun. Do you understand me?

Alonzo. But in part.

Cora. If I have done wrong, the Sun will hide his face, or his first beam will annihilate me. But if—Alonzo—if he, my father and my God should mount in splendour; if he should deign to smile upon the loving couple, and we both feel well, then be unconcerned.—We are guiltless in the eye of God, and whose countenance shall Cora fear?

Alonzo. Dearest girl!——Affecting simplicity!

Cora. And hear still more. To-morrow is our greatest festival. To-morrow, if he rise in unsullied glory, we deduce an omen that he will be gracious to our land—Look up, Alonzo. Cast your eyes towards heaven. The stars still twinkle; all around is blue; there is no threatening cloud—no breath of air.—We shall have a fine morning.—Kiss me—Farewell. Beneath this tree will Cora find you, and awake the slumberer with another kiss. (*She hastens over the wall.*)

Alonzo. (*Who has only in part heard what* Cora *has been saying, seems lost in despondency and terror.*) Poor, harmless being!—Oh, I am a rank, rank villain!——Save her! Save her—ere the flames surround her.—Alas! It is too late——I can but die with her. She is inevitably lost. (*He strikes his forehead with both hands, and leans against a tree.* Diego *sneaks trembling from the right side, and, as soon as he espies* Alonzo, *whistles with all his might.*)

Alonzo. (*Turns wildly round, and grasps his sword.*) What now?

Juan (*Rushing from the left side.*) What now?

Diego. Oh—is it you, Don Alonzo?—Why did you not say at first that it was you?

Juan. (*Clapping him on the shoulder.*) Paint a winged hare upon thy shield.

Diego. That would be better than a blind lion. You knights always term caution cowardice; as we, who are unable to write, scornfully call authors heroes of the quill. Beside, you told me yourself to blow my whistle when I saw any thing suspicious.

Juan. Blockhead! How can your own master be so?

Diego. To confess the truth, Don Juan, I think his appearance very suspicious. Look how he stands. (*Points at* Alonzo, *who has resumed his former posture.*)

Juan. (*Shaking* Alonzo's *arm.*) Good friend! Was the farewell so very pathetic?

Alonzo. (*Embracing him.*) Oh Velasquez! Your warning came too late.

Juan. (*Holding him at a distance.*) What! (*Pushing him back.*) Then we are all nearer the kingdom of heaven than to-morrow morning.

Alonzo. (*Offering his hand.*) Forsake me not—friend—comrade—brother.

Juan. (*Shaking his hand.*) Alonzo, I am not in the habit of calling to a drowning boy. "Thou should'st not have fallen into the water."—I rather save him, if it be in my power; but in this case it is not. If we had a vessel, or an enchanted cloak to bear us through the air, by my soul, Velasquez would not be the last to fly. But, as he must, (*Assuming a resolute position.*) Velasquez arms himself with courage; buries his face beneath his cloak, and bids the lightning and the thunder hiss and roar around him.

Alonzo. (*Wringing his hands.*) All—all is lost! No succour! No resource.

Juan. Come, come, all is never lost, as long as we retain our senses. Let us go home, eat, drink, and sleep. To-morrow our minds and bodies will have gained fresh vigour—to-morrow more.

Diego. The flower of chivalry, by St. Barnabas.

Alonzo. Hold!—She will return—At break of day she promised——

Juan. Did she so?——I know nothing much more unpleasant than the friendship of a lover; for he never supposes any one to be a mere mortal, capable of feeling the wants of nature. He never thinks that one must sleep—

Diego. That one must eat—that one must drink—

Alonzo. Forgive me, Juan.

Juan. Yes, yes, I forgive you; but I shall not be cozened of my nightly rest. (*Spreading his cloak under a tree, and throwing himself upon it.*)——Necessity has no law, and

weariness is the best pillow.——Good night, Alonzo.—— He, who has a pure conscience, can recline against this tree, and challenge the seven sleepers. (*Closes his eyes.*)

Diego. (*Preparing a similar place.*) I hope there are no rattle-snakes hereabouts—nor any tiger as hungry as myself. (*Lies down.*) Well, if I can sleep now, I shall be still more clever than I thought myself; for my head is full of thoughts, my heart is full of fears, and my stomach—empty.

Alonzo. (*Surveys them for some moments.*) Happy people! —(*Leans mournfully against a tree.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT. II.

Scene as before. JUAN *and* DIEGO *are discovered still asleep.* ALONZO *is wandering among the trees and bushes.*

Alonzo. WHAT an eternal night! The stars preserve their former lustre, nor does the moon grow paler.—Around me all is gloomy silence.—Noise and confusion would be welcome to a wretch like me, for they might serve to stun the voice of conscience.———What was that fool Diego saying lately?——"The conscience is like the stomach; for you are uncomfortable as soon as you feel its existence." The blockhead spoke the truth.———Oh my good mother! Thy golden maxims should have guided me to a better world. Alas! They have not even accompanied me to another part of this.—Perhaps thou art now upon thy knees, and praying for thy fallen son.—Ay, pray—pray! He needs the intercession of a saint.——Oh, away with this despondency! All may yet be well.—Night is succeeded by the dawn—the dawn by the first sun-beam. (*Pointing to the east.*) Behold the prospect of returning bliss. Already do I see a purple stripe in the horizon, and but the largest stars are visible. ——Hark, at a distance, too, a bird begins to chirp. The moment is at hand, which brings my Cora back. While I hold her in these arms, conscience is deaf, and danger a mere bug-bear.———I'll awake them.—(*Shaking* Diego.) Diego, it is day-break.

Diego. (*Rubbing his eyes.*) What?—Pshaw! You must be joking. It's very dark yet.

Alonzo. No, no; the moon is set, and the stars are vanishing.

Diego. (Yawning.) I thought so—when the stars vanish, it will be quite dark. *(Turns on the other side, mutters a few unintelligible words, and again falls asleep.)*

Alonzo. Enviable sluggard! *(Shaking* Juan.*)* Velasquez, it is light.

Juan. (Rousing and looking round.) Well, and what then?

Alonzo. Will you not enjoy this charming morning?

Juan. You may make a sonnet on the morning—only let me sleep.

Alonzo. Have you forgotten that Cora is coming?

Juan. Is she coming to see me?

Alonzo. And don't you think it worth while to open your eyes a few minutes sooner, when you may behold that angel?

Juan. (Sinking to sleep.) I had rather dream about her just now.

Alonzo. There they lie and slumber, in contempt of my tormented heart! Their spirits are revived by inactivity.—Alas! I perceive that man is happier, the nearer he approaches to the nature of a brute—if not in the eyes of a philosopher, yet in his own—and what would he have more? *(A clapping of hands is heard behind the wall.)* She comes! ——What I just now said is false! One moment of heart-felt rapture, is superior to hours of bodily enjoyment. *(He hastens to meet her—she flies into his arms.)*

Cora. Here am I, love!—But you have deprived me of a pleasure. I wished to have found you in a gentle slumber—to have hid myself behind a tree, thrown leaves at you, and called you idle—Do you hear me? Or are you asleep?—When your arm clasps Cora's neck, can you think of any one but her?

Alonzo. Sweet soul! Harbour not such a thought. In my heart reigns only one Cora, as in Heaven one sun—But

the discovery of this night!—My peace of mind is lost.—The horrors of my conscience are not to be described. I see Death, in his most dreadful shape, stretching forth his clay-cold hand to rob me of my Cora.——

Cora. *(Laying her hand upon his mouth.)* Peace! Rely upon the Gods. Look up! Oh, my heart is full of joy!—How blue and clear all around! The Sun will now soon rise. Quick! follow me! *(Runs up the hill, followed by* Alonzo.) See! In another minute we had been too late. Behold that golden ball. *(With exalted feeling.)* Gaze all around, how hills and woods are bursting through the mist. Gaze all around—how great, how beautiful! Look! A thousand drops are sparkling on the grass! Hark! A thousand birds are warbling in the wood!—Oh Alonzo! My God is great—my breast is full and narrow——rise into my eyes, ye tears of rapture!—Oh, rejoice, rejoice, Alonzo—the visage of my God is clear—he is not angry. *(Kneels.)* Father, to whose service my days are devoted, Father, whose image I bear upon my bosom, and within my heart, cast down upon thy handmaid one of thy thousand eyes. Be witness of my love for this young man, and be my judge! If what I feel be criminal, oh shroud thy flaming front, or bid thy thunder-clouds to gather, and launch at me a bolt, the servant of thy vengeance. *(With the utmost fervour.)* Give me a token, oh, my Father, a token of thy anger or thy love. *(After a pause.)* How warm and mild are his beams! How friendly and benignant! *(Rises.)* Enough! I venture it in presence of my God.—Alonzo, come into my arms. *(They embrace each other.)* It is done. Now I am at ease. Had our conduct been criminal he would have annihilated us—Oh! My heart is full of gratitude and joy!—Come kneel with me. Let us adore and thank him.

Alonzo. I adore!—Dear Cora, the Sun is not *my* God.

Cora. Oh yes, yes; he is *your* God too; he shines upon

us all. He gives us nourishment, and life, and warmth.—I beseech you, kneel with me.

Alonzo. (*Struggling.*) Dear Cora!—

Cora. Ungrateful man! Who gave you Cora? Shall I be ashamed of you before my God?——Good Alonzo——if you love me———(*Kneels and draws him by the hand after her.*)

Alonzo. Who can resist the sweet enthusiast! (*Kneels.*)

Cora. Silent thanksgiving,—the silent sacrifice of both our hearts.———

Alonzo. We offer unto thee, God of all Gods. (*Both sink into tacit adoration.*)

Enter ROLLA *from the cave.*

Rolla. Again so early! It is scarcely light. The Sun rises and sets, and finds me still awake. Patience! A time will come, when he will find me still asleep. (*Espies* Juan *and* Diego.) What have we here? Two of the foreigners, who dwell among us. Doubtless they have been benighted in the forest. I'll awake them, and offer them refreshment. But first my morning prayer to thee, my father. (*He turns to the East, and as he raises his hands and eyes towards heaven, espies the lovers on the hill. A cry of horror escapes him, and he stands rooted to the spot.* Cora *and* Alonzo *rise with their faces towards the Sun, and sink into a silent embrace.*)

Rolla. (*In a voice choaked with agony and rage.*) CORA!

(*The lovers are dreadfully alarmed, turn, and look down.* Cora *shrieks, and sinks in a swoon on the brow of the hill.* Alonzo, *for a moment undecided whether to rush down, or assist* Cora, *is led by affection to the latter—he kneels at her side, and endeavours to wake her.* Rolla *is in a violent tremor, but never alters his posture or place, and rivets his eye upon the couple.*)

Alonzo. (*Who cannot forsake* Cora.) Valasquez! Diego! To arms! To arms!

Juan and Diego. (Half asleep, and springing up.) What now?—What is the matter?

Alonzo. Hew him down!

Juan and Diego. (Still confused and drawing their swords.) Whom? Where?

Alonzo. Down with him, ere he escapes!

Juan. (Understanding him, and pointing to Rolla.) This solitary man?

Alonzo. Cleave him to the earth! We are betrayed.

Diego. (Brandishing his sword.) Two to one? Here am I.

Juan. (Very coolly.) This solitary, unarmed man? *(Returns his sword into the scabbard.)*

Alonzo. (Leaves Cora *to her fate, draws his sword, and rushes down the hill against* Rolla, *whose eye is still rivetted upon her.)* Then I myself must——

Juan. (Meets and seizes him.) Hold friend—or *foe*, if you dare to stir another step.

Alonzo. Heavens! Velasquez, have you lost your senses? We are betrayed. Cora's life depends upon it. *(Struggling.)*

Juan. (Pushing him violently back.) Learn to curb your temper, mad-man. *(Approaching* Rolla.) Methinks I must before have seen thee. Art thou not Rolla?

Rolla. (Recovering.) I?—Yes I—Rolla is my name.

Juan. Rolla, the chief! Right, thou art he. *(Offering his hand.)* I greet thee as one of the bravest and noblest warriors of the country.

Rolla. How is all this? It is still very early.—*(Holding his head.)* Can it be a dream? *(After a pause, again intently gazing at* Cora.) No! By the Gods, 'tis not a dream.

Juan. True,—though I already read thy stern conclusion in thine eye. Probably that girl is known to thee by the ornament upon her bosom. She is a virgin of the Sun.

Rolla. Yes,—her name is Cora.

Juan. And this stranger is thy monarch's favourite, who saved his life at Cannara, while thou wert fighting for his throne beneath the walls of Cusko. Dost thou remember him?

Rolla. (*Offering his hand to* Alonzo.) It is Alonzo.

Juan. Now, Rolla, thou art as I hoped to find thee. Thou wilt have sensations and ideas far different to the priests, who gaze upon the Sun until their eyes are dazzled, and view all earthly things in dimness and confusion. Thou art acquainted with the world. Thou knowest how the heart of man is ever agitated by contending passions. The most stubborn and inveterate of them all is *love*. He only can oppose it, who was never worthy of the contest.——— Behold this virgin———she is beautiful.

Rolla. To whom dost thou say this?

Juan. Behold this man—he is rash. That he saw her, that he loved her, is his crime.

Rolla. Is no crime.

Juan. Then have I not mistaken Rolla.

Alonzo. And thou wilt be silent? Thou will avert from Cora horrors not to be described?

Rolla. I betray Cora!—Know, young man, for whole years I have loved—adored her.

Alonzo and Juan. (*Both much astonished.*) What?

Rolla. Oh Spaniards! No language can describe to you what I feel for Cora. She was almost still a child, when I first marched against the rebels, who dwell at the foot of the Sangai. At that time she wept when we parted, and to this moment I have known no other joy but the remembrance of those tears. I returned. Alas! All was changed. I found no more the lovely girl, whom I had left, but a virgin devoted to the Gods. I wished to marry her. She saw the purity and ardour of my love, but she supposed herself inspired—she called the Sun her husband, and scornfully looked down on me. Soon came the day, on which a solemn oath

made her for ever a Priestess of the Sun, and me a sacrifice to misery.—For a few years I have been wandering to and fro; I have gained reputation for my valour, because I courted death;—and of late I have fixed upon this cavern as my dwelling—this cavern that hides me from the Sun, who robbed me of my Cora.

Alonzo. (*Who, during this account, has been in vain attempting to rouse* Cora *from her swoon, now walks to* Rolla, *and seizes his hand.*) Believe me, from my soul I pity thee. But how can I confide in thee, who art my rival? Swear to me.

Rolla. I swear to thee! And what?

Alonzo. That the vengeance of the Gods may light upon thee, if thy tongue betray the secret, which accident has now discovered.

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. Thou wilt not? And thou lovest Cora?

Rolla. That is my very reason. What need of an oath?

Alonzo. It will make me easy.

Rolla. What is thy ease to me?

Alonzo. Swear, I beseech thee. Wilt thou rack me with eternal tortures? Wilt thou force me to become a villain—for, mark me—there are cases, in which a crime becomes a virtue.

Rolla. (*Scornfully.*) Indeed!

Alonzo. As long as the most distant suspicion whispers to me that thou canst betray my Cora,——mark me Rolla—I revere thee, but, by my God and by thine, I'll murder thee.

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. Do—I beseech thee, Rolla. What must I think of this refusal? Thou seest how I am agitated—thou seest how I tremble—how my veins are swollen—thou seest that anguish has nearly robbed me of my breath. For pity's sake swear to me.

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. (*Draws his sword, and rushes towards him.*) Then die!

Juan. (*Hastily interposing.*) Thy senses again lost! Back! Back! Art thou a knight?

Alonzo. Let me pass—or my sword shall force the way. (*Tries to extricate himself.* Rolla *calmly keeps his place.*)

Juan. His fury overpowers me.—(Juan *has just found an opportunity to tear his sword from his side, which he throws to* Rolla.) Rolla! Take it. I can no longer restrain him. Defend thyself.

Rolla. Let him come. For Cora I die willingly.

(*During this tumult* Cora *has revived. Her first look falls upon the combatants, and shews her their danger. She rises with wild anxiety, rushes down the hill, and flies directly into* Rolla's *arms.*)

Cora. Alonzo, what would you do?

Alonzo. (*Dropping his sword.*) How! You yourself!—you yourself!—It is for your sake—Should he betray us, you are lost.

Cora. (*With innocent confidence.*) He betray me! Rolla, my friend, betray me! He, who was my defender, my mediator in my childhood!—How often, when my mother has been angry, has he appeased her!—Do you still recollect it, Rolla?

Rolla. (*Much agitated.*) I do, I do.

Cora. And he—he betray me!

Alonzo. Then why does he deny the oath which I require?

Cora. Why an oath? Look at his eye—there you may read he is our friend.

Rolla. (*Clasping her to his heart.*) Now do I wish to die.—Oh ye Gods! This moment, let me die. It is so happy—so blissful! Cora confides in me—I hold her in my arms—I speak to her—I hear her enchanting voice again.—Alas!

Cora, five years have now elapsed since I have seen you, but at a distance.

Cora. (*With heartfelt delight.*) Indeed, I rejoice as sincerely as you, that we now meet each other. All the happy days of childhood float before my eyes when in your presence.

Alonzo. (*Leans on his sword, and casts towards them a glance of jealousy.*) Cora, you distress me.

Cora. By what?—Oh you little think how dear to me he is!—He loved me many years ago. We were destined for each other. Were we not, Rolla?

Rolla. (*Much affected and confused.*) Yes, yes—we were—for your worthy mother—oh had she not died so soon—who knows?———

Cora. And at that time, Alonzo, I used often to deride him, because I had not learnt the force of love. Forgive me, Rolla. Now I have learnt it better. Indeed I must have often hurt you bitterly.

Rolla. Bitterly! Bitterly!———But be it forgotten—this moment is so blessed.

Cora. (*To* Alonzo.) Hear how kind he is! Oh how often has my mother said to me: "Rolla is a good man; marry him, and I shall die in peace."—But when she died, Rolla was fighting for his country, and a more holy flame possessed my heart. He returned—I could not love him—my heart belonged to the Gods, and I sighed for that day, on which I was to be wedded to the Sun.

Rolla. And nature has at length subdued these flighty notions? At length you love?

Cora. Yes, Rolla, you shall be entrusted with the secret.—This young man was standing in the temple, on the king's right hand, when I for the first time saw him—scarcely could my trembling frame support the cup of sacrifice. His sparkling eye was riveted on me, and soon betrayed his feelings.—But I was confined within the limits of our court,

while he was wandering round these walls, and we both renounced the hope of ever being able to embrace each other. The Gods looked down and pitied us. Can you remember that terrific day, some few months since, when our volcanoes vomited, when the sea boiled, and the earth trembled? Many a palace was levelled with the ground. Even the sacred temple of the Sun was rent, and its huge walls nodded to destruction. We, poor shrieking wretches flew from side to side—death was in our cells—death in the open air. Our cries were mixed with the dread howlings of tumultuous nature. Then it was that this adventurous Alonzo espied, through a thicket, a chasm in the wall. He ventured over it. One stone fell on another as he trod upon them. Here the earth, and there my arms, opened to receive him. Darkness concealed our loves, and, since that day, Alonzo many times has ventured through these ruins.

Rolla. I tremble, Cora. What a rash adventure!

Alonzo. Oh tell him all—the dreadful consequences of your weakness and my villany—tell him——

Cora (With the utmost innocence.) Yes, dear Rolla——

Rolla. (Overpowered with horror.) What! Rash, inconsiderate girl! And you, Alonzo, though a stranger to our laws and customs, did you not even know that—Oh ye Gods!—You must fly! You must fly!

Juan. But whither?

Alonzo. Oh Rolla! Rescue her.

Cora. (Affrighted.) Is it true, then, that though the Gods above are not displeased, I am thought criminal on earth?

Rolla. How it has alarmed me! —As yet I am not master of myself.—Hear me, Cora,—do you love him?

Cora. As my own soul.

Rolla. Do you feel that, in his arms, repentance never will assail you? Are you willing to pass the remainder of your days as his wife?

Cora. I am.

Rolla. (*To* Alonzo.) And you—do you feel the value of that sacrifice which she now offers to you?

Alonzo. I do.

Rolla. Enough, then! I will save you, (*Walks between them.*) Come hither! Accept me as your brother. Cora, my dear sister, (*Joins her hand and* Alonzo's,) I unite thee to this man. May the shade of thy mother hover near us at this solemn moment! May her blessing be upon thee! —If Cora be happy, Rolla is happy too. (*Turns from them, and wipes away a tear.*)

Alonzo and *Cora.* (*Hanging upon him.*) Our brother!

Rolla. (*Embracing both.*) I am your brother. I will attend you. In a desert land, beyond the blue mountains, I have a friend.—He rules a good and gentle tribe, and is a subject of the king of Cusco, whom he followed with his valiant troops in our last war. Fate cast his son into my hands, a prisoner, and sorely wounded. He was a hopeful youth. He was rescued from the jaws of death beneath my care, and I returned him to his father, without ransom. Since that moment the good people know not how to prove their gratitude. With transport we shall be received, and, in their distant woods, your love will find a safe retreat. There will I dwell with you contented, and happy, because Cora is happy; and, at last, joyfully ascend to my father, lamented by a brother and a sister.

Cora. Oh good Rolla! How will my mother then thank you!

Alonzo. Noblest, best of men! Scarcely dare I meet thine eye.

Juan. (*Half aside, and concealing a tear.*) By all the Saints, if this be not a Christian, I am a heathen!

Rolla. Now let us collect our senses. Flight is resolved, but how and when? As yet there is much to settle.

Diego. (*Who, during this scene, has been principally listen-*

ing in the back ground whether all was safe, approaches.) I hear a noise—I hear two women whispering behind the wall.

Rolla. Quick! Away into my cavern!

(As they are going, Idali *and* Amazili *have already crept through the breach in the wall, and are listening inquisitively.)*

Alonzo. It is too late! they are already here.

Idali. (*Calls from the back ground.*) Cora! We want you.

Cora. I am coming.

Rolla. Hold! They have seen and heard us. For Heaven's sake, let them not leave us thus! We must rock their fearful modesty to rest, and bring them over to our interest.

Juan. That were a master-piece even for a minister of state. If thou canst manage this, Rolla, I shall esteem thee capable of conquering provinces without a blow.

Rolla. Nothing easier, Don Juan. Flatter them. They are women.

Juan. Will you not come nearer, pretty creatures?

Idali. (*To* Amazili.) I believe he means us.

Amazili. Look only how he stares at us! Let us run back.

Idali. Cora, come! the High Priestess has sent us to look for you.

Alonzo. (*In a tone of entreaty.*) Come nearer, pious virgins.

Juan. Let us do homage to your charms.

Idali. (*To* Amazili.) Shall we run away?

Amazili. Yes, Idali. (*Neither of them stir from the spot.*

Cora. I'll go with you directly. Why do you hide yourselves behind the trees? Come hither, sisters!

Idali. Oh no. Why you are standing among *men.*

Juan. We men! What do you take us for, pretty child? We three are Spaniards. That one man will retire, I dare say, if you are afraid of him. *(Gives a signal to* Rolla.*)*

Rolla. With all my heart! *(Withdraws to the mouth of the cave.)*

Juan. Now lovely girls, still afraid?

Amazili. *(To* Idali.*)* What think you? Should we go nearer?

Idali. Go first—I'll follow you.

Amazili. No, you are older than I am.

Idali. But you crept through the wall first.

Amazili. But you saw the hole in the wall first.

Juan. That dispute is soon settled. *(Runs between them, and draws them forward with him.)* Now you may swear that neither of you went first.

Amazili. *(Quite terrified.)* Oh Idali! He has taken hold of me.

Idali. And me too.

Juan. Be easy, be easy, my dearest children. No harm shall be done to you. *(Taking hold of* Idali's *chin.)* The bloom of these cheeks is like the rose. *(Turning to* Amazili.*)* And of these like———like———*(At a loss for a comparison.)*

Diego. *(With affected gallantry.)* Like the sun flower.

Juan. *(To* Idali.*)* What pretty blue eyes.

Diego. *(To* Amazili.*)* What a roguish look you have?

Juan. How sweetly you can smile!

Diego. How tempting your lips are!

Juan. *(Seizing* Idali's *hand.)* And this hand—how soft and warm!

Diego. *(Clasping* Amazili's *waist.)* And this waist—how neat and slender!

Amazili. *(To* Idali.*)* Shall we run away?

Idali. I think we might as well stay a little longer.

Amazili. But are you certain that you are not men? We must die, if you deceive us.

Juan. Never fear! In our arms dwells happiness.

Diego. In our hearts, affection.

Idali. (*Playing with* Juan's *hair.*) See! What pretty ringlets!

Amazili. (*Stroking* Diego's *cheek.*) And what a pretty cheek! (Juan *and* Diego *kiss them.*)

Idali and *Amazili.* (*Both alarmed.*) Oh! What was that?

Idali. (*Drawing her breath with difficulty.*) Oh! I can scarcely breathe.

Amazili. (*The same.*) I felt it to my finger-ends.

Cora. Come, sisters, we shall be missed.

Idali. And the High Priestess will scold us.

Amazili. And we must dress ourselves for the feast to day.

Idali. And there's nobody in the temple, to take care of the holy lamp.

Diego. Never mind—if it be extinguished, you can light it again with those fine eyes.

Cora. Tell me what the High Priestess said to you, Idali.

Idali. Well—we went down to the temple this morning to take your place, and so we could not find you—and so we went to the High Priestess to tell her—and so she told us to look for you in the garden.

Cora. Nothing more?

Amazili. And if we found you, we were to bring you to her.

Juan. And if she asks you where you met with Cora, what shall you answer?

Idali. We shall tell her all about your curly hair, and your nice words.

Juan. For Heaven's sake no, pretty children.—She may be angry at your having staid so long, and forbid you to see us again. (*Coaxing her.*) Should not you like to talk a little with us, now and then?

Diego. (*Coaxing* Amazili.) I like you, you little rogue. Will you come again?

Amazili. (*To* Idali.) What think you, Idali?

Idali. We'll see.

Juan. Rather say, that Cora had fallen asleep at the foot of a pillar in the temple, and at day-break the pillar had concealed her from your sight.

Diego. Or the shadow of a palm in the court.

Alonzo. Oh delightful!

Idali. What a good thought!

Cora. Come, then, let us go.

Idali. (*To* Amazili.) Come away!

Amazili. Come!———

(*Neither of them quit the spot.*)

Juan. Go! sweet girl!

Diego. Go, go, little wicked creature.

Idali. (*Tarrying.*) Well, I am going—but can't you—make us feel so odd and close and—and—as we felt before?

Amazili. (*To* Diego.) Try whether I shall be so frightened this time.

(Juan *and* Diego *kiss them.*)

Idali and *Amazili.* Oh!—(*With a deep sigh.*) Farewell, farewell!

Cora. (*Embracing* Alonzo.) Farewell, my love!

Alonzo. Soon to be my wife.

[*Exeunt* Cora, Idali *and* Amazili.

Rolla. (*Advancing.*) Have you tamed them?

Juan. Yes. Rolla knows the sex.

Rolla. By report, Don Juan.

Diego. I begin to relish this adventure. What a sly little wench it was!

Juan. Yet the portentous clouds seem still to gather, and to lower towards us.

Alonzo. Oh brother! Haste! Haste, to save us!

Rolla. Be at ease, and let us now consult together. Oh! I feel fresh vigour nerve my every limb!—I am another man. I feel again that active spirit, which heretofore inspired me—I am again attached to this world.—Thanks be to Cora for the gentle shower, which has revived this withered plant. (*Full of majestic heat.*) Yes, we will fly. Dangerous is the flight, and therefore better. When our pursuers press upon our heels—when their shouts are bellowing in our ears, and their arrows hissing round us—Ha! That will be life! (*With increasing ardour.*) To fight for Cora!—To wield my sword for Cora!—Then you shall see what Rolla is! You called me brave beneath the walls of Cusco.—You called me brave upon the plains or Tumibamba.—Pshaw! Pshaw! Never have I fought for Cora. For Cora, and in Cora's presence!—Oh! I shall be a God!

Alonzo. (*Embracing him.*) Great man! Look but friendly at me, that I may be sure thou hast forgiven me.

Rolla. No, Alonzo, give me no more credit than I merit. All for Cora! Nought for thee. Mark me. Were Cora to throw a paltry flower into the sea, and say, she wished for it again, I would plunge in, to fetch it, at the peril of my life. For this reason, then, I am thy friend, and for this reason I have forgiven thee.

Alonzo. Let me, at least, hope thou wilt one day think me worthy of thy friendship for my own sake.

Rolla. Cora loves thee. What canst thou wish for more? —Oh if Cora loved but me, the Gods should sue to me for friendship.—But here are we talking, when we should be acting. Come into my cavern—there we are safe from every listener.—Let us settle the *how*, *where*, and *when*, and then be merry together, for to-day I'll drink—oh I am already intoxicated with delight. From head to foot I feel it. My every nerve is strung like a tough bow.—To-day I could subdue the world. (*Seizes* Alonzo's *hand, and leads him into the cave.*)

Juan. (*As he follows them.*) Happy is it for the king of Quito that this man is in love. To love Cora, or to dethrone him, was the destination of such a hero.

[*Exit into the cave.*

Diego. Drink!—Drink did he say?—Here am I.—Let us see, who can empty most to the health of his mistress.

[*Exit into the cave.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene, the chamber of the HIGH PRIESTESS *in the house of stars. Various cages, containing turtle-doves, parrots, and other tame birds, are affixed to the wall.*

High Priestess.—(Very busily employed in feeding the birds.) There, little Bibbi! Take it! Take it! You little wretch you have swallowed it all at once.—What a time these girls stay! They are loitering in some corner, and talking nonsense, of course.—Yes, yes, Looloo,—stop—stop—you shall have your share. There! These idle beings would tire any one's patience. Heaven knows where they have crawled to. They are as slow as tortoises. Come hither, little Doodoo, come hither. *(Chirps and snaps her fingers.)*—There! Take that, and give some of it to your wife.—(*Suddenly drawing her hand back.*) Oh you rogue—you can bite too, can you?——No, this is too provoking. The Sun is already high above the hills. These thoughtless girls rely upon my kind forgiving heart—don't they, Bibbi? I look at them too often through my fingers—don't I, Looloo?—Hunger and confinement make people tame and obedient—don't they Doodoo?

(Idali *and* Amazili, *almost deprived of breath, rush into the room.*)

Idali and *Amazili.* (*Together.*) Well! Here we are already.

High Priestess. Gently, gently, girls!—Are you frightened, little Bibbi?—So you really are here *already?*

Idali. Yes—how fast we have run!

High Priestess. Where are you come from, then?

Idali. From the garden. } *Together.*
Amazili. From the temple. }

High Priestess. One of you tells a falsehood.

Idali and *Amazili.* (*Together—alarmed.*) It was I.

High Priestess. What? One of you tells another falsehood. What can all this mean? Idali, stand in that corner. There; Amazili, come hither. (*Leads her to the opposite side of the stage, and lowers her voice.*) Tell me, honestly, are you really come from the temple?

Amazili. Yes.

High Priestess. Well, stand still. (*Goes to* Idali.) I can scarce believe it yet. Amazili insists upon it, you are come from the garden. Tell me the truth.

Idali. Yes, we are come from the garden.

High Priestess. What? You seem to be two very strange creatures. But I must fathom this. Stay in your corners. What do you mean by that winking and nodding, and shaking of heads? Be quiet, I say, and look on the ground. There. (*Goes to* Amazili.) Have you found Cora?

Amazili. Yes.

High Priestess. Where did you find her?

Amazili. In the shadow of the thick palm, which stands at the temple-gate. She had fallen asleep there.

High Priestess. Very well. Now, don't move an inch from your place, and rivet your eye upon the floor. (*Goes to* Idali.) Have you found Cora?

Idali. Yes.

High Priestess. Where did you find her?

Idali. At the foot of a pillar in the temple. She had crept there, and was asleep. We had run past her perhaps twenty times without seeing her.

High Priestess. What? Come hither, both of you. (*Seizes them by the hand, and stares in their faces by turns.*) You are two impudent deceivers. *You* say that she was asleep within the temple, at the foot of a pillar,

and *you*, at the gate of the temple, in the shadow of a palm. (Idali *and* Amazili *are quite alarmed and confused.*) Well? ——Am I to have an answer?

Idali. (*To* Amazili.) You silly being—you have forgotten every thing.

Amazili. No, but you have.

Idali. No, but you have, though.

Amazili. I am sure mine told me to say in the shadow of a palm.

Idali. No, but mine told me to say at the foot of a pillar.

High Priestess. Your's, and your's! What do you mean? (Idali *and* Amazili *start.*) Will you make a voluntary confession, or must I use other means?

Idali. (*To* Amazili.) There now—this is all your fault.

Amazili. No, it is your's.

Idali. And why is it? I'm sure I should not have mentioned him first.

High Priestess. Him!—Whom? Whom? Abandoned children! The Gods protect us from abomination! I verily believe that you have been with men.

Idali and *Amazili.* (*Together.*) Oh no! Oh no!

Idali. They were not men.

Amazili. Only Spaniards.

High Priestess. (*Transported beyond herself.*) Spaniards! What! Spaniards! (*Suddenly quite composed.*) Oh—only Spaniards? Well, there may be no great harm in that. Were there many?

Amazili. (*Quite happy and talkative.*) Three—one for Cora, one for Idali, and one for me. Mine had such nice brown hair, and nice brown eyes too.

Idali. Mine had such pretty black curls, and such a pretty face.

Amazili. But mine was the prettiest.

Idali. No, he was not—mine was prettier.

High Priestess. Be quiet! be quiet, children! We can

determine that at another time. Now tell me, by what sorcery these Spaniards found their way into the temple.

Idali. They were not in the temple.

High Priestess. Then they must have flown over the lofty walls of the garden.

Idali. No—they were not in the garden.

Amazili. But they *might* have been in the garden, as easily as we were out of it.

High Priestess. You out of the garden! But let me hear. How did you contrive that?

Idali. Well—we went to look for Cora, as you told us, and ran all ways, and called, but nobody answered. And so, as we were hearkening, and listening to every little sound, we thought all at once that we heard several voices behind the wall. It was not far from the arbour, where the little brook loses itself among the bushes. So we followed the noise, and crept gently through the thick trees, while the branches struck against us, and scratched our faces. So, all at once we found a large hole in the wall, quite from top to bottom, and we had only to hop over a stone or two to be out.

High Priestess. Well—so you did hop out?

Amazili. You know we were obliged to do that, if we wanted to find Cora.

High Priestess. To be sure.—So you did find Cora?

Idali. Yes, among the three Spaniards. At first we thought they were men, and were going to run away. But when we had looked at them a little nearer, and heard that they were only Spaniards—why, we consented to talk and play a little with them.

Amazili. And they made us promise to come again, too.

High Priestess. Indeed!—And did you really promise?

Idali. Why—half and half.

High Priestess. Well, but you mean to keep your word?

Amazili. What think you, Idali?

Idali. Why, if you permit us.

High Priestess. Oh, to be sure.—Now go, and send Cora to me. In the mean time dress yourselves, break the bread, and put it into the basket for sacrifice.

Idali. *(Seizing* Amazili's *hand.)* Come, sister, I should like to dance and laugh.

Amazili. So should I. [*Exeunt* Ida. *and* Ami.

High Priestess. Yes—dance and laugh. Your simplicity protects you from my rage—but the hole in the wall you shall find no more.—Yet Cora—should that shameless girl have had connexion with these men—Protect us, chaste Oello! Long have I observed her downcast head—long have I remarked that she never sees with whom she speaks, and never knows of what. The paleness of her cheeks too—oh, these are not good signs—are they Doodoo?

Enter CORA.

Abandoned wretch, dare you appear before me?

Cora. *(With great calmness.)* I have just appeared before our God.

High Priestess. Thank him, then, for not having placed his thunder in my hands.

Cora. What do you want with me? Why are you angry?

High Priestess. Do you suppose your guilty life a secret to me? Do you suppose me ignorant, that Cora pollutes these sacred walls, her honour, and the honour of her sisterhood?

Cora. I have done nothing wrong.

High Priestess. Look me full in the face—you have intercourse with men.

Cora. I have not offended the Gods.

High Priestess. Look at me, I say. You know a Spaniard.

Cora. I am innocent.

High Priestess. Even this very morning you have seen and conversed with him.

Cora. The Sun was a witness of my actions.

High Priestess. Confess your crime.

Cora. I have committed no crime.

High Priestess. Lost, infatuated being!

Cora. The path I follow is the path of innocence and nature.

High Priestess. Headstrong creature! You are a priestess of the Sun. Tremble at the torments which our rigid laws decree.

Cora. I shall suffer them undeservedly.

High Priestess. You have nothing to confide to me?

Cora. No.

High Priestess. You will not confess?

Cora. No.

High Priestess. Cora, I warn you for the last time. But a few moments are your own—avail yourself of them. I know all. I shall assemble the virgins in the temple. I shall summon the whole host of priests. They will pass sentence—and a dreadful sentence. Death is your lot, and more than death—infamy. As yet we are alone. Do you persist in silence?

Cora. Yes.

High Priestess. (Altering her tone.) No—methinks Cora will scarcely proceed so far. I knew your mother well, when you were but a child. "Cora," she often said, "has a pliant open heart; I love her for it."

Cora. Did she say so? Oh, she was a good mother! She took the happiness of my life with her to the grave.

High Priestess. Surely her memory must still be dear to you.

Cora. Can you ask it? Many a silent tear I shed, when I reflect upon her goodness.

High Priestess. Would you then prove her to have uttered

falsehoods—"A pliant open heart," said she, blinded by affection. Or is it true?

Cora. It is indeed.

High Priestess. Prove it then. The friend of the mother has a claim upon the confidence of the daughter.

Cora. Oh!

High Priestess. Still can I hear the last few words, which quivered on her pallid lips. "Cora is young and inexperienced; if she should ever want a mother's counsel, assist her for my sake." She spoke, and with her clay-cold hand pressed mine. (Cora *is irresolute, and in contention with herself—A pause.*) And your old venerable father, when he delivered you into my hands—"There," said he, "take her—she is a good girl, and will cause you no anxiety."—When he pressed his parting kiss upon your forehead, too, and the big tear stood trembling in his eye—do you recollect his words? "Revere her as a mother."

Cora. (Falls at her feet.) I love——

High Priestess. (Struck with horror.) Love!

Cora. I will no longer be a priestess of the Sun.

High Priestess. No longer a priestess of the Sun!

Cora. I will be married.

High Priestess. Be married!

Cora. The Gods have given me a heart.

High Priestess. To devote it to the Gods.

Cora. To them my prayers and thanksgiving, but to man my affection.

High Priestess. Cora, collect yourself.—Rise!—You are in a delirium.

Cora. I have shaken off the burthen—and now—if in the daughter you still love the mother, lend me your aid.

High Priestess. A Spaniard then?

Cora. A Spaniard.

High Priestess. His name?

Cora. Alonzo.

High Priestess. Where, and when did you first see him?

Cora. In the temple, at the king's right hand.

High Priestess. And what miracle brought you together?

Cora. The miracle of nature, by which the temple of the Sun was rent, and its walls shattered.

High Priestess. Enough! I wish to know no more. Let what has passsed be buried in oblivion. You see that your dying mother's last request is sacred to me. I will be silent, and by rigid penance the anger of the Gods may be averted. Erase his image from your heart—forget his glossy words—avoid all thoughts of him, pray and work.

Cora. Oh, surely you never loved.

High Priestess. Thanks be to the Gods!

Cora. Well, then let me tell you, that all, which you have now prescribed to me, is no longer in my power. Erase his image from my heart! Good mother, you have never loved. When I awake, *he* is my first thought—when I kneel in the temple, my prayers are interrupted by *his* name—when I gaze at the image of the Sun, I gaze at *him*—when I think of God, I think of *him*.

High Priestess. Dreadful crimes, Cora! Pray! Fast! Repent!

Cora. I can pray for nought but to possess him.—Oh what a sweet heartfelt sensation is love! Do you really think it culpable?

High Priestess. Culpable, daughter? Abominable.

Cora. And are you so entirely free from love!

High Priestess. (With piety.) I have devoted myself altogether to the Gods.

Cora. You deceive yourself, or me. Have I not often seen how tenderly you feed these birds? Have I not seen you first take one, then another, from its cage, hold it on your hand, stroke it, talk to it, kiss it?

High Priestess. Oh poor little animals! So innocent an inclination—

Cora. My affection too is innocent.

High Priestess. Affection for a man!

Cora. That is the same? The heart must feel affection. You are content with a dove. Is it my fault if I am not satisfied so easily?

High Priestess. Do not deceive yourself, Cora. Is it alike, whether you employ the fire to offer sacrifice, or to consume the temple?

Cora. I cannot comprehend your allusions.—My heart says, simply and plainly: "—You may love—love is acceptable to the Gods." And the consequences justify the maxim. When Cora does the service of the temple, is the sky ever cloudy, or does the Sun conceal himself?

High Priestess. Because you shroud your sin in darkness, because the beams of our great God were never witnesses of your transgressions.

Cora. They were! They were! This very morning, in presence of the Sun, I solemnly embraced Alonzo.

High Priestess. (Thunderstruck.) Embraced him!

Cora. Pressed my lips to his.

High Priestess. Your lips!

Cora. My bosom to his.

High Priestess. Your bosom!

Cora. And our God smiled.

High Priestess. Peace, wretch!—Go, hide yourself, ere I repent my promised secresy. It is no longer your honour to which I attend, but the honour of our order. Go, and be it hard or easy to forget him, you shall never see him more.

Cora. (In a resolute tone.) I will no longer be a priestess of the Sun.

High Priestess. You must. Death alone can free you from the service.

Cora. But if I have done wrong, I am not a proper person to serve the Sun,—and if, in my place, I substitute a being pure and void of sin, will not this be acceptable to him, and absolve me from my oath?

High Priestess. I do not understand you.

Cora. I will devote to his service the innocent being, which I bear beneath my heart. (High Priestess *starts—attempts to speak, but is unable—trembles and supports herself against the wall.*) What can be the matter? Do you understand me? I will devote to the service of our God the innocent being which I bear beneath my heart.

High Priestess. (*Runs from side to side distracted.*) Idali! —Runa!—Amazili!—Hither! Hither, ye daughters of the Sun!—Oh! I can no more!—I shall die! (*Sinks upon a couch.*)

(Idali, Amazili, *and other virgins of the Sun, rush into the apartment from all sides.*)

All. (*In confusion.*) What now? What has happened? —She is in a swoon.—Cora, what is the matter?

Cora. (*As calm as before.*) I don't know.

High Priestess. (*Recovering.*) Haste, ye daughters of the Sun! Bar this abandoned being in the darkest dungeon, that her odious face may not profane the beams of our great God! Your lives, Runa and Odila, depend upon her safety till the moment of her trial. Let the rest with all their sisters clothe themselves in deepest mourning, and follow me to the palace!———The Sun is enraged! The Gods are roused to anger! Sin rests upon us, and a curse upon Peru! God's avenging arm will reach us! Haste! Extinguish every light throughout the temple, and tear every garland. This day shall be no festival—this is a day of lamentation! Away, to the steps of the throne! Vengeance, vengeance on this abomination! [*Rushes out.*

All. What have you done Cora? Tell us! Tell us!

Cora. I have done nothing wrong. [*Exit.*

Alh. (*Confusedly following her.*) Take care of her. Your lives depend on it.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a saloon in the King's palace, with a state-guard. In a few moments the* CHAMBERLAIN *enters.*

Chamberlain. Open the gates. Let all approach, who come on this day's festival, to greet the son of the Sun, and attend him to the temple. Soon as the Ynca is arrayed, he will himself appear. *(Gives a signal—the centinels open the gates.)*

Enter HIGH PRIEST, XAIRA, ALONZO, JUAN, *several priests and courtiers. Compliments are exchanged. Some whisper to each other—some walk up and down. Several courtiers gather round the* CHAMBERLAIN.

Xaira. (*To the* High Priest.) What do the foreigners want here?

High Priest. Probably they mean to attend the Ynca, when he goes to sacrifice.

Xaira. By my soul, I like not that foreigners should be spectators of our holy rites—perhaps for the purpose of mocking our religion.

High Priest. Mocking! That were folly, and I never can suspect those brave young men of folly. Have you forgotten that to Don Alonzo we are indebted for our monarch's life—that he has made this nation a terror to its neighbours, by teaching us to fight in close-embodied phalanx—nay, more, that he has instructed us in many profitable arts and sciences.

Xaira. Pshaw! He has increased our wants. We were happier without him.

High Priest. Harsh man!

Chamberlain. Hs no one any news for the king ?

First Courtier. None, except that old Telasko arrived last night from the country.

Second Courtier. He has brought his son Zorai in order to present him to the Yaca.

Chamberlain. How long may it be since the good old man was here before ?

First Courtier. It must be about two years—when he brought his daughter Cora to the house of stars.

Alonzo. (*Much alarmed.*) Do you hear, Velasquez ? Cora's father is arrived.

Juan. I heard it.

Alonzo. And her brother too.

Juan. I heard it.

Alonzo. Oh horror ! How will their most unmeaning looks torment my conscience !

(*Martial instruments are heard behind the scenes.*)

Courtiers. The king approaches.

Enter ATALIBA, *with his suite. All do homage to him.*

Ataliba. (*First turning to the* High Priest.) Good old man, I much rejoice to see your vigour thus despise the load of years.

High Priest. Beneath such a monarch I grow young again.

Ataliba. What I am, I am become through your inſtructions ; that I never shall forget. (*Turning to* Xaira.) Well Xaira, we have a glorious day. The Gods are gracious to us.

Xaira. (*Scrupulously.*) Yet mournful omens have disturbed my soul.

Ataliba. How so ?

Xaira. The lamb, which I sacrificed at midnight to the Gods, struggled beneath the knife.

Ataliba. That is very natural, methinks.

Xaira. And the extracted lungs, which when they heave and quiver, are the token of a prosperous year, lay motionless.

Ataliba. I thank you for the information, but you may conceal it from my people. (*Smiling, and in a half-whisper to the* High Priest.) We are disturbed enough by tigers, why should we be afraid of lambs?

High Priest. To the people such a lamb is far more dreadful than a tiger! and the king is bound to consider the people's faith.

Ataliba. Right, good old man. On that foundation, Manco Capac grounded his dominion. (*Turning to* Alonzo.) My dear Alonzo, are you still happy in being among us?

Alonzo. As long as Ataliba is happy that I should live here.

Ataliba. That is, as long as Ataliba regards his friend. (*To* Juan.) How fares Don Juan? What think you of the troop, which you are instructing?

Juan. They are noble fellows, Ynca.

Ataliba. Oh that an everlasting peace would allow me to employ their nervous arms at the plough! (*Turning to the* High Priest.) It must now be time to proceed towards the temple.

High Priest. We are ready.

(*The* Chamberlain, *who, during this scene, has been called away by the centinels, now returns.*)

Chamberlain. Sire, Telasko, governor of Antis, is arrived, and begs to greet the first-born son of the Sun.

Ataliba. Honest old Telasko! Admit him.

Alonzo. (*To* Juan.) Oh Velasquez!—My heart—my heart—

Juan. Beware lest you betray yourself.

At the CHAMBERLAIN'S *signal, the centinels open the gates, and* TELASKO *enters with* ZORAI.

Ataliba. (*Meets him and embraces him with warmth.*) Welcome, worthy friend! What can have brought thee from thy enviable retirement to the bustle of our court?—A seat for the old man!

Telasko. Let me stand, good Ynca, let me stand. That posture better becomes a petitioner.

Ataliba. Have you any petition? Name it.

Telasko. Two years ago I brought my daughter Cora hither, and by her own desire devoted her to the service of our God. I felt it sorely I must own, for I had accustomed myself to her society. Since my wife's death I have been weak and sickly! she was always with me, and attended to my wants, I could not lose her without tears. This boy was then my only treasure. He is become a man—his sister serves our God—him I devote to the service of his country. To thee, Ynca, I deliver him. My few years are counted. Be thou his father when I am no more. I know he will be no discredit to thee, for never will he forget, that in his veins flows the blood of Yncas. Graciously accept this offer. I present to thee the costliest that I have—I present to thee my all.

Ataliba. Be he my own son!—Approach, young man.—(Zorai *kneels before him.*) Inherit the virtues of thy father, and thou shalt inherit his dignity.

Zorai. Forgive me, if I do not answer. Time alone can prove, whether I was worthy to survive this moment.

Ataliba. Rise! I commit him to your care, Alonzo. Teach him at your side to fight and conquer.

Alonzo. (*Confused.*) Ynca, I will endeavour—to gain his confidence.

Telasko. (*To* Alonzo.) Art thou the hero, in whom a grateful nation blesses the preserver of its monarch? Oh let me clasp thee in these aged arms. (*Embraces him.*) Thy renown, great man, dwells with us on our distant mountains. Our children's children lisp thy name. Happy is my son that thou art his instructor!

Alonzo. (*Extremely confused and agitated.*) He shall be my brother.

Telasko. (*To the King.*) Ynca, thou hast sweetened my dying hour. I thank thee.

(*The march is again heard behind the scenes*)

Ataliba. To the temple? Come, Telasko, walk at my right hand, and when thou feelest fatigued, I will support thee. Many a time hast thou supported me.

Telasko. Blessings on thee, best of Yncas.

(*As they are going, the music suddenly ceases.*)

Ataliba. (*Starting.*) What means that?

(Chamberlain *rushes in, trembling and out of breath.*)

Chamberlain. Sire, the High Priestess of the Sun approaches with a numerous train, clothed in mourning. Their piteous moans pierce to the very soul. In silent tremor all the people follow, and dread some great calamity.

(*The whole assembly is in consternation* Ataliba *excepted.*)

Ataliba. (*Composedly gives a signal to the* Chamberlain.) Conduct them hither.

Alonzo. (*To* Juan.) Heavens!—Velasquez! What can this mean?

Juan. Pshaw! I believe you tremble.

The doors open. Enter HIGH PRIESTESS, *at the head of the virgins, veiled and bending forward. While the procession approaches, all stand in silent anxious expectation.*

High Priestess. (*Throws her veil violently back.*) Woe! Woe! Woe be unto them!

Ataliba. (*Somewhat startled.*) Unto whom?

High Priestess. The temple is polluted—the altars are defiled—the holy lamp is extinguished. Woe be unto them!

Ataliba. Name the transgressors, that the revenge of Heaven may be mine.

High Priestess. Son of the Sun! Let the festive song be heard no more! Let the garlands be torn from the temple, and the fillets from the lamb for sacrifice. This day shall be no festival! Let our song be lamentation, and our garments mourning! A viper with its poison has defiled the house of stars. A virgin of the Sun has broken the oath of chastity. (*Pauses—All shudder*—Alonzo *is thunderstruck. She proceeds.*) Woe be unto Cora! (*At this name, a cry of affliction escapes the King.—Old* Telasko *props his trembling frame upon his stick.* Zorai, *overpowered with shame, hides his face with both hands.* Alonzo *is sinking, but is supported by* Juan. *A confused noise pervades the rest of the assembly.* High Priestess *proceeds.*) Vengeance, vengeance on the murderer of virtue! Vengeance on the libertine, who has abused the laws of hospitality, and seduced the wives of our God! Woe be unto Alonzo! (*The King is still more alarmed.* Alonzo *stands with downcast eyes, and cheeks pale as death, while every one attentively observes him.* Telasko *quivers, and gazes vacantly around him.* High Priestess *proceeds.*) First born son of the Sun!—Image of our God on earth—here do I stand, and demand of thee ample and bloody retribution.

Ataliba. (*With gloomy reluctance.*) Thou shalt have it.

High Priestess. Death and infamy are the lot of both the criminals, death and infamy the lot of Cora's race!

(Telasko *gnashes his teeth, mutters the word* "*Infamy,*" *and falls.* Zorai *throws himself upon his father.*)

Ataliba. Merciful heavens!—Assist the poor old man! (Courtiers *raise* Telasko.—High Priestess *is about to proceed,*

when the King gives her a signal to be silent.) Enough, ye pious virgins! I know my duty, and shall do what Manco's laws enjoin. I ask not you, Alonzo, whether this charge be just. The confession may be read upon your death-pale cheeks. You are lost. Had you roused my people to rebellion, and robbed me of half my kingdom, I would have offered you my hand and said: "You once saved my life, and with pleasure shall you share my territories—but—here I cease to be a king, and the friend must be mute. You are lost—I cannot save you. (*In a tone of anguish.*) Oh Alonzo! What have you done?

Alonzo. Let me die!—All the kindness which I have experienced in your land, I have rewarded with ingratitude. Let me die, (*Falling at the King's feet*) but rescue Cora. She is innocent. I alone, I, the seducer, am guilty.

Ataliba. Rise! My power is limited, and most closely on the side which borders on religion. (*He stands for a moment in melancholy reflection, and contending with his feelings—then turns away his face.*) Guards! Put him in irons! (*To the* High Priest.) Assemble your priests in the court of the temple, and pass sentence on the criminals according to our sacred laws and customs—Before the Sun has sunk into the sea, let me be summoned to ratify their sentence. (*Going.*)

Xaira. Ynca, it will be necessary to secure the father and the brother.

Ataliba. That poor old man! Alas! He cannot escape.

Xaira. The brother at least.

Ataliba. Do so, then.——Oh! What a mournful station has a king, when he is forced to punish! (*Goes*—Xaira *attends, while* Zorai *is chained.*)

High Priestess. (*To the* High Priest.) Rise, thou first servant of our God! Add wings to our revenge, that even to night the Sun's last beams may shine upon the grave which has swallowed Cora! Away, ye daughters of the Sun!

Writhe yourselves in prayer.—wash the altars with your tears, and hide your blushing cheeks in sevenfold veils, till vengeance has erased the infamy with which our order has been branded by this impious foreigner.

[*Exit. with the Virgins.*

High Priest. (*Aside.*) Poor Rolla! [*Exit.*

Xaira. (*To some other Priests.*) Go through the northern gate, until, behind the walls, you find a barren spot—There prepare the vault.

Telasko. And first throw me into it. [*Exit. Priests.*

Xaira. (*To the Centinels.*) Lead the prisoners away.

Alonzo. (*To Juan.*) Farewel, Velasquez! When you return into our native country, greet my mother—but conceal from her my mournful end.

Telasko. (*Seized by the Centinels.*) Whither will you lead me?

Alonzo. Alas! This poor old man, Velasquez—this miserable poor old man——

Telasko. Give me my daughter! Give me my daughter!

Xaira. Away with them all!

Telasko. (*As they conduct him away.*) Give me my daughter! Give me my daughter!

END OF ACT III.

ACT. IV.

Scene, a desert place without the walls of the temple. Four Priests are digging a grave, and singing a solemn chorus, during the first stanza of which, ROLLA *appears.*

Chorus of Priests.

Prepare, prepare the harlot's grave,
Let each assist with ready hand,
Oh may her fate our country save,
And heaven be gracious to the land!

Rolla. (*Starting.*) What means this!

Chorus of Priests.

Accurs'd be her devoted head,
And may the thousand tongues of Fame
Thro' ev'ry distant land be spread,
With infamy to brand her name.

Rolla. Whose name?—Speak!—Answer me.

A Priest. Begone from this place. It is cursed for Cora's sake.

Rolla. Curse on thyself, infernal liar! What art thou doing? Speak! What means this grave?

Chorus of Priests.

Away! The grave's prepar'd. Away!
Lead Cora to deserved death.
Here shall she, far from man and day,
In ling'ring torments yield her breath.

Rolla. Ye Gods! A mountain falls upon me. (Priests *collect their tools, and prepare to leave the place.*) Speak, hard-hearted men! Speak, speak! It is Rolla who begs.—Rolla begs! That you never knew before. What is all

this? What means this grave, and your ill-boding song?—(*The* Priests *are going.* Rolla *stamps violently.*) Hold! Speak, or I'll seize you. (*The* Priests *go.* *As he is attempting to follow them, he encounters* Diego, *who is sobbing bitterly.*) Ha!—I know thee. Thou wert present.—What has happened, since thy master left me?

Diego. Oh!—My poor unfortunate master——is in chains.

Rolla. And Cora? Cora?

Diego. She probably shares the same fate.—Don Juan must know more—he was present—

Rolla. Don Juan!—Thanks for the name! Where is he? Away! away! Seek him this instant. Send him to me here!—Away! away! Every moment is precious.

[*Exit* Diego.

I burn to know all—and tremble to know all. Anguish and terror have robbed me of my breath.—Where can I find my uncle? (*As he is going he meets the* High Priest.) Ha! There he is!—Yes or no?—True or false?—

High Priest. Your words I do not understand; but the wildness of your looks too well.—(*With a sigh.*) All true.

Rolla. (*Pointing to the grave.*) And this?—

High Priest. (*Turning away.*) Oh!———

Rolla. Gape, then, earth—swallow thy rocks and woods! Ye mountains, towering all around me, belch forth the fire of hell into the valleys—that all may perish—every blade of grass may wither, and this our world be one chaotic conflagration! Rise, ye horrors of the elements! Surround me howling blasts and roaring thunder, that I may breathe more freely—that my voice may vie with your's, and my arm murder quicker than your lightning.

High Priest. For Heaven's sake—Rolla!—

Rolla. (*After a pause.*) No, she shall not die. Sooner shall the temple become a desert!—Believe me, uncle, she shall not die.—You may say: "This grave is ready," Ha!

Ha! Ha!—This grave is ready; but is not Rolla still alive?

High Priest. Your looks are horrible.

Rolla. First make Rolla's grave! First must he be stretched upon the earth, and not a vein must move, or one small muscle struggle. Examine well, too, whether he be really dead. For know, uncle, as long as I retain one spark of life—as long as I can clench this fist—none shall dare to lay a hand on Cora. I'll murder the priests—yourself—the king.

High Priest. Madman! And will you brave the Gods as well as men?

Rolla. The Gods! Oh no! They think like me. Their thunderbolts are in my hand. Their buckler is before my breast. Short-sighted mortal! Love is the brightest, warmest beam of our great God: It opens alike the rose-bud and the heart of man. Wretched is he, who leads an oyster's life in some cold corner, and has never felt this beam!—Cora is still more amiable since she loved. She was compelled to love; for the Gods could not leave their master-piece unfinished. And a man without love—what is he? A lamp without light. An eye without the faculty of seeing. But indeed, good uncle, *you* cannot understand all this.

High Priest. Rolla, you wrong me.

Rolla. Wrong you! If you feel that heavenly sensation, love, how can Cora's condemnation proceed from your lips?

High Priest. Cora's condemnation does proceed from my lips.

Rolla. Not from your heart.

High Priest. Not from my heart.

Rolla. Then, come into my arms! You are a man. But why do you stand idly there? Save her!

High Priest. I cannot.

Rolla. Courage! Dear uncle! Courage! Your hoary

locks and mild persuasion, with my sword and God's assistance, cannot fail to save her.

High Priest. Alas, young man! Your ardour makes you blind to those steep cliffs which lie before us.

Rolla. I feel strong enough to climb them.

High Priest. The laws of all our ancestors—the customs of whole centuries———

Rolla. Nature is older.

High Priest. But not more powerful.

Rolla. Evasion.

High Priest. If by my few remaining years I could save Cora's life, stedfastly would I step into the chasm.

Rolla. Gabble!

High Priest. And what then is this tear?

Rolla. Hypocrisy! Why talk, when you may act?

High Priest. What can I do for her?

Rolla. (*Raising his hands towards heaven.*) Then save her thou, oh my father! Suffer not the most perfect of creation thus to perish! Oh save her in despite of these unfeeling priests!———But how could I expect a heart in such a shell? It may not beat beneath that garb.

High Priest. Oh Rolla! Rolla!

Rolla. Your fathers and mothers have carefully instructed you to tear up by the roots each flower, which grows around you, and murder every bird which falls into your hands. He who can best do this will one day be High Priest.

High Priest. Rolla! That from your mouth!

Rolla. All the feelings of your hearts are centred in your own gross persons. To you beauty is a blunted arrow, and love a fabulous absurdity. For the sufferings of a fellow creature you can shrug your shoulders. But never does a voluntary tear of pity start into your eyes. The world may go to wrack, as long as you can riot in luxury.

High Priest. Young man, I am compelled to answer. I shall speak, and you will be ashamed.

Rolla. Yes. Speak! Speak! That you can do.

High Priest. Learn then to curb your tongue, when an old man addresses you; and if you pay no reverence to my age, pay reverence, at least, to my misfortunes. Am I a priest by choice? Our Ynca's nearest relative is born High Priest. Had you but known me half a century since, I was a bold and fiery youth, more eager far to wield the faulchion, than the knife of sacrifice. Is it my fault that wayward chance has placed me at the altar of the Sun, to be a slaughterer of doves, and an interpreter of dreams? Believe me, few among us fill their proper station, and fewest where the station is allotted by their birth.

Rolla. (*Coldly and forced.*) If I have said too much, forgive me.

High Priest. A thousand times would I have cast from me this dignity, which you have used as a reproach, for it has caused the sufferings of forty years.—In truth, young man, I will no longer bear that frown upon your brow—that cold disdain in every look. Thou only one, on whom my soul still hangs—thou only one, whose affection I wish to gain—listen to my mournful story. Alas! It is too like thine own. My sorrows, also, are sorrows of the heart. My sufferings also are the sufferings of a hopeless passion. I also once loved a virgin of the Sun.

Rolla. (*Astonished.*) How!—

High Priest. As High Priest of the temple, I was allowed free entrance to the house of stars. Daily did my eye dwell upon the garden, where here and there a bud disclosed itself. This was long an entertainment to me; but my heart had no share in it, till Zulma beamed among her sisters, an image of the God whom she adored. I saw her often, saw her with pleasure, and yet knew not why. I cast a look into my heart, and was alarmed. She also might have read

what passed therein; for she began to shun me, though I perceived it was against her inclination. I wished not to put her virtue to a trial, and shunned her also. Tormented as we were by hopeless love, our cheeks grew pale and wan; our eyes languid and hollow. Her weaker frame first felt the shock.—She—struggled with death, and I——You seem affected!

Rolla. (*Turns away his face, and offers his hand.*) I wronged you—I am ashamed.—Proceed, good uncle.—She died?

High Priest. I hastened to assist her. Day and night I climbed the craggy rocks, and searched through caves and woods for salutary herbs. I sent for the oldest priests throughout the kingdom, who were famed for their skill in plants, and—Zulma recovered. Grateful she sank into my arms—We understood each other well, and wept. (*Much moved.*) See,—old as I am, how this agitates me even now!—

Rolla. (*Embracing him.*) Good, dear, best uncle!

High Priest. Hear the sequel of my story. The fire of love, so long suppressed, now burst into a flame so wild, that reason and our duty had no more control. We forgot ourselves—Zulma became a mother—and she bore——*thyself.*—(Rolla *starts, and gazes intently at the* High Priest, *who stretches out his arms.*) Thou art my son.

Rolla. (*In great agitation.*) Old man, you mock me.

High Priest. Thou art my son.

Rolla. (*Bursts speechless into his arms.—A pause.—He tears himself suddenly away.—In a rapid tone.*) Is my mother still alive?

High Priest. (*Gazing towards heaven.*) She is looking upon us, from above. (Rolla's *arms and head sink down—tears stand in his eyes, which are riveted upon the earth.*) You will now perceive what anguish your reproaches have

inflicted on your father. You will now perceive why I have hung upon you, followed you to every place, forced myself into conversation, and often borne ill-treatment from you. You will now perceive the cause of my affliction when you marched to battle, and of my joy when you returned triumphant.

Rolla. (*Pressing him to his heart.*) And is there one, then, who has rejoiced in my success?—Oh my father!—How new to me is this name—and this sensation!—Oft, when at the head of our troops, I have received your priestly benediction, and have felt your trembling hand——had I but known why it thus trembled—had I but known it was a father's benediction!—Oh! why have you so long concealed yourself from a heart devoid of every joy?

High Priest. Who could trust the wildness of your youthful ardour?

Rolla. But—all is as yet mysterious. Tear the veil entirely from my eyes.

High Priest. What never was and never will be possible to any one was to the High Priest possible. The story of your mother was concealed. Soon as you were born, I sent you to the people of Ibara on our borders, whose governor was my brother. You were educated as his son, and when he died, were still a boy. His death afforded me a good pretext to bring you from that rude unpolished nation, to the court of Quito, where you might be under the direction of your uncle. As far as was possible without creating suspicion, I myself educated you. A year before this time, your mother had departed to the place of rest; yet I still drag along a burdensome existence.

Rolla. Burdensome:—And you have a son?—Till now I thought myself completely wretched; but when I again complain, may I be called a villain; for, I have a father. —Yes, I am reconciled to this world. You and I never can be really happy; yet a tolerable life, sweetened by

many a joyful hour, I promise you. Hear how my fancy paints the pleasing picture. Cora and Alonzo shall fly; we will attend them. I will conduct you far away, to a good friend, who, for my sake, will be the friend of all. There will we live together, and if ever Cora's caresses or Alonzo's happiness affect my heart too much, I will give you a signal. We can quit the lovers, sit down before the hut, and you shall relate to me the story of my mother.

High Priest. You forget, Rolla, that flight is impossible. —Both are in chains—both guarded by a thousand eyes—and in a few short hours the priests will pass their sentence. —Oh! do not thus deceive yourself. Cora is past redemption lost.

Rolla. No, my father. You must save her—indeed you must.—Are you not High Priest, and chief of all her judges?

High Priest. What will my single voice avail against a multitude?—Already do I hear that boisterous zealot, Xaira! Bawl to the whirlwind till you lose your voice, still will its fury sweep away the plant.

Rolla. You will then at least have done your duty—to God and to my sword consign the rest.—Oh think, my father, when the murdered Cora meets my mother with these words: "I am a virgin of the Sun, condemned to die by the High Priest, and his tribe, because I loved"——

High Priest. Why torture me, my son? Willingly will I do all I can—speak—beg—use every effort of which a weak old man is capable (*With a sigh.*) The hour of trial approaches.

Rolla. Haste then! Keep your word! Do all you can. My life depends on Cora's. But if all your efforts fail, you shall find that I mean-while have not been idle. Go!

High Priest. (*Mournfully presenting his hand.*) Oh may we both be happier when we meet again! Farewel! [*Exit.*

Rolla. (*After a pause.*) Good old man! Thou know'st not what is brooding here. I expect but little from thy rhetoric.—Force! Force is the only true conviction.—Where can this Juan be? Would he were here, that he might lay his hand in mine, and imbibe a portion of my fire! I will save her. I must save her.——My mother was a virgin of the Sun,—and Cora's rescue shall be vengeance for my mother's death.—Oh, if I were not roused by such a thought, my soul must be composed of that eternal snow, which covers the Cordilleras!——

Enter JUAN.

Welcome! I was waiting for thee.

Juan. Here I am. Thy will?

Rolla. Art thou bold enough to risk thy life for a friend?

Juan. If it can be of any use, why not?

Rolla. Give me thy hand.

Juan. Here it is.

Rolla. Cora and Alonzo are lost.

Juan. Too true!

Rolla. We must assist them.

Juan. If we can.

Rolla. A bold stroke—a rash enterprise—

Juan. With all my heart—let it not be a crime, and I am ready.

Rolla. Crime! Is it a greater crime to enact a law, which is inhuman, or to annul it?

Juan. The latter is a virtue.

Rolla. Which we will practise.

Juan. We!—Have we a right to do so? This virtue can only be practised by the king.

Rolla. We will advise the king.—

Juan. That we will.

Rolla. With sword in hand.

Juan. Such advice would be rebellion.

Rolla. What is the name, if the deed be but good?

Juan. Ataliba received me hospitably; and is my benefactor.

Rolla. Thy friend is in danger.

Juan. I shall commit no crime to save him.

Rolla. But if I promise that Ataliba and his servants shall not be hurt,—that our conquest shall be gained through fear? ———I was once a chief—the army still reveres me; for it has often conquered under my command, and in the field the meanest was my brother. To thy care, too, the king has entrusted a warlike troop. At the signal, all, who bear arms, will gather round us.—For ourselves we have nothing to demand. Sacred to us is the throne, sacred the life and property of every individual. Our only claim is liberty for Cora and Alonzo!—

Juan. Noble Rolla! Love has dazzled thine eyes. Perhaps, for the first time in thy life, thou art harbouring a bad intention.

Rolla. I have no ears for all thy frivolous morality. Virtue is a play-thing, when no other passions force their way.

Juan. Enough! The more difficult the conquest, the more glorious!

Rolla. No! No! No! Nothing will I feel but Cora's danger! Nothing will I hear but Cora's suppliant voice!—Look! This is Cora's grave!—Icy being! Look!—This is Cora's grave!——But, what hast thou to do with Cora? ———(*Snatches his hand.*) Haste then! Haste to the scaffold which is ready for thy friend! And if thine heart will even then allow thy head to moralize—if even then my anguish—my rage will not inspire thee—I will forsake thee, and hie to the grave of my dear mother. When I first cast my eye upon it; when I see the grass shaken by the wind,

thy frigid maxims will at once vanish from my recollection. Away! Away! *(Drags* Juan *after him.)*

SCENE *changes to the court of the temple.* XAIRA *is discovered in conversation with several other* PRIESTS.

Xaira. He tarries long.—

First Priest. Very long.

Second Priest. It is past mid-day.

Xaira. What can the king want with him?

First Priest. The messenger knew nothing of the matter.

Second Priest. Except that he wished to see the High Priest, before sentence was passed upon Cora.

Xaira. It is strange!

First Priest. The messenger seemed to be in great haste.

Xaira. Probably, then, a discussion of our sentence! Alas! My friends! I fear this Ynca will be backward in fulfilling the vengeance of the Gods.—Even this very morning—how hard he seemed to think it that Zorai should be chained—how compassionately he gazed upon the impious Spaniard, and even condescended to converse with him!—Oh! His father was another man.

First Priest. He was indeed.

Second Priest. He spared no sacrifice.

Third Priest. He trembled, when he entered the temple.

Xaira. He revered our wisdom.

First Priest. And our near connexion with the Gods.

Xaira. He cast his eyes fearfully upon the earth, where his son boldly smiles. But who is to blame? His instructor, his adviser—in short—our High Priest. I shall say no more. This is not a proper time or place, but I know his principles. Mark only———

First Priest. (*Interrupting him.*) He comes.

Xaira. At last!—(*Enter* High Priest.) We were anxiously expecting you.

High Priest. The Ynca sent for me.

Xaira. Is your conversation no secret to us?

High Priest. Oh no! The king commands the judges of Cora and Alonzo, to examine well, whether both have equally been criminal,—whether one has not seduced the other.—

Xaira. (*Hastily interrupting him.*) Well—and suppose that were the case?

High Priest. Then must we punish the seducer, and pardon the seduced.

Xaira. Dare I trust my ears? Has the king said this, and dares the High Priest of the Sun repeat it?

High Priest. Why not?

Xaira. The transgressors of the law shall suffer *both*—thus speaks our God.

High Priest. Did you ever hear our God speak? Did he not speak through our first Ynca?

Xaira. That is immaterial.

High Priest. True. The Ynca is an image of the Godhead upon earth—but the last Ynca as well as the first, and where the ancestor has found, among unpolished people, that severity was necessary, the successor may at least abate it.

Xaira. (*In a tone of derision.*) Why not at once release them?

High Priest. I confess the king was much inclined to it. But the welfare of his people claims an example.

Xaira. It does—and what example? "*The guilty shall die.*"—Seducer and seduced! Will they not both declare their innocence? Will they not alternately accuse each other?

High Priest. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) Most probably!

Xaira. And our sentence then?

High Priest. Of that hereafter. Our duty now com-

mands us to obey the Ynca. Let Cora and Alonzo be conducted hither. (*A* Priest *goes.*)

Xaira. No, my conscience shall not be stained even to oblige the Ynca. Both are guilty. Both shall die. Seduced or not seduced is here alike. It shall be said even to the king before his face—it shall be bellowed in the ears of all the people. If the Ynca no longer dread the Gods, let him dread his subjects.—

High Priest. Xaira, beware. Conscience is his law, and also thine. We shall pass sentence upon Cora and Alonzo; but forget not, that God will hereafter pass sentence upon us. Enough! Take your places.

HIGH PRIEST *stands in the centre,* XAIRA *at his right hand, and the rest of the* PRIESTS *on each side.*)—*Enter* CORA *and* ALONZO *from different sides. Both are guarded and in chains.* CORA *is deprived of the fiery belt and image of the Sun, which hung at her bosom.*

Cora. (*With unrestrained affection.*) My Alonzo!——

Alonzo. Heavens! My Cora too in chains!

Cora. Do not be unhappy. We shall die together.

Alonzo. And I—am thy murderer.

Xaira. Peace!

High Priest. (*Solemnly yet mildly.*) We, the servants and delegates of God, performers of his holy will, are here assembled, to judge and to pass sentence upon Cora, daughter of Telasko, and Alonzo, the Spaniard.———Send down thy beams into our hearts, oh thou our father, who, with a single look surveyest all creation! Thou hast appointed us to judge of life and death, honour and infamy. Oh penetrate into our inmost thoughts, that no partiality, no self-interest, no revenge may guide us! (*Kneels down, and with him all the* Priests.) We swear to judge according to thy

laws, Oh Sun, announced to us by Manco Capac! We swear to judge with mercy, if the pollution of thy temple will allow the exercise of mercy. We swear, that if it please thee on this day, or on the morrow, to call us, thy servants, to thee, we will render up account of this solemn hour.

All Priests. We swear!—(*They rise.*)

High Priest. Cora, hast thou broken thine oath?

Cora. I have.

High Priest. Dost thou know this youth?

Cora. He is my husband.

High Priest. Alonzo, dost thou know this girl?

Alonzo. She is my wife.

Xaira. You are guilty, and must die.

High Priest. Before we pass the bloody sentence, a pleasant duty is imposed on me.—In the king's name, I pardon him or her, who was the victim of seduction. Ataliba, son of the sun, beneath whose sway the realms of Quito prosper, requires of you an upright, frank confession. Who is the seducer? Who is the seduced?

Cora. I seduced him.
Alonzo. I seduced her.— } *Together.*

Cora. (*With anxious haste.*) Don't believe him. It is false.

Alonzo. (*The same.*) Don't believe her. She deceives you.

(*They both speak very rapidly after each other.*)

Cora. I—I alone am to blame.

Alonzo. Condemn me to die.

Cora. Acquit him! Release him!

Alonzo. Have compassion on a poor weak girl—and let the man atone for his transgressions!

Cora. No! No! No!

(High Priest *is much moved, and averts his face.*)

Xaira. Silence!—Who can discover truth in this confusion? Make your confessions separately.

High Priest. Peace, Alonzo!—Cora, speak.

Cora. When I, for the first time, in the temple, saw this youth, I always loitered where he stood, and seemed to be engaged in something near him. I pushed my veil aside as often as I passed him, and my glowing looks demanded his affection.

Alonzo. (*Hastily interrupting her.*) False! False! She cast her eyes upon the ground.

Cora. My burning cheeks—my love-confessing eyes, emboldened him. He sprung over our walls; yet affrighted at the deed, although scarce perpetrated, he wished to return, without having seen me. I espied him from a distance: *I* should have fled—to me all intercourse with him was by our laws prohibited! not so to him all intercourse with me. But I did not fly. I called—made signs to him.—He stood irresolute, and trembling, till I hastened to him, threw my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his. He wished to go—I detained him. He intended never to return—I persuaded him. He described the danger—I appeased him. Condemn me, me only, upright judges—I seduced him.

Alonzo. Nature at once declares thy self-accusation to be false. Bashfulness is beauty's sister. Man declares his love: woman returns it. Was it not I, who, for the first time, in the temple, cast my impious eye upon thee! Was it not I, whose wanton looks suffused thy cheeks with blushes, and banished thy repose? Who dared, regardless both of Gods and men, to climb the temple's walls? Was I invited? Wert thou privy to the sacrilegious transaction? Didst thou not start when I first caught thine eye? Did I not fall at thy feet, and hold thee fast?—Oh! Why say so much? You, judges, know mankind. Of course I was the seducer.

Cora. Spare him! spare him! He saved the Ynca's life, and he is innocent.

Alonzo. She knows not what she says. I am guilty.—

Cora. Can I not prove that I alone am guilty? He repents his crime—I do not—I glory in my guilt, and here—in presence of the Gods—in presence of you all——(*Rushes to* Alonzo.) I embrace him as my husband.—See! How alarmed he is!—He tries to extricate himself—It is I, who clasp him.

Alonzo. Cora, I beseech—

Cora. Hear how he admonishes, and tries to shun me! He always did so, but I would not follow his advice—I would not obey him, but dragged him with me to destruction.

Xaira. Audacious wretch!—Tear them asunder!

Cora. (Returns to her place, as composed as before.) Now, pass sentence.

Xaira. I shudder.

High Priest. Lead them away.

Alonzo. (Stretching his arms towards her.) Farewell!

Cora. (Smiling.) We soon shall meet again.

Xaira. At the hour of death.

Cora. So much the better. To the last hour below, a higher power has joined the first of a far happier life.

Xaira. Lead them away!

Alonzo. Farewell!

Cora. (In a mournful and affectionate tone.) With a tear we part—but with a smile shall we meet above.

[*Exeunt* Cora *and* Alonzo, *guarded.*]

Xaira. Needs there more?—My decree is death—death upon both!

High Priest. (Sorrowfully.) Follow me to the altar of the temple. Sacrifice to the Gods, and ponder in your hearts what you have seen and heard. Then let us pass sentence as men upon men.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT. V.

Scene, the inside of the temple.—In the back ground an image of the Sun upon an altar, to which are several steps. The HIGH PRIEST, XAIRA, *and several other* PRIESTS *are discovered—the latter engaged behind in sacrifice.*

High Priest. (*Leading* Xaira *forward.*) Xaira, another word, ere by any rash decision we profane our holy office. Are we not ministers of heavenly mercy?

Xaira. Yes—and of heavenly vengeance.

High Priest. Not so. Let the people believe it. The injured only can revenge himself, and God never can be injured. We, who are initiated in the mysteries of a pure doctrine,—we, who bend the knee to an invisible Creator, may surely speak a word in confidence.

Xaira. To what purpose? Why at this hour?

High Priest. Because to us this single hour may at some future period be spun out to years of misery.

Xaira. I am guided by conviction.

High Priest. It cannot be. God created man a weak frail being—such must be your and my conviction. Imperfect is this earth, and all that dwells thereon. God, who can endure the tiger, which devours the harmless lamb, will he not endure a poor weak man, who but obeys the voice of nature?

Xaira. But we destroy the tiger, and do right—we punish man for weakness, and do right.

High Priest. I grant that if his weakness be pernicious to the state—

Xaira. And is not that the present case!

High Priest. No.

Xaira. No!

High Priest. No. No.—You yourself spoke but of the vengeance of the Gods.

Xaira. Can you plead for that abandoned life, which would ensue from our neglect?

High Priest. At the rise of a clear spring, we little think upon the mire which may afterwards be carried with it. I beseech thee, Xaira, let us be true to our vocation. Let us resemble him whom we adore; whose beams spread life and warmth through universal nature. Let us declare Cora to be innocent. The king may then act as seems right to him. If he reject our sentence, we shall still have done our duty, and the poor victims, with their latest breath, will thank us for our good intention.

Xaira. Why say all this to me? You speak as if on me alone depended the decision. Are not you High Priest?—Are not you required by your office to describe the case in an assembly of the priests? I then have but one voice.

High Priest. Alas! Full well thou knowest that I am not allowed to varnish my description. It must be unadorned and simple. True it is, Xaira, thou hast but one voice. But, thou art now the eldest, and, at my death, wilt fill my office. All the younger priests look up to thee, inclining whither thou inclinest.

Xaira. Likely enough! Yet not so the Ynca. It is still in his power to pardon.

High Priest. Mockery! For whole centuries every Ynca has confirmed the sentence of the priests. Will not Ataliba follow the steps of his forefathers?

Xaira. Enough! It is not thy duty to extort my sentence. It is not mine longer to listen to thee. (*Going.*)

High Priest. (*Incensed.*) I have done my duty! Their blood be on thy head!

Xaira. (*With deliberate coldness.*) Their blood be on my head.

High Priest. Hither, ye priests! (Priests *gather round him* ——*aside.*) Oh! I already read their sentence in their mien! (*Endeavours to collect himself.*) You know the crime and criminals.—Decide!—

Xaira. What says the law? (High Priest *is silent.*) I ask thee—what says the law?

High Priest. (*After some contention, and in a low voice.*) Death.

Xaira. (*With a loud but solemn voice.*) The law pronounces death on Cora and Alonzo.

All. Death.———(*A pause.*)

High Priest. (*In a resolute tone.*) I oppose your bloody sentence. My voice pronounces *pardon.* I feel that I, like them, am but a man.—Look into your bosoms, brethren. Try your hearts, and if they gently whisper to you pardon—join me in loudly calling *pardon!*

Xaira. (*Coldly.*) What sentence does the law pronounce? Death upon Cora and Alonzo.

All. Death.

High Priest. As you will.——Thou seest me, unknown God! Thou seest my hands untainted with this blood.—Bring forth the hapless victims of mistaken zeal.

[*Exeunt two* Priests, *on different sides.*

Place the sword, and the fresh broken branch of palm upon the altar. (*They obey.*) Thou, Xaira, follow me to Ataliba.

[*Exeunt* High Priest *and* Xaira.

Enter ALONZO.

(*During this, and the following scene, the* Priests *walk to and fro, and are engaged at the altar.*)

Alonzo. I shudder! This is but a heathen temple—yet God is every where—here, too, where, in the image of the sun, the creature worships his Creator. And this temple I have pro-

faned!—Cora's murderer!—The murderer of a venerable man, who never injured me! The viper in the bosom of a nation which has loved and cherished me!———Oh earth! Swallow me and my villanies!—No grass will grow upon my grave! No dew of heaven moisten it! No wanderer will rest,—no child play upon it!

Enter CORA.

Ah Cora! How happy was I once to see thee! How miserable now!

Cora. Alonzo, you cannot mean what you say. You have often told me, if you could not live with Cora, you could die with her. Cora thought so too,—thinks so still.—I die with you—to live with you again.

Alonzo. Such is the ease of innocence. Thou wert ignorant. But I—I go to death, tormented by an evil conscience.

Cora. Oh no! neither of us has done wrong.—We were compelled to love.—Was it in your power to have subdued your love for me? In mine, indeed, it was not.—Then who must bear the blame? Chance, which conducted us together,—or the Godhead, which conducted us together.—It is all well. I am happy in my fate.—Mankind is good, and wishes to unite us. As a virgin of the Sun, I cannot be your wife—but Death unites us.—Be easy, dear Alonzo! How often, hand in hand with you, I have sprung over the sharp stones at the broken wall. Well, death is but such a spring, and Love and Liberty come forth to meet us.

Alonzo. Sweet creature! With thy guiltless soul thou canst look calmly to the past and future.—But I—

Cora. Yet I can prove that you may look more calmly to the future than your Cora. Your mother is far, far from here, and when she hears no more of you, she will think that you have died by illness or by shipwreck. She will console

herself. Busy Fancy will describe to her the noble actions which already you have done, and might have done. But I —have a father—true, he is far away, in one of our remotest provinces; but he must soon discover how and why I died. Alas! This alone makes death painful to me. For he is so good a man—and loves me so sincerely.—Oh! if he were here, his heart would break,

Alonzo. (*Aside.*) Heavens! She knows not—

Cora. In this last hour, Alonzo, I have been upon my knees, and fervently have prayed, that my dear father might forsake the world, before my fate had reached his ears. At once, serenity spread itself through my soul, as when the morning dawns. I hope I was heard.—Now my last wish is, that what must happen, may but happen soon,—that I may quit this world before the solemn preparations rouse my senses, and subdue my resolution.

Alonzo. Alas! All that thou hast suffered—all that thou art still doomed to suffer—overpowers me quite.

Cora. I tell you that my sufferings are past.

Enter TELASKO *and* ZORAI, *the latter in chains*—CORA *shrieks and trembles.*

Oh!——I am heard!—That ghost!—It is my father's ghost! —But his look is angry—(*Hiding her face.*)—His look is horrible!—Alonzo! Drive this spectre from my sight.

Alonzo. Would to God it were thy father's ghost. It is himself.—Oh! What a bitter hour is this!

Cora. (*Shuddering, and looking at* Telasko.) My father!

Telasko. (*To Zorai.*) Why have they brought me to this place?——Why just to this?——After having served my native land so long—am I not entitled to some mercy? Go ask the priests whether I must stay here with her,—Go! Go! —Meanwhile I'll lean against this pillar.

Cora. (*Fearfully approaching him.*) My father—

Telasko. (*In a tone of affliction.*) Save me, Zorai, save me!

Zorai. (*Pushing her away.*) Away, basilisk! Spare an old man at least in his last moments!

(Telasko *averts his face.*)

Cora. (*Sinks upon her knees, and raises her hands in a suppliant posture.*) Brother!—

Zorai. I thy brother!—But yes—these chains declare I am.

Cora. Father!—

Telasko. (*With his face still averted.*) Who calls me?—I do not know the voice.

Cora. Brother! Father!—Oh this is worse than all the pangs of death! (*Wringing her hands.*)

Telasko. Oh Zorai! My heart will break! It is her mother's voice.—(*Casting a glance towards her.*) It is her mother's form.—Cora! Cora! I am grown grey with honour, and thou hast heaped infamy upon my grave. Oh, if thy mother knew all this! Happy is she that she died before today!—Away from me—and expect no pity!—Hast thou deserved it?—Did I compel thee to devote thy youthful days to the Sun's service? Did I not often say to thee, "Daughter, daughter, there are pleasures, which as yet thou know'st not; which, perhaps, thou one day may'st suspect, and even this suspicion will be then a crime—the want of them thy misery?" Even on the night before the Gods had heard the irrevocable oath—even on that very night I besought thee—(and Heaven knows what were my sensations)—I besought thee to reflect. "Dear, Dear daughter," said I, "as yet thou art at liberty to alter thy intention." The future floated mournfully before my eyes. Even thou wert sorrowful—and I could see thy heart was full.——Thy guardian angel warned thee—but in vain. Now, do we stand here—I, with these grey hairs—the honour of my

house for ever ruined—this youth, full of love for his native country, and of manly vigour, innocently implicated in thy guilt—murdered both, by the hand of a daughter and a sister: And the companion of our death is infamy. Oh that I had never lived to see this day! Blessed—blessed is thy mother, that she died before this morning dawned!—(Cora *overpowered by the reproaches of her father, sinks to the earth with a faint sigh.* Telasko *calls, affectionately.*) Oh Zorai! Help! Assist her!

(Zorai *raises his sister.*—Alonzo *is likewise coming to her aid.*)

Zorai. (Pushes him back.) Away, villain—murderer of innocence!—Oh! How little are these heroes when one closely views them! How at a distance have I adored this man, when I have heard of his good actions! How often have I wished to fill his place!—Fool that I was! His deeds were the effect of chance! He is but a weak mortal, like ourselves!—Look here, and glut thyself upon this spectacle, Villain! It is thy work.—Ha!—Thank these chains, that I do not, even in the temple of our God, wreak bloody vengeance on thee.

Alonzo. Didst thou but know the unutterable torments of my heart, thou would'st compassionate me.

Telasko. Hold, my son! His fate is far more wretched than our own. We have still one treasure, which we bear with us to the grave—conscience; but he has lost all.

Cora. Oh my father—do not let me perish in d[illegible]air! Can you deny your blessing at the hour of death? (*She falls at his feet*) Oh let me clasp your knees, till you have pity on my agony. Be merciful! Be merciful! Bless me, father!—Forgive me, brother!—(Telasko *and* Zorai *are affected.)* Look at me! I am writhing like a worm. Have mercy on me! Oh! I can no more—

Telasko. (*Extremely agitated.*) My son! My son! Let

us not add fresh horrors to her death. It is easy to forgive the wretched—Raise her to my arms. (Zorai *obeys*—Telasko *clasps her to his heart.)* Die in peace!—I forgive thee.

Cora. (*Very weak.*) My brother—

Telasko. He too! He too!—Come, Zorai!—No ill-will—Forgive a penitent, and call her sister.——

Zorai. (*Embracing her.*) Unfortunate———sister!

Cora. (*Still very weak.*) Thanks be to the Gods! The bitterness of death is past.

Alonzo. Your hearts are moved—Oh—dare Alonzo—sue for your compassion?—Thou hast called me weak Zorai. Weak I am—but not a villain—Misery binds man to man. —Let us not go to death unreconciled.

Telasko. Stranger, I cannot bear ill-will against thee. How can I better quit the world, than when I pardon him who injured me?—Hast thou too any parents?

Alonzo. I have an aged mother.

Telasko. Tis well!—For that aged mother's sake—come here, that I may bless thee in her stead.

(*Presses* Alonzo *in his arms.)*

Alonzo. Oh! What a weight falls from my heart!—Thou too, Zorai? (*Offering his hand.)*

Zorai. Away! I admire my father; but I cannot follow his example.

Alonzo. Comfort a dying man.

Zorai. I cannot.—I abhor thee.—Shall I be a hypocrite?—Leave me!—I will endeavour to subdue this bitter animosity, and if I succeed, I'll offer thee my hand before we die.—

Alonzo. Receive my thanks for this good will. It is more than I deserve.

(Cora, *during the preceding conversation has been leaning against a pillar to regain her strength.*)

Enter HIGH PRIEST, XAIRA, *and other* PRIESTS.

Xaira. The king approaches.

(PRIESTS *assemble on the steps of the altar.*—CORA, TELASKO, *and* ZORAI, *remain in front on one side, and* ALONZO *on the other. Enter* ATALIBA, *slowly and mournfully. He kneels before the image of the Sun, and remains a few moments in a posture of adoration. All are silent.*

Ataliba. (*Turns to* Alonzo—*hastily and in a half whisper.*) Save yourself, Alonzo! Say, you were a stranger to our laws and punishments.—Repeat your numerous services to me—the state—the nation—say all that danger dictates—your friend is your judge. Make it but possible without appearing partial, and I will save you. (Alonzo *bows, and gratitude is expressed in every feature.* Ataliba *turns to* Telasko.) Old man, thou art acquitted. That life which has so often been devoted to thy country, is devoted to the Gods. I dare not touch thee.

Telasko. How, Ynca! Canst thou be so cruel as to pluck away the branches, and yet spare the aged trunk?

Ataliba. (*To* Zorai.) Thou too, Zorai, art acquitted. (*A murmur arises among the* Priests; *the King hears it, and raises his voice, turning, and keenly looking at them.*) For it is the will of Heaven, that henceforth the guilty only suffer. —Console thy father, and attend him till his death—then come to me, and thou shalt find a brother. (Zorai *attempts to fall at his feet*; *he prevents it, and turns to* Cora.) For you, Cora—I can do nothing—

Cora. (*With heartfelt gratitude.*) Oh! You have done more than I could hope!

Ataliba. (*Sympathising in her misfortunes.*) You stand immediately within the law—and the king too is subject to the law. (*He turns—walks up the steps of the altar—bows*

once more to the image of the Sun, and then faces the assembly.) High Priest, perform thine office.

High Priest. Excuse me, Ynca.—Let my age—sickly constitution—and my troubled heart, plead my apology.—Allow Xaira—to take my place.

Ataliba. Be it so!

Xaira. (*Solemnly approaching the king.*) First-born son of the Sun! A virgin devoted to the Gods has broken her solemn oath. Cora, stand forth.—A stranger on our coasts is an accomplice in the crime.—Stand forth, Alonzo.—We, the priests of an offended God, and ministers of a polluted temple, true to the laws of thine ancestors, have judged and passed sentence upon both, and our decree is *death!*

Ataliba. (*After a pause.*) Can you defend yourselves?—(Cora *and* Alonzo *are silent.*) I speak to you, Cora and Alonzo. Can you defend yourselves?

Cora. No.

Alonzo. No.

Ataliba. (*Amazed.*) How, Alonzo! Can you urge no defence?

Alonzo. None.

Ataliba. Recollect yourself—I allow you time to think—Recollect yourself.——

Alonzo. I have deserved to die. I die willingly.

Ataliba. (*In great uneasiness.*) Think what you are doing—but a few moments are your own——Ye priests assembled round me, in this case I consider mercy as a duty. He is a stranger. That sacred reverence of the Gods was not, when young, engrafted in his mind, as it is planted, by your doctrines, in the heart of a Peruvian. He saw not with our eyes—Once more, Alonzo! Speak! Say but a single word!—The Gods are just—and merciful——

Alonzo. I have deserv'd to die.

Ataliba. (*After a pause.*) Is that all you have to say?

Alonzo. All.

Ataliba. (*Props himself on his elbow against the altar, and conceals his face with his hand. In a few moments, summoning all his resolution.*) Priests! Do your duty.

(*Two* Priests *approach the altar in a slow solemn pace, and mount the steps on each side of the King.—One takes the sword, the other the branch of palm. They descend in like manner, and place themselves near* Xaira.)

Xaira. (*Presents the sword to* Ataliba.) Son of the Sun! Receive from my hand the symbol of justice. (*Presents the branch of palm.*) Son of the Sun! Receive from my hand the symbol of mercy.—Heaven direct your sentence!

Ataliba. (*Kneels.*) Great God! Thou seest my heart. Thou seest it bleed in this sad hour. Oh grant, that I may never more fulfil this mournful duty!—Ye spirits of my fathers! Hover about me with your wisdom, and when I have performed my office—let me in that reflection—find repose.

Rises.—Cora *and* Alonzo, Telasko *and* Zorai *kneel with heads hanging down.*—Ataliba *stands for some moments in contention with himself—then raises the sword, and is on the point of speaking, when suddenly the* Chamberlain *rushes into the temple.*)

Chamberlain. Pardon me, Ynca, but I bring disastrous tidings.—Rebellion rages round you. The people run from street to street, in violent commotion. The troops are gathering with the shout of war, from every side, amid the clang of trumpets, and the clash of arms. A wood of lances seems to be collected!—All is confusion, and ten thousand voices lift the name of *Rolla* to the sky. I saw the foreigner Velasquez keep his band on one side of the meadow. I saw him fly from man to man, and from his gestures I concluded, he was using threats and entreaties, to preserve them in a body. But, in vain! One, after another, they went over to the side of Rolla.

(*The whole assembly, except the King, is amazed and alarmed.*)

Ataliba. What is this?—Knows no one what it means? ———(*All are silent—to the* Chamberlain.) You said that you saw Rolla at the head. Then, it cannot be rebellion. Rolla and rebellion!—No! You are wrong. Did you yourself see him?

Chamberlain. Only at a distance. The leaders of the troops had formed a circle round him. He was loud and vehement—his countenance glowed, and his fire seemed to light the souls of all around him. Loud shouts of approbation interrupted his discourse. Every sword was brandished, every lance poized in the air. Then, the whole innumerable host proceeded towards the temple. I hastened before them, to bring this information.

Ataliba. (*With unaltered mein.*) The enigma will soon be solved. (*Looking round.*) What now? I discover marks of fear in your countenances. Why are you afraid? He who has never wronged his people need never dread the sight of them. Let them come! (*A noise is heard.*)

Enter ROLLA, *with a drawn sword in his right and a javelin in his left hand—a bow slung over his shoulder, and a quiver of arrows at his back. Several* LEADERS *of the troops attend him.*

Rolla. Follow me, my friends!

Xaira. (*Calls aloud.*) The temple is profaned!

Rolla. It is profaned already by your bloody sentence.

Xaira. Revenge, ye Gods!

(*A confused bustle takes place.*)

Ataliba. (*To* Xaira.) Silence!———(*Gives a signal to the assembly that he means to speak—at once all are silent—he turns to* Rolla.) Who art thou?

Rolla. Dost thou not know me?

Ataliba. I had once a chief, who much resembled thee.—His name was Rolla, and he was an honest man. But who art thou?

Rolla. No derision, Ynca! For God's sake, no derision! Yet thou may'st be right. I am no longer Rolla.——I no longer know myself.—I am driven by a hurricane. Have compassion on me! I revere thee, Ynca,—I revere and love thee———

Ataliba. Yes, once I fancied so. "While I have Rolla," I was wont to say "while I have my kinsman Rolla to defend me, let the king of Cusko rage, and provinces rebel, His heroism is a tree, beneath whose branches I repose in peace."

Rolla. But is the tree to blame, beneath whose branches thou hast hitherto reposed, if a whirlwind has torn it from the earth, and thrown it on thee?

Ataliba. What wouldst thou, then? Speak, and thank thy former services, that thou art thus allowed to speak to *me*.—Never have I yet rewarded thee according to thy merits.—I do it at this moment, for, I grant thee leave to speak.

Rolla. I have but few words to urge in my defence. If Ataliba be more man than God, they will avail.——I love. While I was yet a boy, love stole into my heart in a shape so friendly and delightful, that I retained and cherished it. My soul remained clear and unclouded till the storm of youth arrived. Then all must bend or break. All should happen as I wished, thought I.—All my ambition was a life of careless indolence in Cora's arms, without a thought of honour or my country—or the noble race of Yncas, of which I too am a branch. My good uncle wished to stop the stream, or wished at least to change its course. He sent me to the wars—there I was to climb upon the ladder of renown, and look down disdainfully on love!—In vain! Love mounted with me. Love inspired my heroism. Love ac-

companied me in every battle. Every great and noble action which I have achieved for thee, love achieved through me. When death stared at me—alas! I never thought of thee, Oh Ynca, or my country's good,———I thought only of exciting Cora's admiration. To me thou owest nothing—all to love for Cora—and it is for Cora I plead. I am become older, but in my heart all still is as it was. Still can I feel the storm of youthful years, and the sweet vision of my boyish days. They are become a tree, whose roots are so entwined with my life, that thou canst not tear them up without annihilating me. Oh Ynca! Be merciful! On my knee, I beg her life. (*Kneels.*) Since Cora called me brother, I am proud, but, on my knee, I beg my sister's life.

Ataliba. (Who has, as far as possible, concealed his emotions, and supported his dignity.) Rise!——

Rolla. Mercy!

Ataliba. Rise, I say!—Lay thine arms at my feet! Let the troops be dismissed! Then, silently and submissively await thy monarch's sentence.

Rolla. Mercy!—Uncle!—Sister!—Help me to beg. I have begged so little in my life, that I do not understand it.

Ataliba. A beggar in arms! Wilt thou insult thy sovereign?

Rolla. (*Rising.*) No, on my honour! But thou requirest what is impossible—slumber from a person in a fever. Cora in chains, and Rolla without sword or lance!———No, by the Gods! It cannot be.

Ataliba. I command thee to lay down thine arms.

Rolla. Release her, Ynca—absolve her from the odious oath—and then my arms and life are at thy feet.

Ataliba. I make no conditions. I command thee to lay down thine arms.

Rolla. I cannot.—Cora, come hither! My breast shall be thy shield! My sword shall break thy fetters!—

Ataliba. Rebel! Do as thou wilt, and as the Gods ordain! But know Ataliba will not pass sentence, till he sees thee kneeling at his feet, without thine arms. Thou shalt not say thou hast extorted mercy from thy monarch. (*With pathos.*) Ye people of Quito! Hearken to your sovereign's voice! Hearken to it perhaps for the last time. From this moment I renounce my sceptre, and my father may decide between you. Seven years I have been your king. I am now standing in the temple, and our God beholds me.—— If there be any one who can accuse me of a known injustice, let him appear! If there be any one who ever left my throne without assistance, when I could assist, let him appear! I have vanquished provinces, and conquered kings.—But this is little. —I have opened all my stores, when Heaven has sent a barren season. I have fed the hungry, and relieved the sick. Many a night have I tossed upon my couch in sleepless agony, when your misfortunes preyed upon my heart, and I found myself unable to assist you all.——Ye people of Quito!—I have not merited this treatment.—Seize him! Chain him— or I renounce the sceptre.

(*A confused bustle arises.*)

Rolla. (*Turns to his followers.*) You seize me! You chain me! Who among you will do it?—Oh—thou perhaps, my old companion in battle, who, when the army groaned beneath a famine, shared my last poor morsel?—Or thou, whose life I saved upon the plains of Tumibamba!— Or thou, whose son I rescued from the uplifted sword of his antagonist?—Who among you will seize Rolla?— Speak!—

High Priest. (*Sorrowfully.*) Rolla! My foster child! How you degrade me! Will you see an old man at your feet?

Rolla. I revere the father in you, but stretch not out your arms into the storm. By the Almighty Ruler of the world, it is in vain. (*The* High Priest *attempts to proceed in a sup*

plicating attitude—Rolla *impatiently stops him.)* No more, uncle !——I must rescue Cora, or die with her.

Cora. (*Goes and throws her arms round his neck.*) Oh Rolla, this tear thanks you for your love ! Accept this kiss from your sister. You are a great man. I never knew you till to-day. But so great, so good a man must be the Ynca's friend. Cora has been guilty of a crime, and you, to rescue Cora, will be guilty of another. This too would weigh heavy on my conscience, and my conscience is already overloaded. (*Smiling and in a soothing tone.)* No Rolla, do not so.—Let me die. My father and my brother have forgiven me—Alonzo dies with me,—I die with pleasure. Our souls shall hover near you, and rejoice to see you loyal to your king, and fighting for your country. Bear the remnant of your life without me—will you, dear Rolla ?————If my prayers can move you, I shall quit the world with a good action, and bless you for it.—Oh yes !—I see the clouds dispersing from your forehead, and the tear starting in your eye—do not conceal it—it is a tear, which does honour even to a warrior.—Give me your sword—and javelin. (*She takes the sword and lance gently out of his hands, and gives them to the attendants.*) There stands the hero, and with the tear now rolling down his cheek, the blot is washed away, which stained his honour and renown.———I thank you, Rolla.—I am proud of your affection.—And now to our good Ynca !—Come ! Oh come, and virtue's triumph will be then complete. (*Draws him gently after her, and kneels before* Ataliba, *with* Rolla *at her side.*) I restore to you your chief.—Pardon him, for he well deserves it.—(*Rises, and returns to her place, while* Rolla *still kneels before the King.*) Now Ynca, pass the sentence.

Telasko. (*Embracing* Cora.) Oh my daughter !—Now, all may hear it. Now I am not ashamed to call her daughter.—

Ataliba. Rolla submits to his monarch ?

Rolla. I submit.

Ataliba. Thou hast forfeited thy life.

Rolla. I know it.

Ataliba. I pardon thee.

Rolla. (*Hastily raising his hand.*) And Cora?———

Ataliba. I pardon *thee*.

Rolla. (*Letting his hand sink again.*) Oh!———

Ataliba. Rise!

Rolla. Allow me to hear Cora's sentence on my knees. It is my sentence too.

Ataliba. Be it so.

(*The King again takes the sword, and branch of palm, both of which, at the commencement of the uproar, he had laid upon the altar.*

High Priest. (*Suddenly falls at* Altaliba's *feet.*) Pardon them, Ynca.

Ataliba. (*Rushes down the steps, and kindly raises him.*) Thou too, my father! Has Heaven revealed its will to thee?

High Priest. Mercy is the will of Heaven. Those times, in which thy great progenitor founded the worship of the Sun—those rude times are past.——Naked, as the beast of the field, man once dwelt beneath the roof of heaven. His wife was as the fruit that grew in the woods, which every one might pluck; and thus he lived, without religion, property, or law. Then appeared Manco Capac, endowed with all the talents of a God. What he said and did, is written in our hearts. He built a temple to the Sun, and devoted virgins to its service. He enacted the law of chastity; for then, as Sensuality prevailed, and Reason was a child, the temple, without this law, would have been, on festivals, the seat of riot and debauchery. Necessity compelled him to restrain nature in these bounds. But a long long train of years has changed the law of propriety into the sensation. Where the latter reigns, the former is no longer wanted. Therefore, Ynca, I stand here in the name of all the Gods, and call

upon thee, the benefactor of thy people to crown thy noble deeds by offering a sacrifice to Reason, and thereby to Heaven.——Fear not!—Be resolute in doing good———and if any thing be further wanting to convince thee—Oh may'st thou be moved by the entreaties of a man, who educated thee —who loved thee as his son—who watched at thy couch with anxious solicitude, when thou wert asleep—Reward me this day for all my cares—(*Casting his cap away, and showing his hoary head.*) for the sake of these grey hairs, grown grey in thy service.

Ataliba. Enough!—Come nearer, Cora!—Thou too, Alonzo!

High Priest. Bend his great heart, ye Gods.

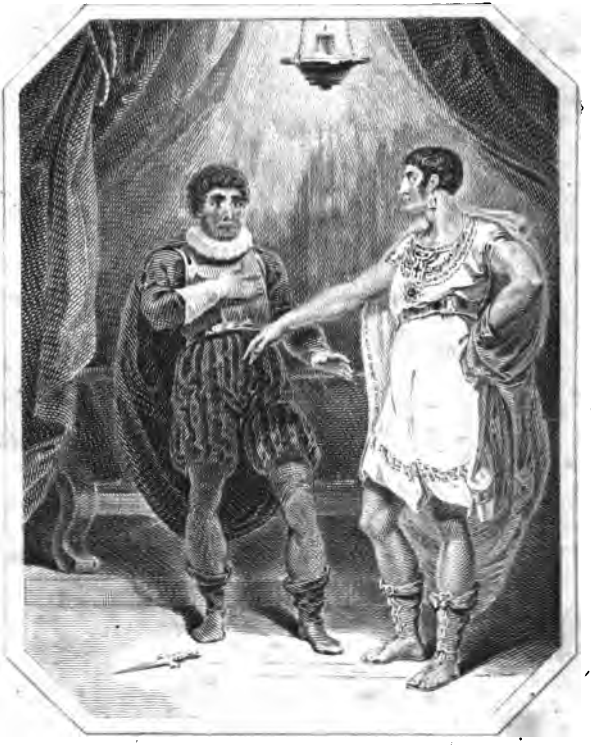
Telasko. (*To* Zorai.) Support me, son, support me!

Ataliba. (*With his right hand pushes the point of the sword against the earth, so that it breaks, and with his left presents the palm to* Cora.) Abolished be the law——and Cora free!

(Cora *swoons.* Alonzo *throws himself at her side.* Rolla *springs up, and wildly presses the King to his heart.* High Priest *raises his hands in gratitude towards Heaven.* Telasko, *supported by* Zorai, *totters towards his daughter.*)

The People. (*Repeatedly call.*) Long live the Ynca!

THE END.



Pizarro.

Act IV. Scene III.

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PIZARRO;

OR,

THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

A

ROMANTIC TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

Translated from the German of

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

BY

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1800.

Dramatis Personae.

ATALIBA, *King of Quito.*

ROLLA,
ALONZO DE MOLINA, } *Peruvian Leaders.*

PIZARRO, *the Spaniſh General.*

ALMAGRO,
GONZALA,
DAVILLA,
GOMEZ, } *Spaniſh Officers.*

VALVERDE, *Pizarro's Secretary.*

LAS CASAS, *a Dominican Monk.*

DIEGO, *Alonzo's Armour-Bearer.*

A Cacique.

An Old Man.

A Boy.

ELVIRA, *Pizarro's Miſtress.*

CORA, *Alonzo's Wife.*

Spaniſh and Peruvian Guards, Prieſts, Women and Children, &c.

PIZARRO.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the inside of* PIZARRO'S *tent in the Spanish camp.*

ELVIRA *is discovered in man's attire, asleep upon a sofa.* VALVERDE *enters without noise, looks at her with a love-sick air, kneels at her side, and kisses her hand.* ELVIRA *awakes, and surveys him with an air of indignation.*

VALVERDE.

FORGIVE the effect of your charms.

Elv. I believe thou wilt at last work a miracle.

Val. What may that be?

Elv. To make a woman at variance with her own beauty.

Val. Very severe!

Elv. Why dost thou disturb my pleasing dreams?

Val. What were you dreaming?

Elv. That I saw thee hanged.

Val. How long will Elvira mock my affection?

Elv. Thy affection! Who gave thy mean sensations such a noble title? Between ourselves, Valverde, when thou talk'st of love, thou seem'st to me a pick-pocket, who, while with Heaven's blessing in his mouth, he implores charity, is devising the best means to purloin a purse.

Val. What may not a lovely woman say?

Elv. What dare not a vain coxcomb do? Who permitted thee to interrupt my rest? Is it not enough that I am every night awoke by the drum? Must my eyes be tormented as well as my ears?

Val. You understand well how to try a lover's patience.

Elv. Shall I acquaint Pizarro with thy treachery?

Val. Rather tell me by what enchantment this Pizarro has subdued you. He is a hypocrite in friendship, and in love a tyrant. His menacing wild eye—his uncombed beard——

Elv. Hold! This funeral sermon comes too soon. Remember he is not yet dead.

Val. Misshapen is he both in mind and body. In his youth he was a swineherd, and now he shews his power by ruling men as if they were swine.

Elv. Ha! Ha! Ha! Perhaps he knows you better than you imagine.

Val. More ignorant is he than an Andalusian muleteer. The hero cannot even write or read.

Elv. In future, then, remember that a woman, when under the dominion of love, little cares whether the object of her affection can read or write; for love is only read in the eye, and written in the heart. Valour subdues a female heart far sooner than learning. Pizarro fights with the sword—thou with a feather. He deals in blood—thou but in ink.

Val. Both have as yet been of little service to us.

Elv. But with all thy deep researches, Nugnez Balboa would never have discovered the South Sea. Pizarro and Almagro would never have fitted out a vessel. Then might'st thou have been still cooped in thy study, and I perhaps a nun.

Val. The question is, whether we should have been gainers or losers by it.

Elv. A cloister's uniformity—the insensible life of a dormouse!

Val. Thus ever are you women. All you wish is but to excite notice. Splendid misery is dearer to you than peace and tranquil happiness.

Elv. Do you know whom we most hate? Unbidden prattlers, and preachers of old proverbs.

Val. Right! Scoff while the sun shines, and tremble when the thunder rolls. The moment is perhaps not far remote.

Elv.—(In a tone of derision.)—Valverde a prophet! And on what dost thou ground this dark presage?

Val. Are we not in a strange country, where death, perhaps, may lurk in all the fruit we taste? Those who have escaped the enemy's destructive sword are killed by the climate. Our numbers every day decrease.

Elv. So much the better! Are we not the heirs of those who die?

Val. There again! Pillage alone is your object.

Elv. And thine too, Valverde. Think'st thou I do not scent the wolf because he imitates the bleating of the sheep? Go, go:—in the whole camp there is not one who speaks as he thinks, old Las Casas excepted.

Val. Name not the enthusiast, with his visionary sentiments of humanity and toleration.

Elv. Knowest thou there are moments when this old man's visionary sentiments (as they are termed by thee) have a powerful effect upon my heart—when I had rather kiss his grey beard than thy brown cheek?—Know'st thou I am obliged to revel through whole nights, in order to erase a burdensome impression?

Val. For shame!

Elv.—*(With a sigh.)*—Had I sooner known this good old man, who knows what I might have been?

Val. You are a sweet disciple of the doctrine called humanity. Nothing so easily excites enthusiasm as words which have no fixed meaning. The imagination conceives, and bears a martyr.

Elv. Valverde a philosopher too!

Val. Do you dislike it? Enough! Let us then descend from the clouds of philosophy to the flowery pastures of love.

Elv. They are burnt up when thou tread'st on them. Cast away the pen; seize the sword, and atchieve some great exploits; if it be thy wish that I should love thee.

Val. What exploits has Pizarro atchieved?

Elv. Ask the new and the old world. By his own exertion has he raised himself from the mean station of swineherd to the rank of warrior. When, in a small vessel, with a hundred followers, he left Panama to subdue an unknown world, my heart whispered, "This is a daring man." When on the little island of Gallo, he drew a line in the sand with his sword, and permitted those to leave him who stepped over it, and when at the head of only thirteen men, who swore to follow him, he devoted himself to death, my heart loudly cried, "This is a great man."

Val. Great he will be, while he succeeds; but should his projects fail, the world will bestow on him the title of a fool.

Elv. The fate of every hero. Children with open mouths behold a rocket rise, and laugh when it falls.

Val. Granting that it rose even to the clouds, what are *your* hopes?

Elv. To be a viceroy's wife. Pizarro will govern the rude nation, while I form their minds.

Val. Indeed! Then you little know the ambition of Pizarro. If fortune lead him to her highest step, he will bestow his hand on some one whose illustrious birth will hide the meanness of his own, whose alliance will be a protection to him at court. Then will poor Elvira be forgotten; forgotten will be all that she has done and undergone.

Elv. Ha! Then—but hiss, thou serpent.

Val. On the contrary, Valverde, though now but private secretary, may then be chancellor, and Elvira might be—his friend.

Elv. Shameless wretch!

Val. You tread upon the flowers, which you might pluck, for the sake of fruit, which hangs too high for you. Believe me, as long as Alonzo de Molina instructs the enemy in our manœuvres, Pizarro will be foiled.

Elv. And as long as this Pizarro deserves my favours, no stratagem or interested rancour shall divide us. If Fortune turn her back upon him, Elvira will still offer him her hand.

Val. Slow is repentance, but she ever overtakes the thoughtless. Hold! I hear his voice.

Elv. Quickly then, assume an honest countenance, thou mass of artifice!

Enter PIZARRO.

Piz.—(*Starts on perceiving* Valverde *and* Elvira *together. He surveys them both with dark suspicion.* Valverde *bows.* Elvira *laughs.*)—Why do you laugh?

Elv. To laugh or cry without giving any reason for it, is the privilege of woman.

Piz. I will know it.

Elv. I will! I will!—But I will not.

Val. Donna Elvira was ridiculing my alarm.

Piz. What alarm?

Val. Lest the enemy, by dint of numbers, and incited by Alonzo—

Piz.—(*With asperity and scorn.*)—None but a woman, and a creature like a woman, can fear this boy.

Val. You are right. It was a childish thought. How can he, tutor'd beneath your banners, hope to overpower his master?

Piz. At my table did he eat; in my tent did he repose.

Val. The ingrate!

Piz. I loved him. He was entrusted to me by his mother. His mother was a haughty woman; and in the bosom of the boy glowed an heroic spark, which I had hopes of blowing to a flame.

Elv. None but women can form heroes.

Piz.—(*Scornfully.*)—Think you so?—I have never loved.

Elv.—(*Hurt.*)—Then you have never been a hero.

Piz.—(*To* Val.)—Often, when I have related to him our first expedition; how with a few followers I was driven to and fro, for seventy days; how winds and waves at sea, rivers, morasses, and almost impenetrable woods on shore, made every step the journey of a day; how at one time the wild inhabitants of the coast, and at another the elements of Heaven, fought against us; how toil and famine, a sultry climate, and inveterate disorders, daily diminished our number, till necessity compelled me to forsake the baneful coast, and save my life upon a desert strand opposite the Pearl Islands; when I described all this, he, full of admiration, would clasp me in his arms, and a tear would start in his large blue eye.

Val. And whose foot trod upon this hopeful seed?

Piz. Las Casas appeared with his smooth tongue,

transported him to higher spheres, intoxicated him with enthusiasm; and from that hour my endeavours to withdraw him from his air-built castle to the real world were fruitless.

Val. He fled, became your foe, and betrayed his native land.

Piz. First did the foolish boy attempt to shake the principles of a man. Weeping he hung upon my neck; endeavoured to persuade me to sheath the sword already drawn, and called the Peruvians our brethren.

Val. Hardened heathens our brethren! In that I recognize Las Casas.

Piz. When he perceived that his tears fell upon cold marble, he went over to the enemy, treacherously profited by their numbers, my instructions, his knowledge, and our weakness; and compelled me to make an ignominious retreat.

Val. Vengeance hovers above his head.

Piz. With a stronger force am I returned, and the boy shall learn Pizarro lives.

Val. Are you sure that he still lives?

Piz. His armour-bearer has just now been taken prisoner. He reports the enemy to be twelve thousand strong, led by Rolla and Alonzo. To day they are employed in sacrificing to their idols: we must avail ourselves of their security, and sprinkle the sacrifice with human blood.

Elv. A surprize! Battle! Do you take me with you, Pizarro?

Piz. I am not going to a ball.

Elv.—*(Hurt.)*—My question was not to a dancer.

Piz. If in my armoury you can find a sword light enough for a woman's arm, come, and fight at my side.

Elv. Shall I on this account be dearer to you?

Piz. Yes; and do you know why? The bustle of war is surety for your fidelity.

Elv. You are wrong. The woman who is inclined to be unfaithful, is not to be deterred even by an earthquake.

Piz. I thank you for your instruction, and will write it in my memory.

Elv. You cannot write.

Piz.—*(With a ferocious look.)*—Elvira.

Elv. Is it my fault?

Piz. You know what I do not like to hear.

Elv. Had your nurse broken your leg, should you be ashamed of limping?

Piz. Enough. Let me never hear any more of this.

Elv.—*(Aside.)*—Achilles was only vulnerable in his heel.

Enter DIEGO, *guarded.*

Piz. Ha! Welcome, good friend!

Die. Oh, miserable wretch that I am!

Piz. Dost thou still remember me?

Die. How could I forget the flower of Spanish chivalry?

Piz. How long is it since you last visited my kitchen?

Die. So long that I have grown a skeleton for want of it.

Piz. Is your master alive?

Die. He is.

Elv. How happened you to fall into our hands?

Die. Your out-posts were roasting a pig, and I was attracted by the savoury scent.

Piz. What is the strength of the enemy?

Die. Twelve thousand.

Piz. And Alonzo is their leader?

Die. Alonzo and Rolla.

Piz. Who is this Rolla?

Die. A savage, who deals with the devil, swings a club as easily as I swing a quarter of lamb, and flourishes his sword as adroitly as your cook flourishes the basting-ladle.

Piz. I shall be glad to be acquainted with him. Are he and Alonzo friends?

Die. Friends! Oh yes! He is in love with Donna Cora.

Elv. Who is Cora?

Die. My master's wife.

Piz. How! Is your master married?

Val. And to a heathen! What abomination!

Die. They love each other like a couple of common people.

Val. Has she been baptized?

Die. No. My master says a person may be virtuous, though not baptised?

Val. The villain!

Piz. Is Cora with him in the camp?

Die. Yes, she and her child, with a multitude of other women.

Piz. I am glad to hear it. The more women, the more easy the conquest. Their shrieks and tears subdue the courage of the men. Is the enemy prepared for battle?

Die. To-day they are employed in sacrificing—

Val. To the devil probably?

Die. To the Sun.

Val. But human blood, I presume?

Die. Fruit and fragrant herbs.

Piz. With human blood will we besprinkle their sacrifice. Enough, Signior Diego. You may retire to the kitchen.

Die. With all my heart. Only look at my lean carcase and thin legs. I have been but ill fed, I assure you.

Piz. I ought to have thee hanged as a deserter.

Die. Oh, mercy!—*(To Elv.)*—Dear Sir, interfere in my behalf.

Piz. Begone, and thank thy stupidity for thy escape.

Die. Heaven be praised that I am so stupid! [*Going.*

Sentinel. Shall we put him in irons?

Die. Blockhead! Hold your tongue.

Piz. Give him as much meat and drink as he likes, and he will not run away.

Die. Long live Don Pizarro! He remembers his old friends. [*Exit.*

Piz.—*(After a moment's meditation.)*—Yes, 'tis resolved. While engaged in sacrifice, they shall themselves become the victims. First, we will hold a council; then to battle. Elvira, retire.

Elv. For what reason?

Piz. Because men are about to assemble here.

Elv. As if a woman were superfluous on such an occasion. In truth, you men are ungrateful creatures. The most profitable gift of nature you only use as an amusement. I shall stay.

Piz. Stay, then, and be silent, if you can.

Enter Las Casas, Almagro, Gonzala, Davilla, *and others.*

Las C. You have summoned us.

Piz. Be seated, reverend old man. Be seated, my friends. The moment is arrived, when we shall reap the harvest of our bold adventures. The enemy, buried in security, employ to-day in sacrifice. My council is to

fall upon them by surprise, destroy the army, and make the unarmed prisoners.

Alm. Destroy them all, armed or unarmed.

Gon. Let us spare the women and children.

Alm. It were better to annihilate the whole race.

Val. To the glory of our faith.

Las C. Do not blaspheme.

Alm. We have wasted time enough in idleness upon this coast.

Las C. And call you murder, work?

Alm. As yet, I have seen no reward for all our expence.

Piz. We are in want, and our troops begin to murmer.

Gon. While Alonzo, living at his ease, derides us.

Piz. Treacherous boy!

Las C. My heart assures me that Alonzo undergoes a severe conflict between humanity and the love of his country.

Alm. Your heart defends your pupil.

Las C. Yes, he is my pupil, and I am pround of him.

Alm. Enough! He shall be better acquainted with us.

Piz. The force of the enemy increases. The country is unknown to us. We are threatened with famine, and delay destroys courage. The only antidote to all these dangers is battle.

All.—(Las C. excepted.)—Battle! Battle!

Las C. What a dreadful echo! Battle! Against whom? Against a king, who, but a few days since, proffered peace: against a nation which quietly cultivates its fields, and in pure innocence praises its Creator in its own way.

Val. A heathen king, who sacrifices to the Sun, and whom the sword must destroy.

Las C. Is the bloody measure of your cruelties not

yet full? When will these good children of innocence, who received you with hospitality, have endured enough? Oh, Almighty Power, whose thunder can cleave the rock, and whose sun melt mountains of ice, assist my words with thy strength, as thy goodness animates my will.—*(To the Assembly.)*—Cast a look upon the millions of victims which your rapacious hands have murdered. As gods were you received—as devils have you acted. Willingly and cheerfully were you presented with fruits and gold—In return you defiled the wives and daughters of your benefactors. Human nature was roused, and the oppressed complained. To silence them you sent blood-hounds on the chace; and he who escaped this diabolical pursuit, was yoked to the plough, and forced to till his own land for you, or buried in the gold-mines, to feed your insatiable avarice.

Piz. You exaggerate.

Las C. Exaggerate! Oh, would to God I had related all! Alas! what remains might force tears even from a tyger's eyes. You have vied with each other in committing murder, in splitting the sculls of guiltless men, in tearing children from their mothers' arms, and dashing them against the rocks. At a slow fire you have broiled the hostile leaders; and if their groans disturbed you in your sleep, you pushed gags into their throats. On thirteen gibbets you have hung as many Indians—Heavens! dare I avow it—in honour of Christ and the twelve Apostles! My eyes have witnessed this abomination, and I still exist. You weep, Donna Elvira. Has my dreadful description affected you alone?

Alm. Yes, because we have no more women among us than her and you.

Piz. What you mention relates not to us. What have we to do with the cruelties of Columbus?

Las C. Are you not on the point of renewing them?

Val. And if we are; it is not yet determined whether these Indians belong to our species.

Las C. Woe be on you, if the pope's bull be necessary to teach you to distinguish men.

Val. He gave us this new world to subdue it by the aid of heavenly favour.

Piz. Enough of useless words! Time passes, and opportunity escapes. Will you fight?

All. We will.

Las C. Oh, send me first once more to the enemy. Let me speak the words of peace, and preach our holy religion with gentleness.

Val. First let these heathens fight, and open a way for our instruction.

Las C. With blood?

Alm. You may hereafter wash away the blood with pious tears. Come, my friends, no more delay!

Las C. God, thou didst not appoint me thy servant to curse, but to bless; yet now my blessing would be blasphemy. My curse be upon you, fratricides, and upon your intentions! On you and your children rest the innocent blood which will to-day be shed! I leave you for ever, that I may no longer witness your infatuation. In caverns and in woods will I secrete myself; with tygers and with leopards will I associate; and when we hereafter stand in his presence, whose mild doctrine you have to-day denied, tremble, tremble at my accusation.

[*Going.*

Elv.—(*In involuntary agitation.*)—Take me with thee, Las Casas.

Las C. Remain, and save thy fellow-creatures, when thou can'st. I can do no more here; but a woman's charms are more powerful than an old man's eloquence.

Perhaps thou art destined to become the guardian angel of the unfortunate Peruvians. [*Exit.*

Piz. What would you do, Elvira?

Elv. I know not. The old man appeared to me at that moment so supernatural, and you so far below humanity—

Alm. The old grey-beard is a fanatic.

Val. He dreams of a world like Plato's.

Piz. He can no longer taste enjoyment, and therefore preaches abstinence.

Elv. Say what you please, there is something in me which contradicts you.

Gon. Compassion becomes a lovely woman.

Elv. And humanity, a conqueror.

Piz. 'Tis well we are rid of the preaching moralist.

Alm. We shall yawn less, and fight more.

Piz. At noon the enemy is wont to sacrifice. At that time, Almagro, march to the left through the wood. You, Gonzala, will endeavour to climb the mountain on the right; and I will march directly towards the enemy. If we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

Alm. And we will hail Pizarro, King of Peru.

Piz. Not so, my friends. Who moves slowly, moves securely. Let Ataliba retain the shadow of majesty, while I marry his daughter, and thus secure the throne as an inheritance.

Gon. A good plan.

Alm. Pizarro is both a hero and a statesman.

Val.—(*To* Elv. *in a tone of derision*)—Now, Elvira?

Elv. A most admirable plan. And where is Elvira to remain?

Piz. In the house of her friend.

Elv. As a menial to your queen?

Piz. I shall bestow upon the heiress of Peru what is usually bestowed upon princesses—my hand. Elvira will retain my heart.

Elv. And when I grow older, you will, no doubt, make me the governess of your children.

Piz. You seem hurt, Elvira. Consider that a throne beckons to me.

Elv. Hurt! Oh, no! I am only vexed that this dolt saw further than I did.

Piz. What means this?

Elv. Oh, nothing! Forgive my inclination to be talkative. It is common to our sex; but I will delay the hero's course no longer. The din of arms summons you. Away, valiant men!

Piz. You said you would accompany me.

Elv. Surely. I will be the first who does homage to the new heir apparent.

Enter GOMEZ.

Alm. What now, Gomez?

Gom. On yonder hill we found an old Cacique beneath a palm. He could not escape, and allowed us to put him in irons without resistance; but every word he utters is defiance and contempt.

Piz. Conduct him hither.

(Gomez *leaves the tent, and returns with the Cacique.*) Who art thou?

Cac.—(*Quite composed, and without ostentation.*)—Where is the leader of these robbers?

Piz. What!

Alm. Art thou mad?—(*To Piz.*)—Let his tongue be torn out.

Cac. Right! Then you will not hear the truth.

Dav.—*(Drawing a dagger.)*—Let me dispatch him.

Cac.—(*To* Piz.)—Hast thou many such heroes as this among thy troops?

Piz.—*(With a look of ferocity.)*—Die thou shalt, insolent old ruffian; but first confess what thou know'st.

Cac. That I know—but one thing I have learnt from thee.

Piz. What is that?

Cac. That I must die.

Piz. By being less presumptuous thou might'st save thy life.

Cac. My life is like a withered tree—it is not worth the trouble of preserving.

Alm. Our arms may make thee the first of thy nation.

Cac. The nation know old Crozimbo. He never was the last.

Piz. We go to fight against your army. Be our conductor through the woods, and we will load thee with treasures.

Cac. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Piz. Dost thou laugh at this?

Cac. I am a rich man. I have two sons, and have done many a good action.

Piz. How strong is your army?

Cac. Count the trees in yonder wood.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Cac. It is defended on every side by justice.

Dav. At what hour do you sacrifice to the Sun?

Cac. Our thanksgiving at every hour.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and children?

Cac. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Alm. Know'st thou Alonzo?

Cac. Know him! The benefactor of our nation!

Piz. How has he merited that title?

Cac. By resembling you in nothing.

Alm. Wretch! Speak with respect.

Cac. I speak the truth to God. What then shall I speak to man?

Val. Thou know'st not God.

Cac.—*(Extending his arms with pious confidence.)*—I do know him.

Val. We offer you the only true religion.

Cac. It is written in our hearts

Val. You are heathens.

Cac. Leave us in the faith which teaches us to live happily, and die cheerfully.

Dav. Obdurate race!

Cac. Young robber, we do not steal a stranger's property.

Dav. Peace—or tremble.

Cac. Never have I trembled even before my God. Why should I tremble before man?—Why before thee, thou less than man?

Dav.—*(Drawing a dagger.)*—Not another word, thou heathen dog, or I'll stab thee.

Cac. Do so, that thou may'st be able to boast, at thy return, "I too have murdered a Peruvian."

Dav.—*(Stabbing him.)*—Down to hell then!

Piz. What hast thou done?

Dav. Could'st thou longer brook his insolence?

Piz. Should he die without torture?

Cac.—*(Who feels himself mortally wounded.)*—Young man, thou hast lost a good opportunity of learning how to endure pain.

Elv. Ye are monsters.—*(Stooping to him.)*—Poor old man!

Cac. I poor!—So near my happiness!—My wife

beckons to me—the Sun smiles—Heaven amend—and bless you! [*Dies.*

Elv. Valverde, does the Christian die a better death?

Val. The power of Satan strengthened him.

Piz. Drag the body away. And thou, Davilla, be not again so hasty.

Dav. Pardon me, my blood boiled at his insolence.

Piz. Follow me, friends. Each to his appointed post! Ere the god of these Peruvians has sunk into the ocean, we will have shattered Quito's lofty walls.

[*Exeunt* Piz. Alm. Dav. *and* Gom.

Val. Well, fair Elvira, my hopes increase with stern Pizarro's haughtiness.

Elv. How strange are my sensations! This horrible succession of barbarous deeds—this shameless avowal of avarice and ambition—

Val. Throw yourself into my arms.

Elv. Wretched indeed should I be, were thy arms my last resource.

Val. Think you I have not strength to guide a dagger?

Elv. Yes—from behind. At what price dost thou sell a murder?

Val. But at a high one; yet easy to be paid by you.

Elv. Easy! Thou art mistaken. Yet an injured woman cannot pay too high a price for vengeance. Go. Leave me to myself. Thou shalt hear from me.

Val. The dagger is drawn—the arm is rais'd—speak but the word, and he lies bleeding at your feet. [*Exit.*

Elv. No, even if my soul should harbour thoughts of murder, I will not be revenged by such a creature as this. Shame on all communion with a wretch so base! Should Pizarro discard me—me, who have sacrificed to him my honour and my virtue—then—Discard me! (*With dignity.*)—I discard him. What did I love in

him? His greatness. He is become a little man, and extinguished is my affection for him. But hold!—Is every thing atchieved, which man projects?—Ambition builds houses of cards, and affection blows them down. Once more will I prove him; and if I find him unworthy of my love, I will despise him, and trample him in the dust, from which he raised himself. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Peruvian Camp near a Village, of which a few Houses are visible. In the middle of the Stage an Altar is erected, and in the Back-ground is a Hill, on which stands a Tree.*

CORA *is discovered sitting on a Turf-Seat, with her Infant in her Lap.* ALONZO *stands at her Side, and surveys her with heart-felt Rapture.*

Cora.—*(Looking with a smile alternately at* Alonzo *and the child.)*—He is like you.

Alo. No; like you.

Cora. Let me enjoy my idea.

Alo. Has he not black hair?

Cora. But he has blue eyes.

Alo. And when he smiles, does he not smile exactly like his mother?

Cora.—*(Pressing the infant to her heart.)*—Our image!

Alo. You love the father less since the son has played upon your lap.

Cora. Oh no!

Alo. He steals many a kiss from you which belongs to me.

Cora. I kiss you in him.

Alo. The boy will make me jealous.

Cora. I exist but in you and him. I lately dreamt that his white teeth were appearing.

Alo. That will be a day of joy.

Cora. And when he, for the first time, runs from me to you—

Alo. And when he, for the first time, lisps, "Father and mother,"—

Cora. Oh, Alonzo! Daily will we thank the gods.

Alo. God and Rolla.

Cora. You are happy?

Alo. Can Cora ask me?

Cora. But why do you sometimes toss so uneasily from one side to another when upon your couch? Why do I hear sad sighs escape your breast?

Alo. Am I not about to fight against my brethren?

Cora. Do they not aim at our destruction? All men are your brethren.

Alo. And if the Spaniards be victorious, what will be my fate?

Cora. We will fly to the mountains.

Alo. With this suckling on your arm?

Cora. Why not? Do you think a mother flying from danger, will feel the weight of her infant?

Alo. I too would willingly relieve you from the burden.

Cora.—(Jocosely.)—He cries when he is obliged to stay with you.

Alo. Dear Cora, will you make me easy?

Cora. If I can I will.

Alo. Haste, then, to the mountains even to-day. With your father I know you are in security. Then, happen what may, I will come to announce our victory, or to end my life with you in that tranquil retirement.

Cora. And to raise in our son an avenger of his country's wrongs.

Alo. That will we.

Cora. Yes, Alonzo; but as yet I cannot fly. The conviction that you are in danger would obstruct my every step. You, perhaps wounded, and under the care of strangers!—No, I cannot go.

Alo. Does not Rolla stay with me?

Cora. Yes, while you are in battle. Rolla understands how to inflict wounds, but not to heal them. No; where the husband is, must the wife also be. I have sworn never to forsake you 'till death should divide us.

Alo. Stay then, my faithful Cora; and Heaven grant us victory!

Cora. Are we not compelled to defend ourselves? The gods' protection will be with us.

Alo. If not, let death find me in thy embrace.

Cora. Do not talk thus. Since I have possessed you and this infant, I think unwillingly of death.

Alo.—(Kneels and embraces them.)—Best of wives, born for me, and bestowed on me by half a miracle! What a wretch is he, who, in his search after happiness, can pass by love!

Cora.—(Returning his caresses.)—Love is silent; and he who delights in tumult finds no trace of it.

Alo. My Cora!—My world!

Cora. My Alonzo!—My all!

Enter ROLLA.

Rol.—(Approaches unobserved, and sees their caresses.) Thanks to the gods for this moment!

Alo. Rolla! you here!

Rol. I participate in your rapture.

Alo. It is your work.

Cora. Good Rolla, you have made me indescribably happy.

Rol. Cora happy through Rolla! Ye monarchs of this world! what exchange can you offer me for this sensation?

Alo. Our brother!

Cora. More than brother—our friend!

Rol. Right! make me arrogant. Let me revel in your happiness.

Cora. Should this boy do less for you hereafter, than you have done for my Alonzo, the curse of his mother be upon him.

Rol. Enough! What I did, I did for Cora. She is happy, and I am rewarded. Now, hear the counsel of a friend. Retire with your infant to the woods or mountains: you are not safe here.

Alo. I have requested this in vain.

Cora. Not safe with you and Alonzo!

Rol. The enemy is projecting a surprise.

Cora. Well, are we not on our guard?

Rol. Victory rests in the hand of God.

Cora. To fly with you will be easy to me.

Alo. Spare yourself the terror which you must feel if the battle be so near you.

Cora. I know no terror, but when remote from you.

Rol. You can be of no service to us; but may be the reverse.

Cora. The reverse!—How so?

Rol. You know we love you. If you be near us, we shall feel alarmed while fighting, and shall always be retreating to the place where you are. No lover can act as a chief, unless convinced that the object of his love is at a distance, and in safety.

Alo. Rolla is right. How could I make a passage into the throng of the enemy, while one Spaniard was left behind me, who might succeed in forcing his way to Cora?

Cora.—*(Smiling.)*—You wish to bribe my vanity, but the wife cannot listen to you.

Alo. And is the mother deaf, too?

Rol. Do as you please. I have spoken the truth.

Alo. All our women have concealed themselves, and you alone—

Cora. I rely firmly on the gods and you; but if your peace require it, I will go wherever you direct.

Alo. Good Cora, I thank you.

Rol. The king approaches to sacrifice.

Alo. Have you taken care to guard against surprise?

Rol. All our posts are well guarded.

Alo. My armour-bearer is missing. He is not a traitor to be sure, but an arrant dolt.

Rol. Be not afraid. We are prepared.

Enter ATALIBA, *surrounded by Warriors, Courtiers, Priests and Women.*

Ata. Welcome, brave Alonzo!—Your hand, my kinsman Rolla!—(*To* Cora.)—Heaven bless the happy mother!

Cora. Heaven bless the father of his people!

Ata. The childrens' welfare is the father's happiness. Well, my friends, what think our valiant warriors?

Alo. They shout with joy, "Our king is in the midst of us."

Rol. "He shares our peril and fatigue."

Alo. "God and the king!"

Rol. "Victory or death!"

Ata. I know my people. When this shield shall be full of holes, every one will place his breast before me.

Alo. Make choice, then, of mine.

Rol. Forget not Rolla.

Cora.—(*Raising her child.*)—And here grows a defender of your son.

Ata. Your affection is my wealth, and I feel that I am rich. But say; is the enemy still quiet?

Rol. They are like a gathering thunder cloud.

Ata. Be courage and composure our protection.

Rol. They fight for despicable lucre—we for our native land.

Alo. They follow an adventurer to battle—we a monarch, whom we love.

Ata. And a God, whom we adore.—Come, friends, let us sacrifice to heaven.

The Priests station themselves behind the Altar, the King and the People on each Side of it.

Chorus of Priests.

Oh thou, thro' whom we live and move,
Smile on thy servants from above.

The People.

Let not the infant lisp in vain,
Nor disregard the pray'r of age:
Oh grant our king a lengthen'd reign,
And guard our land from Spanish rage.

Chorus of Priests.

Kneel, children of the sun, and pray
To him who sheds the light of day.

The People.

Prostrate, with contrite hearts we bend
To thee, who can'st protection send.

While the King approaches, and casts aromatic herbs upon the altar, the Priests sing with uplifted hands.

Chorus of Priests.

Hear us, oh, Godhead, we intreat;
Hear us, who praise thy holy name;
And if the sacrifice be meet,
Kindle it with propitious flame,

A flame descends, and lights the sacrifice.

The People.

Behold! the smoke ascends!
Our fav'ring God attends!
His heav'nly sanction see!
Out with the warlike steel,
And make th' invaders feel
Peru will still be free!

Enter a PERUVIAN, *breathless.*

Per. The enemy!—

Ata. How near?

Rol. Where?

Per. From the summit of the hill I observed their camp. They are approaching.

Rol. We know enough.

Ata. Let the women and children be conducted to a place of safety.

Cora. Oh, Alonzo!

Alo. We shall meet again.

Cora. Heaven protect thee and him!

Ata. Away! The moments are precious.

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo.—*(The wives hang on the necks of their husbands; the children on the knees of their fathers.)*

Alo. Go. Do not unman me.

Cora. I go. Be a hero—but spare yourself, if you can.

Rol.—*(Mournfully.)*—Not a word to me, Cora?

Cora.—*(Giving him her hand.)*—Bring my Alonzo back.

Ata. God be with you and us!

Cora. God be with you!

[*Exit with the priests, and other women.*

Ata.—(*Draws his sword.*)—Come, my friends!

Rol. We follow thee.

Ata. You, Alonzo, will defend the narrow pass between the mountains. You, Rolla, will receive the enemy in the wood on the right. I will in person command the centre, and fight until I fall.

Rol. You shall not fall without us.

Ata. You live for my son—my son for vengeance.

Alo. Conquest to our gracious monarch!

Rol. At night we will thank the gods.

Ata. Be the word of attack, "God and our native land!" [*Exit. as* Rolla *is going,* Alonzo *detains him.*

Alo. Rolla, another word.

Rol. Battle is the only word now.

Alo. A word of Cora.

Rol. Of Cora! Speak.

Alo. What will be the event of the next hour?

Rol. Victory or death.

Alo. Victory to you, and death to me: or perhaps the reverse.

Rol. We may both fall.

Alo. Should that be the case, my wife and child are recommended to God and the king. God will console—the king protect them.

Rol. On that you may rely.

Alo. But should I only fall, thou, Rolla, art my heir.

Rol. How am I to understand this?

Alo. Be Cora thy wife, and my child thine.

Rol. Be it so.

Alo. You promise this, and give me your hand as a pledge you will abide by it.

Rol. If Cora consent—

Alo. Deliver it to her as my last wish.

Rol. I will.

Alo. And my blessing to my infant.

Rol. Enough, my friend! At the hour of attack, I hear the shout of battle with greater pleasure than the last injunctions of a husband and a father.

Alo. I know not what presage oppresses me. Never did I before labour under these sensations.

Rol. Away to battle!

Alo. But another request. Let me be buried under the palm-tree, where we were wont to sit at evening, and retire thither with Cora as heretofore. Then, if my boy pluck a small flower from my grave, or the evening zephyrs whisper through the leaves—then think of me.

Rol.—*(Agitated.)*—No more of these fancies!

Alo.—*(Seizing his hand.)*—Then think of me.

Rol. We will.

Alo. Now, away to battle!

Rol. You to the left; I to the right. We shall meet again.

Alo.—Here, or—*(pointing to heaven)*—there.

Rol. Here! Here!

Alo. God grant it.

Rol. Out with our swords!—*(Draws.)*

Alo.—*(Draws.)*—For the king and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the king! [*Exeunt.*

Nobody remains, but an Old Man *and a* Boy.

Old M. Are they gone?

Boy. All are gone.

Old M. Oh, that I were not blind! Then would I seize a sword, and die honourably.

Boy. Will you go into the hut?

Old M. No, my child. Lead me to the altar.—*(Boy obeys.)*—Here let me stand. Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes. They are all gone. My father is with the army; and I don't know where my mother is.

Old M. I am afraid for you, poor child.

Boy. I'll stay with you, grandfather.

Old M. What will you do, if the enemy should come?

Boy. I'll tell them you are old and blind.

Old M. They will drag you away.

Boy. Oh no; for they must see that you can't walk without me. [*A noise is heard at a distance*

Old M. Alas! The battle is begun. Go, child, mount upon the grave of your grandmother, and climb the tree which I planted there. You may see the field from it.

Boy. Shall I leave you to stand here alone?

Old M. I stand at the altar. God is above me, and near me. Go, and tell me what you hear and see,—(*The* Boy *goes, and climbs the tree.*)—This is the first battle which has been fought without me. But a few years since I could bend a bow as well as any Inca; now I can only hear the clashing of the swords and shields, without being able to assist myself and others. Yet, at each warlike shout, at every trumpet's clang, my hand involuntarily seeks the sword where it no longer hangs. Well, boy, what do you see?

Boy. A great deal of dust and smoke.

Old M. The dust I well know, for I have often swallowed it; but the smoke, no doubt, proceeds from the tubes which roar and vomit fire like the dreadful mountain Catacunga.—(*Calling to the boy.*)—Tell me further.

Boy. When the smoke disperses, I perceive our troops.

Old M. Do they advance?

Boy. They are standing in the plain.

Old M. That too is well. Do you see the Inca's banner?

Boy. Yes. It is in the centre.

Old M. Thanks to the gods! The king is then alive.

Boy. Now I see the enemy's arms glittering——

Old M. Proceed! Proceed!

Boy. The enemy are not made like us.

Old M. Yes, they are, my child.

Boy. They are much larger, and swifter.

Old M. Because they are mounted on fleet animals.

Boy. Now they mix themselves with our troops.

Old M. And fall?

Boy. The Inca's banner is vanished.

Old M. Oh, dreadful!

Boy. Our warriors retreat.

Old M. My sword! My sword! I will away to battle. Blessed sun, let me but once more behold thy light.

Boy. A thick cloud conceals them all.

Old M. Wretch that I am, in having lived to witness such a day! Can I do nothing for my country? Yes, I can pray, at least.—*(Kneels, and embraces the altar.)*—Ye gods, whose rage subdues us, oh cease the destruction of a nation, which worships you with fervent reverence. Protect your son, the worthy Inca, and let him not fall by the hands of spoilers.

Boy. A small troop approaches.

Old M. Are they enemies?

Boy. I only see the dust.

Old M. Fly, my boy. Fly to the mountains.

Boy. The points of their lances glitter.

Old M. Then they are Peruvians.

Boy. They hasten hither.

Old M. Come down.

Boy. At a distance all is confusion.

Old M. Our warriors are still fighting?

Boy. Yes, but they slowly retreat.

Old M. Retreat! Ye cruel gods! Come, boy, come down.

Boy.—*(Descending.)*—Shall we seek my mother?

Old M. A grave, my child, a grave.

Enter ATALIBA *wounded, and accompanied by several Warriors.*

Ata. Here let me rest—and die, if it must be so.

A Soldier. We will stay with you.

Ata. No. Return. You are wanted.

Sol. But your wound——

Ata. Is not dangerous. Go. Avenge your fallen brethren. Go, I command you. [*Exeunt warriors.*

Ata.—(Leans on the altar.)—Just Heavens! what have I done to merit this?

Old M. I hear some one, but cannot see him. Who art thou, whose complaints assail my ear?

Ata. One who is forsaken, and prays for death.

Old M. Is the king alive?

Ata. He is.

Old M. Then thou art not forsaken. Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ata. And who protects him?

Old M. The gods.

Ata. Their anger lies heavy on him.

Old M. That cannot be. He never has infringed on justice, never oppressed the weak. He has never feasted his courtiers on the peasant's labour, and never shut his hand to poverty, or his ear to a petition.

Ata.—(Aside.)—Oh, God! thou hast interwoven one of the sweetest moments with the bitterest hour of my existence. Good old man, dost thou know the king?

Old M. Yes, I have often seen him; and but a few years since I fought at his side against Huascar.

Ata. How long wert thou in his service?

Old M. Fifty-four years.

Ata. Has the king rewarded thee?

Old M. Do I not enjoy repose among my friends?

Ata. Nothing more?

Old M. Is this nothing? Oh! a king has done much when he ensures peace and repose to his subjects.

Ata. He owed thee more.

Old M. Say not that. My grand-children daily relate to me how happy he makes his subjects. With reverence I hear it, and rejoice.

Ata.—(Much affected.)—Do all thy brethren think like thee?

Old M. They do.

Ata. Why should I fear to die? How is this? I no longer feel my wound.

Old M. Are you wounded! Boy, fetch my balsam from the hut. [*Exit* Boy.

Ata. I thank thee. 'Tis but my arm—

Old M. But you should not have left the king.

Ata. One of my tendons is cut, and I cannot fight.

Old M. Then you should have grasped your sword in your left hand.

(Peruvian fugitives run past.)

Per. All is lost! Save yourselves! Save yourselves!

Ata.—(To one of the last)—Hold, I command thee.—*(The Peruvian obeys.)*—Where is Alonzo?

Per. I have not seen him.

Ata. Where is Rolla?

Per. In the midst of the enemy.

Ata. And thou hast forsaken thy leader?

Per.—(Ashamed.)—I have lost my sword.

Ata. There! take mine, and die worthy of thy country.

Per.—(Hastening back with the sword.)—Death alone shall rob me of this gift.

Old M.—(Calling after him.)—Is the king alive? Oh, he no longer hears me.

Ata. The king is alive.

Enter a PERUVIAN *mortally wounded.*

Per.—(*Reels to* Ataliba, *and falls at his feet.*)—Here let me die.

Ata. Is all lost?

Per. All.

Ata. Is Rolla fallen?

Per. Alonzo is fallen, but Rolla still defends himself.

Ata.—(*With heart-felt sorrow.*)—Alonzo! Heavens!

Old M. You enquire not after the king.

Ata.—(*Taking the wounded* Peruvian's *sword.*)—Give me thy sword. It is of no more use to thee.

Per. My gracious monarch, what will you do?

Ata. Embitter the triumph of the enemy, and bury myself beneath the ruins of my kingdom.

Old M. Heavens! You are Ataliba!

Ata. Let them come. I am prepared.

(Rolla's *voice is heard at a distance.*)

Rol. Rally! Rally! Return, ye cowards! Hither to me! 'Tis Rolla calls you.

Several voices. Here we are, valiant Rolla! We follow thee.

Rol.—(*More remote.*)—For God and the king! To battle!

Ata. My noble Rolla lives. I still may hope.

Old M. Good king! You so near me! Poor blind old man that I am!

Ata. Thy affection, venerable man, has been a comfort to me in a bitter hour.

Old M.—(*To whom the Boy has in the mean time brought the balsam.*)—Let my trembling hand drop this healing balsam on your wound.

Ata. Give me it. I thank thee.

Old M. Would I could offer more than this and my prayers! Go, boy, climb the tree again.—(*The boy obeys.*

Per.—(*Writhing at* Ataliba's *feet.*)—Son of the Sun! Bless me—I die—

Ata. Thou diest for thy native country. God bless thee!

Per. God bless—our worthy king! [*Dies.*

Ata.—(*Looking on him with emotion.*)—Blood of a subject, costly pledge entrusted to my care, I have not shed thee wantonly.

Old M. Boy, what do you see?

Boy. Friends and foes are so intermixed that I cannot distinguish them.

Old M. Which retreat?

Boy. Neither.

Ata. Oh, ye Gods, if you demand a victim, I am prepared to fall—But spare my people.

Boy. Here and there a hat with a plume upon it disappears.

Old M. Those are the Spaniards. Strike, valiant comrades! Beat them down!

Boy. I can distinguish Rolla.

Ata. Stands he firm?

Boy. As a rock. His sword glitters from side to side like lightning.

Old M. He is the favourite of the Gods.

Ata. Of Gods and men.

Boy. They retreat.

Old M. Who?

Boy. The Spaniards.

Old M.—(*With enthusiastic rapture.*)—Now is the time! Force them back! There lies one, and there another! March over their bodies! No compassion! Down with them all! Forwards! Forwards!

Ata. What youthful fire glows in this veteran's breast!

Boy. They fly.

Old M.—(*Leaving the altar, and groping around him.*)—Ha! They fly! Pursue them! Annihilate the whole race! Where am I? Where am I?

Boy.—(*Shouting.*)—Huzza! They fly.

Ata.—(*Sinking at the altar.*)—Oh, God! thou hast rewarded my confidence in thy protection.

Boy.—(*Descending.*)—I distinctly saw them fly. The Inca's banner floated behind them.

[*Reconducts his grandfather to the altar.*

Old M. Son of the Sun, let me kiss thy hand. A tear of joy is trickling from my eye. Son of the Sun, let it fall upon thy hand.

Ata.—(*Rising, and giving him his hand.*)—Let us return thanks to heaven.

Old M. Tears of joy are the most acceptable thanksgiving.

(*The* Peruvian, *to whom* Ataliba *lent his sword, rushes breathless on the stage.*)

Per. The victory is our's.

Ata. Thou messenger of joy!

Per.—(*Laying the sword at his feet.*)—Inca, there is your sword—I have not dishonoured it.

Ata. Keep it, and recollect this day.

Per. Let me, gracious king, forget this day, and take your sword again. I could not show it to my children.

Ata.—(*Pointing to the sword.*)—Is not that the blood of the enemy? Rise. Thy disgrace is washed away. Now tell me how you conquered.

Per. Rolla wrested the conquest from the conquerors. He seemed inspired by some superior power. When all were flying, when the enemy, whose swords were tired

of slaughter, were still firing on the fugitives, Rolla threw himself in their way. He begged—he threatened. Lightning darted from his eyes; thunder rolled from his lips; and then again words melodious as the cygnet's song. At one time he directed his sword against the fugitives, at another against his own breast. Thus did he rally our confounded warriors, and brandishing with his left arm the banner of the Inca, he renewed the attack. Secure of victory, the Spaniards were already plundering the slain, and their thick ranks were broken. With the Gods and Rolla at our head, a moment decided the victory. Here fell a foe unable to defend himself, there ran another with a cry of anguish. The field was ours. "Hold!" cried Rolla. "Huzza!" shouted the army; and I hastened hither.

Ata. Where is the hero? Where is my Rolla?

Per. He approaches.

Ata. Now do I feel that even kings are poor.

Enter ROLLA *with the Inca's banner, on which beams an image of the Sun, accompanied by a numerous train of Warriors.* ATALIBA *hastens towards him.*

Rol.—(*Kneels, and lays the banner at the king's feet.*) Thou art victorious.

Ata.—(*Embracing him.*)—My friend! My guardian angel!

The People. Long live Rolla!

Ata.—(*Takes an emblem of the Sun, made of diamonds, which, suspended by a golden chain, adorned his breast, and hangs it upon* Rolla.)—In the name of the people, whose preserver thou hast been, I bestow on thee this token of my gratitude. The tears, which have fallen on it, declare more plainly what thy monarch feels.

Rol.—(*Rising.*)—I was but an instrument in the hand of Heaven.

Old M. Unhappy that I am, who can but hear of these heroic deeds!

Ata. Let us away to the women, who so anxiously await us.

Rol. Where is my friend Alonzo?

Ata.—(*Sorrowfully.*)—With the Gods.

Rol. Wretch that I am!

A Peruvian. I saw him fall.

Another. He was made a prisoner.

The First. I am sure I saw him fall.

The Second. I am as certain that I saw him led away.

Rol. Poor Cora!

Ata. The victory is dearly bought.

The First. He fell, but he is alive.

The Second. I heard him call for help, at a distance.

Rol. And Rolla heard him not.

Ata. The Gods required a victim. Our friend is lost—our native country saved. The peoples' triumph overpowers our complaints. Let us to the wives now become widows, to the mothers whom this battle has deprived of children. To dry the tears of sorrow is a monarch's happiest duty.

Rol.—(*In despair.*)—Am I doomed to see Cora without him? [*Exit* Ataliba. *All follow him.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE, *an open Place in a Wood.*

Several Women and Children are discovered in Groups; among them CORA, *who has laid her Infant under a Tree upon a Bed of Moss.*

Cora.—*(Stoops to the child.)*—Still dost thou sleep, sweet boy? Wilt thou not yet open thy blue eyes, that thy mother may rejoice at their resemblance to thy father's?—*(Sorrowfully raising herself.)*—Alas! where are thy father's eyes? Do they still see the light of day?

One of the Women.—*(Looking towards a hill at a distance.)*—Xuliqua! do you see nothing?

A Female Voice.—*(Behind the scenes.)*—I saw great clouds of dust a short time since, but they are blown away.

A Woman. The battle must soon be decided.

Another. As I was standing on the hill, I heard the clash of arms.

A Third. We all heard the thundering tubes of the Spaniards.

Second. The Gods protect our husbands!

Cora.—*(Aside raising her hands.)*—God be with thee, my Alonzo!

The First Woman. Xuliqua! do you see nothing?

Xul.—*(at a distance.)*—The sun dazzles me.

First Woman. Our father looks down upon us. The Son of the Sun will conquer.

Cora.—*(Looking at her child.)*—See! A gnat has stung him.—*(Fans him with a branch.)*—Oh, Alonzo! thy poor wife is lamenting the sting of an insect, when, perhaps, an arrow is rankling in thy heart.

First Woman. Xuliqua! do you see nothing?

Xul.—*(At a distance.)*—I see a man hastening hither; and another at a greater distance.

The Women. Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven! Messengers from our husbands!

Xul.—*(Appearing.)*—The first disappeared among the trees, and must soon be here.

Cora.—*(Trembling.)*—My heart will spring from my bosom.

A Woman. There he is!

Enter a PERUVIAN, *breathless.*

Per. We are vanquished! Save yourselves.—*(The women shriek.* Cora *sinks at the side of her child.)*—Save yourselves! All is lost! The king is wounded—Perhaps already dead.

The Women. Oh day of horror!

Cora.—*(In a weak voice.)*—And Alonzo?

Per. I have not seen him.

Women. Whither shall we fly?

Per. Further into the wood.

Women. Away, then!—Fly!—Fly!

Cora. I cannot. [*The women are going.*

Enter another PERUVIAN.

Per. Whither so fast? We may still cherish hope.

Women. Hope!

Per. Rolla has rallied the fugitives. He toils and rages like a wounded lion.

Women. Rolla! The favourite of the Gods!

Cora. And Alonzo?

Per. I have not seen him.

Women. Is the king wounded?

Per. Yes, he was carried from the field.

Women. Why was he not brought hither?

Per. It was too far for his exhausted strength. I saw his sacred blood flow from his arm.

A Woman.—(*Kneels.*)—Pray for thee Inca's life.

All the Women.—(*Kneeling.*)—Ye Gods, protect the Son of the Sun!

Cora.—(*Raising herself upon her knees with difficulty.*) Oh, only God, preserve my Alonzo! Boy, clasp thy little hands together, and pray for thy father.

A third PERUVIAN *appears.*

Per. Joy! Joy!—We are victorious.

Women.—(*Springing up.*)—Welcome, thou messenger of comfort!—(*All surround him, and almost overpower him with their caresses.*)

Per. Leave me.—I can no more—

Women. Is the king alive?

Per. He is.

Women. Tell us more.

Per. Rolla gained the victory.

Women. Blessings on Rolla!

Cora. And Alonzo?

Per. I have not seen him.

Women. Away, away to our brothers and husbands!

Per. Stay! They will soon be here.

Women. Here! Are they coming hither?

Per. They are close upon me.

Women. Let us break branches from the trees, and make garlands for the heroes.

All. Garlands! Garlands for the conquerors!

[*They break off branches.*

Cora.—(*Mournfully.*)—No one has seen him! Oh, my son! hast thou still a father?

A march is heard at a distance.

A Woman. Ha! they come. Look, sisters, how triumphantly the warriors approach. Raise the children high in the air, that they may lisp the conquerors' praises.

(As the march draws nearer, the women unite in a shout of triumph.)

All. Hail! Hail to the Children of the Sun!—Joy to Rolla, the conqueror!—Blessings on Ataliba, our father and our king!

Enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, *and part of the army. All the women mix themselves with the warriors, and crown* Ataliba *and* Rolla *with garlands.*

Ata. I thank you, my children.

Some Women. Gracious Inca, we hear you are wounded. Where? We have healing balsam pressed from herbs.

Ata. I thank you. Be at ease. My wound is trifling; and victory has been a balsam to it.

Rolla *stands in gloomy meditation.*

Cora.—(Who, with her child in her arms, has ran through the assembly in search of Alonzo, *returns in despair to* Rolla.)—Where is Alonzo?—(Rolla *turns away, and is silent.* Cora *falls at the king's feet.*)—Give me my husband. Restore his father to this child.

Ata.—(Dissembling.)—Is Alonzo not yet here?

Cora. You expect him, then?

Ata.—(Raising her.)—With anxiety.

Cora. He is not dead?

Ata. The Gods will hear my prayer.

Cora. He is not dead?

Ata. He lives in my heart.

Cora. Oh, Inca, these dubious expressions are torture to me. Destroy me by one blow. Am I a widow? Is this child an orphan?

Ata. Why, dear Cora, will you diminish our small hopes by sad presages?

Cora. Small! yet still hopes! What means this? Speak, Rolla; thou art a friend of truth.

Rol. Alonzo is missing.

Cora. Missing! I do not understand the term. You too equivocate. Oh, let not thy lightning glance aside; launch it directly on my head. Say not he is missing, but—he is dead.

Rol. Shall I say what is not true.

Cora. Thanks to the Gods if it be not true. But is there, then, no one among you, compassionate enough to rid me of this horrible suspence? Stretch out thy little hands, poor child. Perhaps thy supplication may effect more than thy mother's anguish.

Rol. Alonzo is a prisoner.

Cora. A prisoner! In the hands of the Spaniards! Oh, then he is dead.

Ata. Why dead? I will immediately dispatch a herald to offer a large ransom for his liberty.

Cora. A ransom!—Where are my jewels?—*(Fetches a casket which lay behind a tree.)*—Where is the herald?

Ata. Will not Cora allow me the happiness of purchasing my friend's release?

Cora. A ransom for my husband, and I to retain any thing but the clothes I wear!

Some of the Women.—(After having whispered among each other, bring caskets.)—Here, Cora! Take our jewels, which we intended to have saved. We give them from our hearts.

Cora.—(Falling on their necks.)—Oh, my friends!

Ata.—(Looking towards heaven.)—I thank thee, oh God, for having bestowed on me such subjects.

Cora. Take these, Ataliba, and dispatch the herald.

Ata. Instantly.—*(Gives the caskets to his attendants.)*

Cora. I will myself accompany him; and him who is not attracted by gain, my tears shall move to compassion.

Ata. No, Cora. That I dare not allow. You would only expose your husband and yourself to greater dangers. Await the return of the herald.

Cora. Teach me to live till then.

Ata. Let not the duties of the wife make you forget those of the mother. Would you entrust your infant to a stranger's care? or would you let it be the prey of these wild Spaniards?—You yourself!—You with those charms among barbarians!—You risk your life, your honour, your infant! Instead of rescuing Alonzo, your beauty would rivet his chains more closely. Stay, dear Cora: remember you are a mother.

Cora.—*(To her child.)*—I will not forget it.

Ata. I go to offer sacrifice, to return thanks in the name of my country, and to pray for Alonzo.

Cora. Oh give me, ere you go, your royal promise that Alonzo shall return this evening.

Ata. Can I do that?

Cora. Can you not?—Oh! then his death is still possible. Why so silent, poor orphan? Cry, cry aloud! Demand your father of this man. For this man he died.

Ata. You rend my heart. Shall I mourn less than you, if Alonzo do not return? I shall have lost a friend. A wife may again find an affectionate husband, but where can a king find a friend?

[*Exit with the warriors and women.*

Manent Cora *and* Rolla.

Cora. Sad consolation! Poor child, what will become of thee?

Rol. Do not despair, Cora. Confide in the Gods.

Cora. Alas! they have forsaken me.

Rol. They have formed friendship to be a balsam for every wound.

Cora. Not for mine.

Rol. They have planted the tree of hope upon the soil of grief.

Cora. To me it is withered.

Rol. Your despair destroys its blossoms. Anguish makes you ungrateful. What the Gods bestowed upon you by a miracle, they can by a miracle preserve for you.

Cora. And if not—If Alonzo—Oh, I cannot utter it!

Rol. Is your child fatherless while Rolla lives?

Cora. Can you supply the place of his mother too? Or do you think I shall survive the loss of my Alonzo?

Rol. For your infant's sake, I do.

Cora. Shall it draw blood from my bosom? Shall it be daily bathed in the tears of its mother?

Rol. The lenient hand of time, our monarch's friendship, my affection—

Cora. Away with your friendship and affection! Would you give the peasant, whose crop has been destroyed, a handful of grass?

Rol. Hear then, Alonzo's friend, if you reject your own.

Cora. Alonzo's friend! who was not that?

Rol. His last words before the battle—

Cora. His last words! Speak!

Rol. He entrusted two dear pledges to me—a blessing for his child, and a request to you.

Cora. A request! The last! Name it!

Rol.—*(With gloomy reserve.)*—"Should I fall," said he, and trembling seized my hand, "be Cora thy wife."

Cora. Thy wife!

Rol. I promised, and we parted.

Cora. Oh! what a dreadful light breaks in upon my mind! Alonzo! thou hast fallen a sacrifice to thy unsuspecting heart. Hadst thou been silent, instead of bequeathing these wretched charms to a deceitful heir——

Rol. What a horrible suspicion takes possession of thy mind!

Cora. 'Tis clear. You sent him where death was inevitable. His valour easily led him into the snare which you had laid for him. He went—he flew—he rushed upon the swords of the enemy; while you, from afar, beheld him with a smile.

Rol.—*(Quite astonished.)*—Cora!

Cora. Confess—you could have saved him—but the inheritance occurred to you.—He fell—you turned away.

Rol. Oh, Sun! must I live to hear this?

Cora. You did not murder him—why should the widow, then, blame you? The hand you offer to her is not stained with her husband's blood—you were but a looker-on.

Rol. This is too much.

Cora. And this last request—who knows whether it ever fell from my Alonzo's lips? The dead cannot contradict the assertions of the living.

Rol. Cora, take my sword, and kill me.

Cora. Why not live for love—for an affection, whose blossoms spring from your friend Alonzo's grave? But as you heard his wish, hear, too, my oath. Sooner shall my son draw poison from this bosom, than I call thee husband—he call thee father.

Rol. Call me then your friend, your protector.

Cora. Begone from me! I know no other protector than the Almighty. With this child on my arm will I hasten to the field of battle, turn over every corpse, and seek in every countenance, convulsed by death, the smile of my Alonzo. I'll call on him with shrieks, until the veins of my bosom burst; and if one spark of life still animate his frame, he will hear me, and once more raise his eye-lids. But, if I find him not—'tis well, my son—we will rush to the camp of the enemy. The Spaniards

too are men. This infant's smile shall make a passage for me through a thousand swords. Who will molest a wife and her child in search of a husband and a father? Come, my son. We are every where secure. An infant at its mother's breast has nature's passport through the world. [*Exit.*

Rol.—*(Stands long in gloomy silence, with his eyes rivetted upon the earth. But once is he overpowered with grief, and exclaims in great emotion,)*—This to me!—*(He again sinks into meditation; his eye rolls; and he says with a manly resolution,)*—I will compel her to respect me. [*Exit.*

SCENE.

PIZARRO'S *Tent.*

Pizzaro *is discovered, walking to and fro with wild and gloomy looks.*

Piz. Fortune, thou stripling's harlot, the arm of a man is too uncouth for thee. He who has still down upon his chin, and soft unwrinkled cheeks, is flattered and caressed by thee; but on the man whose brow is ploughed with wisdom's furrows, thou turn'st thy back! Thou painted monster, roll thy wheel, if such thy pleasure, o'er my mangled corse—Vengeance, vengeance, only on Alonzo! Smile but once more upon me, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

Enter ELVIRA.

Who comes there? Who dared to let you enter? Where is my centinel?

Elv. Your centinel did what he ought. "Who goes there?" "I, Elvira." "Back!" "Why?" "Pizarro chuses to be alone, and has given the strictest orders—" My gentle look glided from his bristly hair down to his clotted beard; the halberd sunk; and—here I am.

Piz. What want you here?

Elv. To see how a hero bears misfortune.

Piz. Did you not see me, when our army fled, fell to the earth the coward fugitive? Did you not, when a thousand heads hung down, see mine alone towering aloft in stern contempt of fate?

Elv. I did: but thoroughly to know the hero, I must likewise see him in his tent. To be great among men, is not always to be intrinsically great. Many a one trembles in the lonely night, who, when in sight of thousands, boldly defies death.

Piz. Well, you now see me here. Am I disguised by sorrow? Do you hear any fruitless lamentation?

Elv. Lamentation! That only becomes monks and women. But you are incensed, and that is wrong.

Piz. Shall I open a ball with you, because the sword has slain the bravest of my army?

Elv. You should be cold and silent as the night when the thunder-storm has ceased its rage: cold and silent as the grave on the evening which precedes the resurrection. Then at the dawn of morning, animated with fresh vigour, enlivened by another sun, the hero will step forth.

Piz. Elvira! Why were not all my men to-day women like thee?

Elv. Then had I to-day hailed thee king of Quito. Yet even now we stand upon the bank. The crown, which swims before us in a tide of blood, has not yet disappeared. Summon fresh courage, and once more boldly spring into the stream.

Piz. Oh, Elvira! weak are my hopes, as long as this Alonzo, this scourge of my existence, leads the enemy.

Elv. I forgot to tell you—Alonzo is your prisoner!

Piz. How!

Elv. Some of our soldiers, but a moment since, dragged him in triumph through the camp.

Piz.—*(Embracing her.)*—Woman! what tidings dost thou bring! Alonzo my prisoner! Then am I the conqueror. I have subdued the enemy.

Elv. In truth, you make me curious to see the man of whom Pizarro is afraid.

Piz. Where is he?—Guards!

Enter GUARDS.

Conduct the Spanish prisoner hither instantly.

[*Exeunt* Guards.

Elv. What will you do with him?

Piz. He shall die by tortures prolonged till——

Elv. Shame on you! What will posterity say? That Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo had been murdered.

Piz. Immaterial!

Elv. What a word in your mouth! I require not that your actions be always noble, but let them be always great.

Piz. And what do you advise?

Elv. Give him a sword, and challenge him to single combat.

Piz. He has betrayed his native land—perhaps his God. A traitor merits not a hero's death.

Elv. Do as you will; but if you murder him, Elvira is loft to you for ever.

Piz. Why this interest in the fate of one unknown to you? What is he to you?

Elv. He is nothing—your glory every thing. Think you that I love you? No. I love your glory.

Piz. My heart thirsts not for fame, but vengeance. I have sworn it, and I am a Spaniard.

Enter ALONZO *in chains.*

Elvira *surveys him with a mixture of curiosity and admiration.*

Piz. Welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina. It is long since we have seen each other.

Alo. And still see each other too soon.

Piz. To judge by your appearance, you have lived on dainty fare.

Alo. I have not been fed with blood and rapine.

Piz. You are married too, I hear. Perhaps you are a father?

Alo. Do you lament that you cannot murder my infant in its mother's womb?

Piz.—*(With a furious look.)*—Boy!

Elv. You are answered properly. Why treat him with derision?

Piz. Who appointed you his advocate?

Elv. To rail at the vanquished is mean.

Piz. Begone!

Elv. I will not.

Piz. Shall I use force?

Elv. Force!—*(Shews a dagger.)*

Alo. Noble youth, who are you? I never saw you till to-day.

Elv. If I be noble, of what consequence is my name to you?

Alo. Have compassion on yourself. To defend me is to attempt to rob the tiger of his prey.

Piz. And this tiger is justice.

Alo. What a name dost thou profane!

Piz. Thou hast betrayed thy native land.

Alo. Was I born among robbers?

Piz. Thou renegado!

Alo. That is false.

Piz. Thy wife is a heathen.

Alo. God judges from the heart.

Piz. And rewards according to desert.

Alo. Above, he does.

Piz. Thy moments are counted. Defend thyself, if thou can'st.

Alo. Where are my judges?

Piz. Can'st thou ask?

Alo. Art thou the despot here?

Piz. Would'st thou appeal to the assembled council?

Alo. If Las Casas be among you, I would. If not, I may spare my words.

Piz. How willingly does rashness support itself upon another's folly!

Alo. Folly! Oh God! let me die in the folly of Las Casas.

Piz. Thou art nearer the goal of thy wishes than thou dost imagine.

Alo. Think'st thou to alarm me?

Piz. But were Las Casas sitting in my place, what would'st thou say to him?

Alo. What would I say? Hand in hand with him would I wander through the fertile fields of Quito. "See," I would say, "how every thing around us blooms and prospers; how here the plough turns up the uncultivated soil, and there the swelling seed ripens to crown our hopes. *This is my work.* See how contentment smiles on every cheek, because the gentle precepts of humanity and justice have annihilated barbarous

laws. *This is my work.* See how on every side looks full of meek devotion are raised in supplication to the only true God. *This is my Work.* Then would Las Casas clasp me in his arms, and shed his blessing on me with a tear. Dost thou now comprehend how I can smile at death?

Piz. Thou art still as thou hast ever been—an enthusiast.

Alo. Oh! could I forfeit this enthusiasm, I should be worthy of—Pizarro's friendship.

Piz. Ay—breathe defiance, boy! But know, old women do not sit in council here.

Alo. I know your manliness, and am prepared for it.

Piz. 'Tis well thou art, for thou hast but few hours to live. Go, and prepare for death.

Alo. I am prepared.

Piz. Has thy enthusiasm banished thy wife and infant from thy heart and mind?

Alo. There is a God.

Piz. I wish thee joy of this proud composure. Go and pray. The first beams of the sun are the signal for thy execution.

Alo. Thy vindictive spirit is expeditious. I thank thee for it. [*Going.*

Elv. Hold, Alonzo! I tell thee, Pizarro, this youth will not die.

Piz. Have you lost your senses?

Elv. I require not generosity and virtue. Do only what honour commands. Release him, give him a sword, challenge him. If not, I must despise thee.

Piz. What! give him liberty, that he may stain his hands again with the blood of his brethren!

Alo. Robbers never were my brethren.

Piz. Do you hear?—Alonzo, begone! Thou know'st thy doom.

Alo. I do, and I despise thee. Good youth, accept my thanks. You are not a fit companion for these men. Go to the Peruvian savages, as they are called, and you will find yourself at home. [*Exit.*

Piz. Rail on, and with thy taunts pour oil upon my burning vengeance. These are the goodly doctrines of Las Casas.

Elv. I admire this Alonzo.

Piz. In a few hours you may say you *have* admired him.

Elv. Think you he will die?

Piz. As surely as the sun is just now setting.

Elv. And in what way?

Piz. I am considering how many torments can be crowded into the space of one short hour.

Elv. I know a torment which for ever racks the tortured, and delights the torturer. Use it towards Alonzo.

Piz. What mean you?

Elv. Confound him!—Abash him!

Piz. I do not understand you.

Elv. Pardon him.

Piz. What? Again!

Elv. Yes, and a thousand times again. Bless me, for I spare you the curses of posterity. They will read the account of your exploits. "He landed with a few followers on an unknown coast: he vanquished the monarch of a mighty kingdom"—"*This was a brave action*"—they will say. "He pardoned his proud foe, who was his prisoner." "*This was a great action.*"

Piz.—*(Smiling.)*—And then, no doubt, my moulder-ing bones, though deep within the earth, will rattle with delight.

Elv. Fame is a bubble, and the hero but a child; yet does this gew-gaw unite divinity and human nature.

Piz. And if I satisfy my just revenge, what will posterity say then?

Elv. He plunged a dagger in the breast of a fallen foe, He was a common man.

Piz.—*(With a cold smile.)*—Hercules strangled Antæus, and Apollo flayed Marsya.

Elv. True. You ought to flay Alonzo, as he plays the flute better than you.

Piz.—*(With a gloomy look.)*—Enough, Elvira.

Elv. You are right. Who would plant cedars in a marsh? Let us converse rationally on this subject. Fame is an irrational thing. It is mere smoke, and does not warm us. But advantage—What think you, Pizarro? How, if by generosity, which costs us nothing, we could purchase a dear victory?

Piz. Speak more intelligibly.

Elv. Alonzo must seal the doctrine of Las Casas:—whether by an heroic death, which is of little advantage to us, or by a folly, which may aid us much, depends on you.

Piz. How so?

Elv. Let us catch the enthusiast with his own phantoms. That nothing, called by mortals virtue, is his idol. Go to him, and say, "Alonzo, thou hast injured me. I forgive thee. Thou art at liberty." The boy will sink into your arms, and gratefully betray to you the throne of Quito.

Piz. Think you so? I doubt it.

Elv. If the artifice be too difficult for you alone, I will assist you. Whom does the power of love more easily persuade to good or evil than the enthusiast? I am possessed of beauty, and of sense; and well can I accommodate myself to all the humours of your sex. You know, Pizarro, thousands obey you, the hero—you, me, the woman.

Piz. I obey you!

Elv. Not another word, for time is precious. I go to Alonzo. Have I not already won his heart as a young man? How then will he feel when I appear before him as a woman, when I press his hand in mine, and rest my supplicating looks upon him; when virtue's airy precepts flow from my lips with soft persuasion?—Think you he can resist all this?

Piz. Your vanity amuses me.

Elv. Thank me for my good intentions, ere I repent them.

Piz. You may repent them as soon as you please; for my resolution is unalterably fixed.

Elv. Alonzo dies?

Piz. He dies.

Elv. Even if, at his dying hour, Elvira should forsake you, never to return?

Piz. Even then.

Elv. If she should fly with Alonzo to a nobler foe, and assist him in promoting the welfare of Peru?

Piz. There are such things as chains and dungeons!

Elv. Not for a woman, who, without the doctrine of Las Casas, has learnt to defy death.

Piz. That too may be thy lot.

Elv.—*(Tenderly.)*—Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Piz. If you expect Pizarro to become the sighing swain, you much mistake him.

Elv. Ingrate! Thou hast forgotten that for thee I left my parents and my native land, that I resolved to rest no where but in thy arms, or in the ocean.

Piz. Have I not returned the affection you bestowed? Of what can you complain? Do you not share my power and pleasures?

Elv. Forget not that I have also shared thy dangers. Who was nearest to thee during the dreadful battle of

to-day? Whose breast, though little used to harness, was thy shield?

Piz. Enough, Elvira! Your passion is a woman's—your valour is a man's; for which reason a whole heart and half the booty is your lot.

Elv. Half the booty! 'Tis well. Then is Alonzo my prisoner.

Piz. Not so. I reserve to myself the right of making the division.

Elv.—*(Caressing him.)*—Will you not oblige me, when I entreat you thus; when I bathe your cheek with tears?

Piz.—*(Coldly.)*—Not even then.—*(After a pause.)*—What am I to think of this? Has the boy's smooth cheek captivated thee?

Elv. Oh, no! I still love you. But be worthy of my love. Chance might wrest from you the conquest of the enemy; but conquer yourself, and far more glorious will the victory be. Then you will again be a hero; and none but a hero can Elvira love.

Piz. It is in vain that thou thus try to shake my resolution. Beware, Elvira, least jealousy should dart her fangs into my heart. Thou know'st the Spaniards—and thou know'st Pizarro.

Elv. Yes, I do know thee. Thou art jealous of my favours, but far more jealous of thy own renown. Thou wilt not loose the only tie which binds thee to Elvira.

Piz. Every word thou utter'st but augments his crime.

Elv. 'Tis well! Be our union then dissolved! Go whet thy steel to rob him of existence, whose captivity alone preserves thy own. Willingly would Elvira, after every battle, have wiped the dust and blood from her Pizarro's brow—but not the dust of cowardly retreat—not the blood of foul assassination. The arm which takes the life of a defenceless foe, shall never more em-

brace a noble woman. The lips which, with deliberate scorn, can doom another's death, shall never more be pressed to mine. Full well I feel that vengeance is a sweet sensation, but that can only be while the enemy stands with stern defiance.—He sinks, and with him sink all thoughts of vengeance. He who feels otherwise, excites my pity. He who acts otherwise, excites my indignation and contempt.

Piz.—(Surveying her with a scornful smile. After a pause.)—Thou art a woman. [*Exit.*

Elv. A woman! Know'st thou that, and tremblest not? Know'st thou I hate as I have loved, and tremblest not? 'Tis well. Thou, whom neither the terrors of the elements, nor fury of the foe, were able to alarm—thou art lost—A woman has decreed thy fall. Alonzo shall live—and I will love him—not because his youth and person make him more attractive, but because the idol which I worshipped in Pizarro, was only a deception; because that which, at a distance, seemed a marble temple, proves to be but a juggler's booth. I could have pardoned thee, Pizarro, if, to obtain a throne, thou had'st been faithless; but this action is dishonourable:—and Elvira is lost to thee for ever. [*Exit.*

END. OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Tent in the Spanish Camp. Night.*
Alonzo *is discovered alone.*

Alo. Despise death—Thus spoke the Grecians and the Romans, heathens, familiar with wisdom. Shall I, then, tremble, who am a Christian? What they but dared to hope, is certainty to me—a better world: and do I tremble? Is it youth which, with strong muscles, combats against early death? What is an early death? Shall Alonzo calculate his life by years? Has he not possessed Cora?—Cora!—Alas! there I pulled the silken cord which irresistibly binds me to the world. Wife and child! On one side the tear of affection, on the other, the smile of innocence, attracts me. Yes, Cassius, thou wert not a husband. Seneca, thou wert not a father. Loudly calls the voice of nature, "*Live!*" Loudly my heart echoes the sound. Can such a wish disgrace a hero? Lord of my fate, I wish to live.

Enter a SOLDIER, *with two flasks of wine.*

Sol. Here, Alonzo de Molina! Be cheerful, and drink.

Alo. Who sent thee hither?

Sol. I am the sentinel who guards your tent.

Alo. Am I obliged to thee for this refreshment?

Sol. No. I really am sorry for your situation; but I cannot help you, for I am poor.

Alo. Who gave thee this wine?

Sol. One who can give sweeter things than wine.—*(Whispering.)*—Donna Elvira.

Alo. Who is Donna Elvira?

Sol. Have you never heard of her?—Our leader's friend.

Alo. His friend?

Sol. Yes, his female friend. You understand me?

Alo. And this Elvira, sayst thou——

Sol. Sent you the wine.

Alo. Does she know me?

Sol. Scarcely, I believe.

Alo. Go, and thank her; but take the wine back.

Sol. Won't you drink any of it?

Alo. Years are elapsed since I have tasted wine.

Sol. But you will have occasion for the courage which this flask contains.

Alo. I pity the wretch who is obliged to borrow courage thus.

Sol. Yet wine intoxicates the senses, and deadens pain.

Alo. Leave me. Death is not to me a spectre, which will make me bury my head in the pillow. Drink the wine thyself. The night is cold, and it will do thee good.

Sol. Well, as you please. Truly, you are a brave knight. The only pity is that you are become a heathen. I could shed tears for your fate, if it were not a sin.

[*Exit.*

Alo. Poor man! He knows not what he says. Oh, God! thou hast provided the vine for the Spaniard, and the plantain for the Peruvian. Thy showers fall alike on the meadows at the foot of the Pyrenees, as at the foot of the Cordilleras. Thou hast placed the cross upon our altars as a symbol of thy favour; but thou also smilest on the sun which decorates the Inca's bosom.

Enter ELVIRA

Elv.—*(Calling at the door.)*—Don Alonzo!

Alo. Come nearer. Who art thou?

Elv.—*(Approaching.)*—Do you recollect me?

Alo. Well do I recollect you, gentle youth. You it was who dared to oppose the fell Pizarro, when he decreed my death. Your form is graven in my heart.

Elv. Live, for I love thee.

Alo. It is noble, but perilous, to love the unfortunate. You before concealed from me your name. Who art thou, young eagle among vultures?

Elv. Can you not guess?

Alo. How can I?

Elv. Where has humanity a fairer temple than in a woman's heart? Who dares so boldly bid defiance even to tyrants as a woman?

Alo. I am astonished.—You a woman! Perhaps Donna Elvira.

Elv. You seem resolved to know my name. I am Elvira.

Alo. Such a visit—at such an hour!

Elv. When hastening to assist the oppressed, who would consider the hour?

Alo. It is the last of my existence.

Elv. I tell you, no.

Alo. Pizarro has vowed my death.

Elv. And I your life.

Alo. I thank you; but I know how to die.

Elv. Do you die willingly?

Alo. I should deceive myself as well as you, were I to say I did.

Elv. Haste, then! Fly!

Alo. Fly! You mock me.—These chains—my sentinels—

Elv. To loosen chains, and dazzle sentinels, is easy to affection.

Alo. Affection!

Elv. Call it what you please. I never gave myself the trouble to express my feelings by scholastic rules. I saw you in chains before Pizarro, and heard you speak like an old Roman. At that moment the fetters fell from your wrists, and clung around my heart. I found myself compelled to save you. With me the resolution and the deed are never separated by cold intervals. I felt and acted.

Alo. You save me?

Elv. I you—you me. You shall tear me from the whirlpool which gorges all attempts at fame. Away from the path where avarice tramples on every garland! I am not a female of the common mould. I will not love, in order to relate tales to my children while I spin. My lips shall overflow with the deeds of my beloved. "Children, do you see that pillar? It was erected in honour of your father. Do you hear those shouts of admiration? They are to welcome your father. Stretch out your little hands to the pacified enemy, subdued by your father's valour and generosity." Happy the woman whom such language becomes; who alone can boast that her attachment is no common weakness. Young man, if thus I please you, if you will make me forget the misery of having been born a woman, give me your hand. I will save you.

Alo. If I rightly comprehend you, fair Elvira, you will expect such gratitude as is not in my power to give. I am married.

Elv. To a heathen.

Alo. That is immaterial. She is my wife; and love in every clime makes wedlock sacred.

Elv. Does she requite your love with equal tenderness.

Alo. Only with equal tenderness! Donna Elvira knows her sex cannot be equalled in affection or in hatred.

Elv. And yet you will make her a widow?

Alo. My fate and her's rest in the hands of God.

Elv. Thus speaks every one who will not act. Have you children?

Alo. One pledge of the purest affection.

Elv. Will you make him an orphan?

Alo. Oh, my Fernando!

Elv. Does it become the hero to complain, when he should exert his active courage? Hear me! If your wife cannot deem your rescue to be dearly bought, at any price, she will willingly sacrifice her claims, and resign you to your preserver.

Alo. That she would do.

Elv. Enough!

Alo. Never! A speedy death can loose my chains, whereas her life would be a lengthened scene of woe. She, when she saw me in your arms, would check her tears, while I should sob aloud upon your bosom. Those who really love, can make a sacrifice of any thing but love. I am to Cora every thing—she is to me more than my life. We came hither in search of treasures: I have found the most precious of all treasures— a good wife. And shall I cast it from me, to purchase a miserable existence, which without it has no value? Oh, Cora, in thy arms have I learnt the happiness of life. Deprived of thee, the grave is welcome to me.—Go, go, Signora. If you know no other means of saving me, farewell!— I thank you.

Elv. Ha! this language suits me. Allow me the proud idea, that I might have merited thy heart, had it been

disengaged. I almost feel as if I envied the felicity of her thou lovest:—but away with such a base sensation! Quick let me suppress it by a disinterested deed!—Hear me, youth. Take this dagger, and follow me. I will conduct thee to Pizarro's couch, and thou shalt plunge it into his haughty breast. Terror will spread her wings over the camp; and, during the confusion, and the cries of murder, we will together fly to Quito. There, when I feel thy Cora's tears of joy upon my cheek, when I hear the prattle of thy babe, I will forget for ever all my proud intentions.—Enough!—Follow me.

Alo. I murder a man in his sleep!

Elv. Thy most inveterate enemy. I hate him because he is become a traitor to me; and I despise him because he trampled on a fallen enemy. Generosity should only be exerted towards the generous. Judge the villain as he judges others. Rid the earth of a monster, vomited from the old world to desolate the new. Grateful applause will be bestowed on thee by Quito, and honourable peace in the bosom of thy family will be thy lot. Quick! Resolve!

Alo. I am resolved.

Elv. Then follow me.

Alo. Not so. Seek some other instrument of vengeance. There was a time when this Pizarro loved me, when I shared with him each glorious danger in the field, each dainty at his board. I have slept securely at his side a hundred times—and shall I murder him in his sleep?

Elv. Has he not rent asunder every bond between you?

Alo. Every one, but the bond of his kindness.

Elv. Enthusiast! I leave you. Solitude will wake your reason; and the horrors of approaching death expel these weak chimeras. Know that Pizarro has refused a

princely ransom, which has been offered for your liberty. This is your last resource.

Alo. I know how to die.

Elv. Behold the morning dawns. It is the harbinger of thy approaching fate. Swift fly the minutes, and but few are still thy own. This opportunity can never more return. I leave you to reflection. In a quarter of an hour I will return, and hear your final resolution. [*Exit.*

Alo. Thou may'st spare thyself the needless visit. Death is a bitter draught, but vice delicious poison. Heaven be with my wife! Heaven and Rolla! May she fly to the mountains, where innocence and peace reside! May my poor child never learn from whom he is descended! Oh thou, Jehovah, or Sun—'tis immaterial what I call thee—continue to those I leave behind health and purity of soul—all else is frivolous and vain. (*Looking out.*)—The dawn already tips the hills with grey. An hour, perhaps, is still my own. I will endeavour to expel the fear of death by sleep.—(*Lies down.*)—Conscience, thou faithful friend, lend me thy aid. My strength is exhausted; fatigue closes my eyelids. Come, gentle sleep, prepare me for acquaintance with thy brother. [*Sleeps.*

The Sentinel is seen walking up and down at the entrance of the tent.

Sol.—(*After a pause.*)—Who goes there?

Rol.—(*As yet unseen.*)—A priest.

Sol. What do you want, reverend father?

Enter ROLLA, *in a monk's habit.*

Rol. Can you tell me, friend, where Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, is confined?

Sol. Yes. In this tent.

Rol. In this tent? Let me pass.

Sol. Hold—I dare not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Sol. If he were your brother, I dare not

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Sol. Death at sun-rise.

Rol. Ha!—Then I am just come in time—

Sol. To witness his death.

Rol. I must speak to him.

Sol. Back!

Rol. Is he alone?

Sol. Yes.

Rol. Let me go to him, I beseech you.

Sol. I cannot. My orders are strict.

Rol.—*(Drawing out the emblem of the Sun which* Atahliba *gave him.)*—Look at these precious diamonds.

Sol. What will you do with them?

Rol. They are thine, if thou wilt admit me.

Sol. Would you bribe me? I am an old Castilian.

Rol. Take them, and do a good action.

Sol. Away! I know my duty.

Rol. Art thou married?

Sol. I am.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Sol. Four boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Sol.—*(More mildly.)*—At my native home.

Rol. Dost thou love thy wife and children?

Sol.—*(Moved.)*—Good God! Do I love them?

Rol. Suppose, now, thou wert to die here?

Sol. My comrades will take my blessing to them.

Rol. And if any one there were to be so cruel as to deny thy comrades admittance?

Sol. What do you mean?

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. His weeping consort has sent me to obtain his last blessing on her and her infant.

Sol. Go in.

Rol.—*(As he approaches.)*—Oh, holy Nature! thou art every where the same.—Alonzo, where art thou?—There he lies buried in sleep.—*(Shakes him.)*—Alonzo! awake!

Alo.—*(Starting.)*—Are you come for me?—*(Rising.)* I am ready.

Rol. Rouse yourself.

Alo. What voice is that?

Rol. The voice of Rolla.

Alo.—*(Rushing into his arms.)*—Rolla! Am I really awake? How come you hither?

Rol. The present is no time for question or reply. *(Throws off his habit.)*—This disguise I borrowed from a priest who fell in the battle. Take it, and fly.

Alo. And you?

Rol. Will remain here instead of you.

Alo. Never!

Rol. No scruples, I beseech you. Cover yourself, and fly.

Alo. You die for me! Never! Never!

Rol. Who says that? I shall not die. 'Tis Alonzo who is hated here, not Rolla. I shall but be confined a few hours ere your arm will rescue me.

Alo. How little do you know Pizarro's bloody mind! Incensed at you for having robbed him of his prey, he will sacrifice you to his fell resentment.

Rol. No, no: a costly ransom—

Alo. His thirst of blood exceeds his avarice.

Rol. Well! Suppose it thus, what then? I am a solitary being, on whom no one in the world depends—a mere shrub in the wilderness. If it be felled, what matters it? You, on the contrary, are a husband and a father.

On your life depends the happiness or misery of a fond wife and lisping infant. Away! Away! Take this habit, and escape.

Alo. Would you make me the base assassin of my friend? Would you bestow upon me an existence which would be embittered by incessant, unceasing torments?

Rol. Think not of me but when in Cora's arms, and only drop a single tear into your cup of joy. I have lived in vain—at least allow me not to die in vain.

Alo. Can my friend thus torture me? How heavy is my dying hour!

Rol. I cannot even offer greeting from your wife. She recovers from one swoon only to fall into another.

Alo. Oh, my Cora!

Rol. If you do not hasten to her soon, I shall be alarmed for her life.

Alo.—(Affrighted.)—For her life!

Rol. If you die, she will die; and your son become an orphan.

Alo. Rolla will be his father.

Rol. Rolla! Think you he will survive Cora?

Alo. Grant me strength, kind heavens!

Rol. And what do you gain by this obstinate resistance? You will not fly?—'Tis well. I too will stay. No power shall drag me from you. You shall have the satisfaction of seeing me fall at your side. Then is Cora quite forsaken.

Alo. Man! thou drivest me mad.

Rol. If you persist in your purpose, all is inevitably lost; but if you fly, escape remains still possible to me. Pizarro will not order my immediate execution. I can gain time by promising discoveries of great moment. You can hasten to the camp, collect our youth, burst on us like a tempest at the approach of night, and bear me back in triumph to our friends.—Away, Alonzo!—The

day breaks in upon us. No more delay! Fly to Cora: Save her life; and then return to save mine.

Alo. Rolla! what are you persuading me to do?

Rol. Did Rolla ever ask you to do what was base?—*(Throws the monk's habit over him.)*—Conceal your face, and hold your chains, that they may not clank. There!—Now go, and God be with you!—*(Much affected.)*—Greet Cora, and tell her, she has wronged me.

Alo.—(Hanging on his neck.)—Friend—I have no words——

Rol. Do I not feel thy tears upon my cheek?—Go. I am rewarded.

Alo. In a few hours I will return to rescue, or to die with thee. [*Exit.*

Rol.—(Looking after him for some time.)—He is gone. This is the first time I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of truth. He flatters himself with the hopes of seeing me again. Yes, in Heaven, perhaps—where Cora too will love me. I am an interested man; for do I not die, that, when Cora ascends to her Father, her first question may be, "Where is Rolla?"—Some one comes.

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. Now, Alonzo, have you thought better of—(*Observing* Rolla.)—What is this? Who are you? Where is Alonzo?

Rol. Which of these questions shall I answer first?

Elv. Where is Alonzo?

Rol. Gone.

Elv. Escaped?

Rol. Yes.

Elv. How! He must be pursued. [*Going.*

Rol.—(Intercepting her way.)—Hold! Thou shalt not pass.

Elv. Audacious wretch! I'll call the sentinel.

Rol. Do what thou wilt, if Alonzo gain but time.

Elv.—*(Again attempting to pass.)*—Dare but to touch me——

Rol. Thou shalt not quit the spot.—*(Clasps her in his arms.)*

Elv.—*(Draws forth a dagger.)*—I'll stab thee.

Rol. That thou may'st do; but even when I fall, I'll hold thee thus.

Elv. Say'st thou that? Then were it worth some pains to know thee better.—Release me. I will stay.

Rol.—*(Releasing her.)*—I am satisfied. He is now far enough from us.

Elv. Has Alonzo escaped by thy assistance?

Rol. He has.

Elv. And thou darest avow it?

Rol. Why not?

Elv. Wilt thou die instead of him.

Rol. I will.

Elv. Thou art an uncommon friend.

Rol. Friendship was not my motive.

Elv. What then?

Rol. To thee it is unimportant.

Elv. I perceive that thou art sparing of thy words.

Rol. Not in my deeds, I trust.

Elv. Who art thou?

Rol. My name is Rolla.

Elv. The Peruvian chief?

Rol. I was.

Elv. Is it possible? Thou in our power!

Rol. Perfectly.

Elv. Thou hast, perhaps, been slighted. Has revenge brought thee hither?

Rol. What meanest thou?

Elv. That thy king, perhaps, has not sufficiently rewarded thee?

Rol. More than sufficiently.

Elv. And yet thou art here?—Not urged by vengeance—not by friendship—and yet here?

Rol. And yet here.

Elv. Then do I know but one passion which could make thee hazard such an undertaking.

Rol. Name it.

Elv. Love.

Rol. Right.

Elv. Whom dost thou love?

Rol. That must be immaterial to thee.

Elv. And by this step thou hast hopes of——

Rol. I have no hopes.

Elv. Now I understand thee. The object of thy affection is no more, and thou art driven hither by despair.

Rol. As thou wilt.

Elv. I pity thee.

Rol. Thanks!

Elv. Is that which thou hast lost irreparable?

Rol. It is.

Elv. Wilt thou, while in the bloom of manhood, renounce the world, and the enjoyment of thy fame?

Rol. Fame is a gift of posterity alone.

Elv. But how, if thou couldst still be of essential service to thy country?

Rol. That I will be, if you do not murder me.

Elv. And how?

Rol. By fighting against you.

Elv. Say'st thou that to me?

Rol. 'Tis pity thou art not Pizarro.

Elv. Why?

Rol. Then I had said the same to him.

Elv. Ha!—Thou art such a man as I admire.

Rol. Try, then, to be like me.

Elv. I like thee!—I, a weak woman!

Rol. Thou a woman!

Elv. Art thou astonished?

Rol. No.

Elv. Right! The hero should never be astonished.

Rol. Least of all at a woman.

Elv. Not even if she were capable of a bold attempt?

Rol. Not even then.

Elv. Dost thou respect our sex?

Rol. You are better and worse then we are.

Elv. Were I to restore peace to thee and thy native land, wouldst thou reckon me among the better?

Rol. Perhaps.

Elv. Only perhaps?

Rol. Is it enough to know the deed? Can I divine the motive which incites it?

Elv. Proud man! How is thy friendship to be gain'd?

Rol. By friendship.

Elv. 'Tis well. I will attempt it. The morn has scarcely dawned. We still have time. Take this dagger, and follow me.

Rol. Whither?

Elv. I will conduct thee to Pizarro's couch. Plunge the dagger in his breast, and we will fly. Thee and thy country will be free.

Rol. What has Pizarro done to thee?

Elv. His renown and my affection fell together.

Rol. Thou hast loved him?

Elv. I thought so, when I heard him admired.

Rol.—*(Very coldly.)*—And 'tis thy wish that I should assassinate him while he is asleep?

Elv. Would he not have assassinated Alonzo when in chains? Who sleeps, or is in fetters, is alike defenceless.

Rol. Give me the dagger.

Elv. Take it.

Rol. Lead on.

Elv. Thou must first stab the sentinel who guards this tent.

Rol. Must I?

Elv. He would cause an alarm.

Rol. Take back the dagger.

Elv. Why?

Rol. This soldier is a man.

Elv. Why, yes.

Rol. A man! Dost thou comprehend me? All are not men who seem so.

Elv. What means this?

Rol. This sentinel, whom gold could not bribe, was bribed by his own feelings. He is my brother, and I will not hurt him.

Elv. Enough! We will deceive him. Conceal the dagger.—Holla! sentinel!

Enter the SOLDIER.

Sol. What do you want?

Elv. Where is thy prisoner?

Sol. Where, but here?—(*Espies* Rolla.)—What is this?—(*Looks round.*)—Merciful Heavens! Alonzo has escaped.

Elv. Thou art lost.

Sol.—(*To* Rolla.)—You have deceived me. I must die. Oh, my wife and children!

Rol. Be at ease. Pizarro has lost nothing by the exchange. I pledge to thee my word that he will pardon thee.

Elv. And I too. But we must instantly acquaint him with the circumstance. I will conduct this man to him. Follow us.

Sol. He will order me to be executed.

Elv. I am surety for thy acquittal.

Rol. And I.

Sol. Oh, dearest lady, for my poor children's sake.

Elv. Come with us. Thou art safe. Rolla, art thou resolved?

Rol. I follow thee.

Elv. May the angel of death accompany us?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

PIZARRO'S *Tent.*

Pizarro *is discovered asleep upon his couch.*

Piz.—*(In violent agitation.)*—Blood!—Blood!—No mercy!—Revenge!—Revenge!—Cleave him to the earth!—Off with his head!—There—there lies the trunk. Ha! ha! ha!—The auburn ringlets—stain'd with blood.

Enter ELVIRA *and* ROLLA.

Elv. There he lies. Now, quick!

Rol. Go. Leave me alone.

Elv. Why?

Rol. I cannot murder in a woman's presence.

Elv. But———

Rol. Go, or I will awake him.

Elv. Call me, then, when the deed is done.

Rol. Wait without.

Elv. Dispatch him, ere it be too late. [*Exit.*

Rol.—*(Approaches with folded arms, and surveys him.)* This, then, is the disturber of our peace, the robber sent by Heaven to scourge us. He sleeps! Can this man really sleep?

Piz.—*(In his sleep)*—Leave me—leave me—Away, ye spectres!—Oh!—Oh!

Rol. I was mistaken. He cannot. Oh, all ye villains, look at this wretch. This is the slumber of the guilty.

Piz.—*(Starts up, affrighted.)*—Who's there? Guards!

Rol.—*(Shewing the dagger.)*—Not another word, or thou diest.

Piz. Treachery!

Rol. Speak not so loud, I do command thee.

Piz. Who art thou?

Rol. A Peruvian, as thou may'st perceive. My name is Rolla. Thy life is in my power. 'Tis in vain to call thy guards. This dagger's point will reach thy heart ere they can hear thee.

Piz. What dost thou require?

Rol. Not thy life, for that I could have taken while thou wert asleep. I did not; therefore be at ease.

Piz. Speak, then.

Enter ELVIRA *hastily.*

Elv. Well! hast thou—Ha! What is this!—*(To* Rolla.)—Traitor!

Rol. Rolla is not an assassin.

Piz. Who is, then?—*(Rivetting his eyes upon* Elvira.) Thou? Thou? Mean wretch?

Elv. Were I a mean wretch, thy death had never been my object. I was not instigated by revenge or jealousy. Humanity compelled me to raise my dagger against the spoiler, the usurper, the enslaver of a guiltless nation. To restore that peace to Peru, of which thou hast deprived it, I resolved thy death.

Rol. Had the deed been but as noble as the intention, I should have admired thee.

Elv. It is the noblest of my life. Why did I not myself execute it? Why did I entrust it to thee? Know, my murder had been more compassionate than thy ill-timed philanthropy.

Piz. Peace, abandoned woman! Such compassion shall be exercised towards thee. Guards, there?

Enter SOLDIERS.

Seize this woman, who would have murdered your general. Confine her in the deepest dungeon, and devise new torments——

Elv. Thou still remain'st Pizarro—I, Elvira. Death is welcome to me, as my project cannot now succeed; but thou shall hear me first. Yes, through compassion I would have sent thee without torment from the world; but thou art doomed to linger out a life of horror, haunted by all the demons of a guilty conscience. Yes, murder me too, thou, who hast murdered nations. Dost thou remember how thy smooth deceitful tongue robbed me of innocence and happiness? Dost thou still hear my old departed mother curse the seducer of her child? Dost thou still hear my dying brother's groans, who, wishing to avenge his sister's wrongs, was slain by thee? Come, thou inhuman tyrant, follow me to the realms of darkness. The music is ready to receive thee—my mother's curse, my brother's groans, and shrieks of countless nations for revenge.

Piz.—(*Concealing his agitation.*)—Are my commands to be obeyed?

Elv. Thou, Rolla, hast deceived me. I forgive thee. Let not thy contempt pursue me to the grave. I was once virtuous, pious, uncorrupted. Didst thou but know how this hypocrite deceived my innocence, how he undermined my belief in virtue, how he drew me step by step down the abyss of vice—oh, thou wouldst pity me.

Rol. I do pity thee.

Elv. That is a lenient drop upon my burning conscience.—Farewell!—And thou, who art abandoned of heaven, continue thy career of villainy. We shall meet again. Yes, we shall meet again. The torments thou

reserv'st for me I despise. Fate forbad me to be great in life, but in despite of it I will be great in death. [*Exit.*

Rol. I would not be in thy place.

Piz. But now explain this two-fold miracle—to see thee here, and as my guardian angel.

Rol. I came to save my friend Alonzo.

Piz. Then thou art come in vain. I owe thee much. Claim any thing I have, except this stripling's life.

Rol. He is in safety.

Piz. Who?

Rol. Thy prisoner.

Piz. Escaped?

Rol. Yes.

Piz. Hell and torments! How was that possible?

Rol. How! Why not? Thou think'st we are barbarians. Learn from this that we can feel the force of friendship.

Piz. How? Did'st thou dare——

Rol. I did. Shrouded in the habit of a priest, I forced my way even to his tent. I gave him the habit. He escaped—I remained.

Piz. Oh, thou hast robbed me of the costliest prize—

Rol. He is a Peruvian chief, so am I. Murder me instead of him.

Piz. Man, thou compell'st me to admire thee.

Rol. I am ashamed that I must share this admiration with a woman. Elvira came for the same purpose.

Piz. Did she?—The base, insidious wretch! In truth, when I reflect, I owe thee thanks for having farthered this Alonzo's flight. Had she fixed on him to be her instrument, I should ere now have been assassinated.

Rol. That is not true. Alonzo would have acted as I have.

Piz. Think'st thou so? I doubt it, and hold myself highly indebted to thee. Speak! how I can reward thee?

Rol. Can'st thou ask?

Piz. Thou art free.

Rol. Without doubt.

Piz. Acknowledge that thy enemies equal thee in generosity.

Rol. Thou dost thy duty.

Piz. Go, and should we meet again in arms——

Rol. Let us fight like noble warriors.

Piz. I will always spare thee.

Rol. Do not that; for, now that I know thee, thou art the first, whom, in the field of battle, I shall seek. Meanwhile, farewell. Heaven amend thee!—(*Going, but returns.*)—Another word. The sentinel at Don Alonzo's tent has done his duty. He knew not of my friend's escape. Forgive him.

Piz. Thou demandest much.

Rol. If my request be deemed unreasonable, I will remain, and suffer punishment instead of him.

Piz. How! wouldst thou risk thy life for a mere soldier?

Rol. He is a man, whose misfortunes I have caused.

Piz. Depart in peace. I pardon him.

Rol. Give me thy hand on this.

Piz.—(*Shaking hands with him.*)—Lets us be friends.

Rol. Live peaceably among us, serve thy God as we serve ours, be Virtue's friend, and thou art Rolla's.

Piz. If you will yield to me the glorious object of my enterprize, the throne of Quito——

Rol. No more!—Farewell! [*Exit.*

Piz.—(*After a pause.*)—And I suffer him to return unmolested? 'Tis dangerous to listen to an enthusiast—there is an infection in his words—Yet he has my promise.—Promise! Shall I ask my chaplain, whether I ought to keep a promise, made only to a heathen? But this heathen is a hero, and heroes have but one faith throughout the world. [*Exit.*

SCENE.

An open Place not far from the Peruvian Camp. Ataliba *is discovered, reposing under a Tree.*

Ata. How silent and dreary is every thing around me! The sensations which succeed a victory resemble those which succeed a fever. We rejoice at the danger which is past, and have scarcely strength enough to rejoice. The smile swims in tears—the triumph is expressed in sighs. Conquest is dearly bought. History tells how many fell, but never tells how many are made wretched. The arrow, which hits one heart, sometimes inflicts a hundred wounds. Oh! I would sell all my conquests for one harvest-festival.

Enter a COURTIER.

Cou. The herald is returned without consolation.

Ata. Is Alonzo dead?

Cou. No, but the Spaniards have refused the ransom. "Your treasures," said the haughty spoilers, "belong to us, and in a few days we shall be your masters. Justice dwells in our strength."

Ata. What! not yet humbled! Does this adder, then, which hisses round my throne, for ever grow again? Where is Cora?

Cou. She fled with her child, but none knows whither. The army is alarmed and sad, for Rolla too has disappeared.

Ata. Rolla! Impossible! He forsake me, when surrounded by distress and danger! Oh, Heavens! Is there no one who wishes to obtain my dignity? I will exchange my situation for that of the meanest in my realm.

Enter ALONZO *in the monk's habit.*

Alo. Do I behold my king again?

Ata. Alonzo, is it you?

Alo. Where is my wife?

Ata. Welcome appearance!

Alo. Where is my wife?

Ata. How did you escape?

Alo. By half a miracle.

Ata. Speak!—Tell me all.

Alo. Whom but Rolla could friendship urge to make so great a sacrifice? Who but Rolla could muffle himself in this mantle, and force his way even to my prison? He it was, who broke my chains, to hang them on himself.

Ata. Rolla in the power of the enemy! Alas! you wound me again.

Alo.—(*Throwing off the monk's habit.*)—Give me a sword, and five hundred of your boldest warriors, that I may hasten to release him.

Ata. Shall I risk in you my last support?

Alo. The enemy is dejected; the camp on the right side but ill defended. Pizarro, by his cruelties, has made himself detested. The soldiers murmer; let them not have time to reflect. If we obtain another victory, we may drive them into the ocean.

Ata. Come with me. I will myself examine where it will be most proper to attack them.

Alo. Do not thus expose yourself to danger. You are our king.

Ata. When the children are in danger, the father should exert himself.

Alo. Let me, then, first embrace my dearest Cora.

Ata.—(*Confused.*)—Cora!

Alo. Doubtless her sufferings have been great.

Ata. They have indeed.

Alo. In a moment I will return to you.

Ata. Where will you seek her?

Alo.—*(Alarmed.)*—Is she not here?

Ata. Her terrors drove her from us.

Alo. Whither?

Ata. I know not. Perhaps to the mountains, where her father dwells.

Alo. Heavens! What a chilness courses through my veins!

Cou. She was seen running through the field of battle, and calling for Alonzo till it was dark.

Alo. And then?

Cou. Then she disappeared in the woods.

Alo. The woods! where Spanish soldiers are continually—Cora! Cora! [*Going*

Ata. Alonzo! whither go you?

Alo. Wherever anguish and despair may lead me. Good Inca, thou art in safety. The conquered foe dare not attempt to attack you. Oh thou, who dost protect the rights of all thy subjects, revere the rights of nature. My wife, my child, my all is lost. Release me from my duty as a leader, that I may fulfil the duties of a husband, and go in search of Cora.

Ata. I feel thy agony. Go! but forget not Rolla.

Alo. Cora!—Rolla!—What guardian angel will direct my steps? [*Exit.*

Ata.—*(To the Courtier)*—Lend me your sword.—*(The Courtier presents it.* Ataliba *tries to raise it, but his arm sinks.)*—I cannot. Poor monarch! What avail reason and courage, if the limbs refuse their office? [*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a thick Wood. In the Back-ground is a Hut, almost buried among the Trees. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter CORA, *breathless, with her Child upon her Arm, and her Hair hanging wildly over her Neck.*

Cora. I can no more.—Nature is weaker than affection.—My heart urges me on—but my feet will bear me no longer. Thou art asleep, Fernando. Alas! thy father is asleep too, never to wake again. Why am I a mother! Why does this infant bind me to the world? I am so wretched that I dare not even die. Where am I? Whither has my anguish led me? Lightnings illuminate the wood, but I espy no path. Thunders roll among the mountains, and overpower my feeble voice. My feet will no longer support me.—*(Sinks beneath a tree.)*—Sweet boy! a careless smile plays on thy countenance.—Hiss, ye lightnings! Roar, ye thunders! The innocent has sunk to sleep in the arms of its mother. Here I will prepare a bed of moss and leaves—cover thee with my veil, and then die at thy side.—*(She prepares a place for the child; then tears off her veil, and wraps him it it.)*—There lie, and slumber—and never may'st thou wake to seek in vain for nourishment in thy poor mother's clay-cold bosom. What is this? A mist seems to overspread my faculties. Every limb is useless—every muscle is unstrung—Is this the approach of death?—*(Leans, devoid of strength, against a tree.)*

Alo.—*(At a great distance.)*—Cora!

Cora.—*(Alarmed.)*—What is that?

Alo. Cora!

Cora. It is the echo of the thunder in the mountains.

Alo. Cora!

Cora. Hark! Some spirit calls me.

Alo. Cora!

Cora.—*(Raising herself.)*—Deceive me not, my heart. It is Alonzo's voice.

Alo.—*(Still far in the wood.)*—Cora!

Cora.—*(Going a few steps from her child.)*—Alonzo! Where?

Alo. Cora!

Cora.—*(Following the voice a few steps further.)*—It is his voice. Alonzo!

Alo. Cora!

Cora.—*(Still proceeding further.)*—Alonzo! What vigour re-inspires me!

Alo.—*(Rather nearer.)*—Cora! Where are you?

Cora. Here! Here!

(She disappears among the trees. They are heard calling to each other at a distance for some time, till at length an exclamation of delight, which is but faintly distinguished, betrays that they have found each other.)

Enter two Spanish SOLDIERS, *drunk.*

1 *Sol.* Comrade, where are we going?

2 *Sol.* Wherever you like, comrade.

1 *Sol.* I'll tell you what: We have lost our way.

2 *Sol.* Rely on me. If we leave the sun to the left—

1 *Sol.* The sun! Why, can you see it?

2 *Sol.* How the devil should I, when there's a thunder cloud before it?

1 *Sol.* Therefore—if we leave the lightning to the left——

2 *Sol.* True. We are not far from the camp; for I heard the advanced posts call, "Cora!"

1 *Sol.* That must be the watch-word.

2 *Sol.* Come along, then.

(As they are staggering onward, they discover the child.)

1 *Sol.* Holla, comrade! What have we here?

2 *Sol.*—*(Raises the veil.)*—A child!

1 *Sol.* How did it come hither?

2 *Sol.* Let us consider.

1 *Sol.* Pshaw! What is it to us? Let it lie where it is. Why it's a heathen child.

2 *Sol.* How soundly it sleeps! I have just such another at home. What think you, comrade, if I take it with me?

1 *Sol.* Do as you like; but don't plague me to carry it, if you find it too heavy.

2 *Sol.*—*(Taking the child in his arms.)*—The little fellow is as light as a feather.

1 *Sol.* I wish we were safely out of the thicket.

2 *Sol.* Go on, then. [*Exeunt.*

Cora.—*(At a distance, on the opposite side.)*—This way, Alonzo! I left him here.

2 *Sol.*—*(Behind the scenes.)*—How infernally these branches scratch my face!

Cora.—*(Nearer.)*—My heart will not lead me astray. We shall be there directly.

Sol. (At a greater distance.) I see the camp to the right.

Enter CORA *and* ALONZO.

Cora. This is the place, and under that tree.—*(Runs to the tree, finds nothing but the veil, and sinks with a shriek to the earth.)*

Alo.—*(Running to her.)*—Cora! What now?

Cora.—*(Raising herself.)*—He is gone.

Alo.—*(With horror.)*—Eternal God!

Cora.—*(Shrieking)*—He is gone.

Alo. Let us seek him.

Cora. My son!

Alo. Where did you leave him?

Cora.—*(Runs to the place.)*—Here.

Alo. He must have awoke, and crept a few steps into the wood.

Cora.—*(Rises, and looks among the thickets.)*—No where! Oh! no where!

Alo. Be easy. We shall find him.

Cora. Fernando! Fernando!

Alo. He cannot be far.

Cora.—*(After having searched around.)*—Alas! he is gone.

Alo. Are you sure this is the place?

Cora. Was not the veil lying here?—*(In despair.)*—Some wild beast has torn him in pieces.

Alo. Do not fancy the worst.

Cora. I fancy nothing. I see my bleeding child.

Alo. For God's sake——

Cora. There is no God.

Alo. Cora! what a horrible expression!

Cora. What have I done that he should heap this misery upon me?

Alo. Cora, my dear wife, come into my arms.

Cora.—*(Raising her eyes towards heaven.)*—My child, or death!

Alo. I see a hut among the trees.

Cora. Ha! There dwells the villain who has stolen my child. [*Runs towards the hut.*

Alo.—*(Following her.)*—Cora, beware! Should Spaniards live there——

Cora. I care not if there be a legion of evil spirits. Holla! Holla!

Alo. Let me go first.

Cora. Holla! Holla!

Enter LAS CASAS *from the hut.*

Las C. Who knocks?

Cora. Give me back my child.

Las C. Young woman, what do you want?

Alo. Heavens! what do I see? Las Casas!

Las C. Alonzo! Do I live to clasp thee in my arms again? [*They embrace.*

Alo. My instructor!

Las C. My friend!

Cora. You have hid my child.

Las C. What means this?

Alo. Alas! at what a moment do we meet again!

Cora. Good old man! you appear to possess humane sensations. Have compassion on a wretched mother.

Las C. I do not understand this.

Cora.—(*Writhing at his feet.*)—I will serve you till death—My son shall be your slave.

Las C. Is she distracted?

Alo. She is my wife, and we have lost our child.

Las C. Where?

Alo. She left it slumbering under yonder tree.

Las C. Left it!

Cora.—(*Springing wildly up.*)—You are right. I am an unnatural mother. I left my infant, and the vengeance of the gods pursues me.

Las C. Oh that I could console you!

Alo. Help me to bear this load of grief.

Cora.—(*Raving.*)—Look at that speckled snake!—see how it twines round the child's body!—Now it hisses!—now it darts its sting into his heart!

Alo. Dearest Cora, recollect yourself.

Cora. There the cruel condor hovers in the air.—Now it shoots down—darts its talons into the defenceless infant. There a blood-thirsty tiger lies in wait for its prey!—now it springs from the thicket!—See how it tears him piecemeal!—(*Falls.*)—Help! Help!

Alo.—(*Kneeling at her side.*)—My wife! My son!

Las C. Even to this solitude am I pursued by images of misery!

Alo. Give us consolation. Oh, Las Casas, my instructor, my benefactor, do not forsake us at this dreadful hour.

Las C. I will remain with you, but we are close upon the Spanish camp. Fly to your friends. I will accompany you.

Alo. How shall we convey this wretched being?

Las C. Try to raise her.

Alo. Come, dear Cora. Let us go.

Cora. Go! Whither?

Alo. Back to our friends.

Cora. I forsake this place—this place, where my Fernando died.

Alo. The enemy is so near us——

Cora. Cruel that thou art! Shall I not even collect my infant's bones?

Alo. Your father and brother are arrived.

Cora. I have no father and brother. I only had a child.

Alo. We will seek it.

Cora.—(*Suddenly springing up.*)—Seek it? Where! Where!

Alo. This old man will assist us.

Cora. Yes, assist us, good old man! Help us to seek our child.

Las C. Willingly, dear Cora, if you will compose yourself.

Cora. Have you any children?

Las C. No.

Cora. Then I forgive the expression. Give me back my child—then learn to know the composure of a mother.

[*Rushes out.*

Las C.—(*Hastening after her.*)—Try to lead her more to the right.

Alo. Thou wert sent by Heaven to our assistance.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

The borders of Pizarro's *camp. Enter* ROLLA *bound, and led by several Soldiers*

1 *Sol.* Come along, heathen!

Rol. Pizarro gave me liberty.

2 *Sol.* We don't know that. No heathen ever escapes from us with life, far less with liberty. Come along to our leader's tent.

1 *Sol.* Hold, comrade! Here he comes.

Enter PIZARRO.

Piz. What do I see! Rolla here?

Rol.—*(Contemptuously.)*—Quite unexpectedly, no doubt?

Piz. And bound too!

Rol. So firmly that thou may'st feel completely at ease.

Piz. Who has dared thus to treat the preserver of my life?

Sol. He confesses he is a Peruvian leader, and he wanted to steal past our out-posts.

Rol.—*(Disdainfully.)*—Steal!

Sol. We stopped him, and Almagro ordered us to put him in irons.

Piz. Thou hearest that I am innocent. Release him. *(It is done.)*—It humbles me to see so great a hero without arms.—*(Presents a sword.)*—Rolla, the Spaniards know how to honour generosity even in a foe.

Rol.—*(Taking the sword.)*—And the Peruvians know how to forget an injury.

Piz. Pardon me if I cannot seriously be angry at my followers, since this accident has procured me the happiness of once more seeing thee.

Rol. Enough of these smooth words! Let me go.

Piz. When it is thy pleasure. Yet allow me to hope that this circumstance may tend to a closer union between us. Rolla and Pizarro were not formed to be enemies for ever.

Rol. I promise thee my friendship—as soon as the ocean shall divide us.

Piz. How if we were to be united by a mutual interest? Thou wert before not pleased when I made mention of my claim to Quito's throne. I renounce it. Sub-

mit to the Spanish sceptre, acknowledge the Christian faith, and I am satisfied.

Rol. Very generous!

Piz. On Pizarro's friendship depends the protection of a mighty monarch, and this Pizarro makes thee a voluntary offer of his hand.

Rol. Rolla is not a traitor.

Piz. Thou wilt at once avert all misery from thy native land.

Rol. To my native land I owe my life, but not my honour.

Piz. Thou wilt only remove a weak king from a station for which he was not formed.

Rol. Ataliba weak! But were he so, a king who makes his people happy, is strong through their affection.

Piz. Follow thy own counsel.

Rol. My conscience has long since decided.

Piz. Consider that rejected friendship rages as fiercely as rejected love.

Rol. Ha! that is the point at which I long have seen thee aim. Cast away the mask.

Piz.—(Checking his fury.)—Rolla, do not mistake me.

Rol. May I go?

Piz.—(After a struggle.)—Go.

Rol. Will nothing intercept my way?

Piz. Nothing, unless repentance bring thee back.

Rol. Thanks to the gods, I never yet repented any thing.

Enter the Two Soldiers *with the* Child.

1 *Sol.* Sir, we have found a child.

Piz. What care I for the child? Away with it!

Sol. In the wood near the camp.

Piz. Throw it into the first ditch you find.

Rol. Ye gods! It is Alonzo's child.

Piz.—(Starting.)—What?

Rol.—(To the Soldiers.)—Give it me.

Piz.—(Stepping between them.)—Be not so hasty. Alonzo's child, say'st thou? Excellent! Welcome, my

little creature. Thou shalt be the scourge with which I will chastise thy father for his follies.

Rol. Does Pizarro war with infants?

Piz. Thou dost not understand me. I have an old account to settle with Alonzo. I owe him much. Were I to stab this child, I should discharge my debt—merely discharge it—but Alonzo then would owe *me* nothing. Now, I chuse he should become my debtor.

Rol. Thou art right. I do not understand thee.

Piz. Fancy this little head stuck on a lance's point—then fancy Alonzo rushing against us with uplifted sword, and bearing all before him like a furious stream, which nothing can restrain but a—child's head. Ha! there stands he petrified.—Down sinks his sword, and with a look of horror he surveys the bloody banner, from which the drops still trickle down the lance.—Ha! ha! ha!

Rol. Art thou a human being?

Piz. Then, when he arrives at home, when his anxious wife throws her white arms around his neck, and with her silken hair wipes off the drops of blood—"Not so hasty," he will say. "You fancy this to be the blood of the enemy."—Ha! ha! ha!—"It is our infant's blood."

Rol. Look how the boy smiles. Couldst thou murder this innocent?

Piz. Couldst thou kill a pigeon?

Rol. If a ransom will content thee, I will send this infant's weight in silver.

Piz. Make a monument of it, and erect it on his grave.

Rol. Pizarro, thou art obliged to me for thy life. Grant me in return this infant's life.

Piz. Wilt thou humble me by such a poor request?

Rol. Send the child back, and I am thy prisoner.

Piz. Thou art free.

Rol. It is impossible that nature can have made thee so completely callous. A sensation of humanity must be hidden some where in thy heart. Behold me at thy

feet—me, the preserver of thy life—me, thy slave, if thou wilt resign the child to me.

Piz.—*(Without regarding him.)*—The child remains here.

Rol.—*(Furious.)*—Pizarro, hear me.

Piz. You the vassals of Spain—or this child my prisoner.

Rol.—*(Springing up.)*—'Tis well!—*(Tears the child from the soldiers, grasps it with his left arm, and draws his sword with the right.)*—The child is mine. I have not received this sword in vain. Who follows me, dies. [*Exit.*

Piz. Audacious madman! Pursue him instantly. Bring him back alive, if it be possible.—*(The soldiers hasten after him.)*—Surely some demon must inspire this man. Why did I give him a sword?—*(Looks towards the side where* Rolla *disappeared.)*—How he defends himself! He recedes further every moment. By Heavens, he will escape! Away after him! Spare him no longer. Cleave him to the earth.—*(Other soldiers hasten after* Rolla.)—The hill conceals him from me. Lay not thy death to my charge, madman. Willingly would I have saved thy life, and generously paid the debt I owed thee. *(Several muskets are discharged at a distance.)*—Farewell! Thou shouldst have died a nobler death.—Well?

Enter a SOLDIER.

Sol. Be at ease. The heathen will not run far: I saw him fall. The ball, I believe, hit him in the right side.

Piz. I wish he had been brought to me alive. The presumptuous man! To bid defiance to me in my camp!

Sol. Your orders to spare him have cost four of my comrades their lives.

Enter another SOLDIER.

Sol. He has forced his way through all that opposed him, and reached the outposts of the enemy.

Piz.—*(Stamping.)*—Damnation!

Sol. But he can't escape death, for he was severely wounded.

Piz. And yet forced his way through you all?

Sol. I never yet beheld the like. Our nurses' tales of Moorish knights are trifles to it. Four of us, who tried to bring him back alive, fell by his sword. A ball then brought him to the earth; but as suddenly he rose again, supported himself against a tree, placed the child near him, and fought as if he had been the angel of death, till two of us again lay stretched upon the grass, and three others had recourse to their muskets. Then, like an arrow, he darted from us with the shrieking child. The place where he had stood, the tree against which he leaned, and the path on which he ran, are marked with blood. The centinels fired at him as he fled, but he disappeared behind the hill.

Piz. Why did you not mount your horses?

Sol. They are grazing behind the camp.

Piz. Damnation on thee, heathen! Yet can I not deny him my admiration. Give me a thousand such men, and I'll subdue the world. [*Exit.*

SCENE.

An open place near the Peruvian *camp. Enter* ATALIBA *with folded arms, and in deep meditation.*

Ata. The enemy is quiet. My troops are buried in sleep. The storm is over. Not a breath of air murmurs through the trees. Around me all is silence and repose—but not here.—(*Points to his heart.*)—And why not here? Am I to be pursued by the spectres of the slain? Am I to be tormented by the groans of the dying? Did I not draw the sword for God and my native land?

Enter CORA, *raving.*

Cora. Whither do you lead me? Where is my infant's grave?—(*Espying the King.*)—Ha! thou—Son of the Sun, give me my child again.

Ata. Cora, whence come you?

Cora. From my son's grave—deep under the earth—there it is cold and damp—(*Shuddering.*)—I shiver!

Ata. Horrible!

Enter ALONZO *and* LAS CASAS, *in pursuit of* Cora.

Alo. Unhappy Cora! whither does thy phrenzy lead thee?

Cora. Be silent, Alonzo. Here stands the Sun of the Gods. The Sun is his father. If he will but say a word, the grave will open, and disgorge its prey.—(*Embracing* Ataliba's *knees.*)—Oh, my king, speak this one powerful word! Have compassion on a mother's anguish.

Ata. Ye Gods! what means this?

Alo. She has lost her child.

Ata. Poor mother, I cannot help you. Alas! I am but a king.

Cora. You cannot! Who, then, can? To whom have the Gods entrusted our existence? Was it not you who led the Peruvians to battle? Did not my Alonzo fight for you? Do you refuse me the only recompence for all his valour—the life of a child, who will hereafter fight for you?

Ata. Destroy me, ye Gods! I cannot bear this.

Cora—(*Springing up.*)—Tyrant, whom my prayers and anguish cannot move, has not blood enough yet flowed to satisfy thy rank ambition? Look! on each of thy diamonds hangs a drop of blood. Art thou not satisfied without tearing infants from their mother's breast, and casting them to beasts of prey? What is thy diadem to me? What cares a mother for the throne of Quito? Hasten hither, all ye whom this victory has robbed of children! Help me to curse this foul barbarian, and let our misery rise with his shouts of joy to Heaven. Oh, if he may but feel for ever the distresses of one hapless mother, his punishment will be sufficient.

[*Sinks exhausted to the earth.*

Alo.—(*Clasping her in his arms, to* Ataliba.)—Forgive the phrenzy of a mother.

Ata.—*(Wiping away a tear.)*—Alas! the throne supplies no compensation for this tear.

Cora.—*(Smiling.)*—Alonzo, my breast is painful. Reach me the child.—*(Exhausted.)*—Alonzo, you are cruel; you see that I am dying, and will not let me once more feel the rapture of beholding my child.

Alo. Alas! this is more dreadful than her fury. Rage on, poor wretched mother! Thou no longer hast a child.

Cora.—*(Falling back.)*—Poor wretched mother! Thou no longer hast a child.

Enter a PERUVIAN.

Per. Rolla comes.

Ata. and Alo. Rolla!

Enter ROLLA, *severely wounded, and pale as death, with the bloody sword in his right hand, and the infant on his left arm.*

Ata. Heavens! what means this?

Rol.—*(Sinks several times upon his knees, ere he can reach* Cora, *who has swooned. He calls to her in a weak voice.)*—Cora! thy child!

Cora.—*(Awakes. The sight of her infant gives her new strength. She stretches forth her arms to it.)*—My child—covered with blood!

Rol. It is my blood. [*Gives her the child.*

Cora.—*(Clasps it in her arms.)*—My child!—Rolla!

Rol. I loved thee—Thou didst wrong me—I can no more——— [*Falls.*

Alo.—*(Throwing himself upon him.)*—Rolla! thou art dying!

Rol. For Cora—— [*Dies.*

Cora.—*(Looking at him with agony.)*—Oh! who ever loved like Rolla?—Boy, thou art dearly bought.

Alo. Las Casas, help me to believe in God.

Las C. Dark and inscrutable are his ways. Behold them with resignation, and adore him.

THE END.